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A  
COLLECTION

OF  
SCARCE, CURIOUS and VALUABLE  
PIECES,

Both in VERSE and PROSE.

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COLLECTION



SEARCHED VALUABLE

P. 11. 2.

Both in Verse and Prose

*R. Ruddiman (N.)*

A

# COLLECTION

OF

SCARCE, CURIOUS and VALUABLE

PIECES,

Both in VERSE and PROSE;

Chiefly selected

From the fugitive Productions

OF

The most eminent Wits of the  
present Age.

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Quid vetat.

ridentem dicere verum

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EDINBURGH:  
Printed by W. RUDDIMAN.

M,DCC,LXXIII.

# COLLECTION

SCOTTISH COINAGE AND VALUABLE

PICCHS

Both in Silver and Brass



The most complete sets of

Printed by W. Sturges

London: Printed by W. Sturges

Printed by W. Sturges

1840

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

I HAVE been attentive to admit nothing into the present Collection, that did not appear to me of importance and value. Many of the pieces were exceedingly rare, and confined to the cabinets of the curious; others of them are particularly interesting, from the topics they treat, and in all of them there is high poetical merit.

It is a justice to the memory of ingenious men to bestow an attention on those of their performances, which, from the manner of their original publication, have little probability of descending to posterity. This small volume I have ventured to dedicate to this purpose. It is a record of merit, which might have been neglected; and  
of



## ADVERTISEMENT.

of wit, which might have ceased to excite admiration.

Men of genius are too often indifferent about the fate of their fugitive pieces; and the generality of readers are too careless to search after them. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary, that there be, in the republic of letters, a few unambitious members, who have a pleasure in the humble task of collecting what others have written.

WAL. RUDDIMAN.

EDINBURGH,  
JUNE 1773.

# C O N T E N T S.

**R**ODONDO; or the State Jugglers: In three  
Cantos :

Canto I. ————— page 1

— II. Resignation ————— 26

— III. ————— 53

Art of Politics, in imitation of Horace's Art  
of Poetry ————— 81

— of Preaching, ditto ————— 113

— of Cookery, ditto ; with Letters to Dr  
Lifter, &c. ————— 131

Art of Dancing, in two Cantos :

Canto I. ————— 207

— II. ————— 216

Harlequin-Horace ; or, the Art of Modern  
Poetry ————— 231

Art of Angling, in eight Dialogues, in Verse :  
Dialogue

Dialogue I. a Defence of Angling	—	275
—— II. Some general Rules of Sport		280
—— The Anglers Song	—	284
—— III. Angling for Trout	—	286
—— IV. Angling for Perch	—	291
—— V. Angling for Carp	—	300
—— VI. Mixed Angling	—	307
—— VII. Trowling for Pike	—	312
—— VIII. Fishing for Pike with Lay-		
hooks	—	322
Art of Lying, (an Introduction to)	—	335
Art of Punning, in thirty-four Rules	—	353
The Man of Taste	—	391
The Poet's Prayer	—	406
Genius, Virtue, and Reputation, a Fable		410

RODONDO;





When even T—ple grew a wise man,  
 And gauged the state like an excise-man :  
 Imbibing sympathetic wit,  
 And eloquence from brother P-tt.  
*Then* great RODONDO left the steerage,  
 And took a *Pension* and a *Peerage* ;  
 Yet warn'd by patriot P—tn—y's fate,  
 He *kick'd* and *boggled* at the bait ;  
 Nor would he *touch* a single tester ;  
 But left all that to Lady E——r.  
 See what it is to have a wife !  
*She* wears the coronet for life ;  
 And for her sake *he* stoops to bear,  
*Three thousand English pounds a-year !*  
 And still a *patriot* firm and true,  
 Is not oblig'd to *buckle to* ;  
 But stands upon his *honour* still,  
 Like captain Bluff, or Bobadil.  
 Yet, lest this pimping pension story,  
 Should tarnish *patriotic* glory.  
 He took at once to thrifty courses,  
 And wisely *advertis'd* his horses :  
 As who should say ; “ 'tis all a lie :  
 I can't afford a *set* ; not I ! ”  
 With borrow'd *pair* thro' Cheapside drove,  
 To thank the city for her love ;  
 And zealous in his country's cause,  
 Bow'd and *huzza'd*—his own applause !

By

By loss of place and *power* a winner  
 Of *pension*, *peerage* ; mob and dinner :  
 Then stuff'd with *pudding* as with *praise*,  
 Retir'd to solitude and H—yes !  
 But there his time was not mispent,  
 Like common folks in banishment.  
 He scorn'd to play at *duck* and *drake*,  
 Like Scipio on pond or lake.  
 At plough like Cincinnatus toil ;  
 Or in a pipkin turnips boil :  
 Eat fish with Milo at Marseilles :  
 With Alcibiades tame quails ;  
 Look after oxen like Apollo,  
 And tune his pipe to jig, or solo :  
 No, great Rodondo's mighty mind,  
 Despis'd all pastime of that kind ;  
 For, as of Hudibras the sword,  
 One half its scabbard erst devour'd,  
 And would have made the whole a prize,  
 Unless for nobler exercise ;  
 So his great soul, if left at ease,  
 Wou'd gnaw his flesh, as maggots, cheese ;  
 Or tempt the gout his deadly foe,  
 To pick a quarrel with his toe,  
 And lay him fairly by the heels,  
 As he himself laid down the *seals* ;  
 Unless to all he made it plain,  
 That he would take them up again ;

Whenever R—y—l G——e should own  
 That he was fit to *guide alone* ;  
 And humbly begg'd that he wou'd stoop,  
 To prop a falling M—ch up.  
 So, lest the *very thinking few*,  
 Shou'd *think* it odd that he withdrew  
 His neck and gizzard from the snare,  
 Leaving us deep in debt and war ;  
 He swore we ow'd it to the Scots,  
 And roundly fell a hatching Plots  
 Of deep design to ruin B—te ;  
 That done, himself were absolute.  
 As for the K—g, he'd serve and love him,  
 Provifo he might *reign* above him ;  
 Which scheme all feuds must reconcile,  
 Like Trincolo's in defart ifle.

How Bridlegoose became his friend,  
 Their ancient hatred at an end ;  
 How brother Tididol assisted ;  
 How Sacro Gorgon they enlisted ;  
 How Cacofogo, splay-foot hero,  
 Came to their aid with sword and spear-o ;  
 And how he fought while Gorgon wrote ;  
 And what they fought, and what they got,  
 Say, muse : But soft ; I must invoke her ;  
 To rob her of *that* due wou'd shock her.

You,

You, who some thousand years ago  
Had many favours to bestow ;  
Who in your youthful days were common  
To many a Greek, and many a Roman,  
From Homer down to Apuleius,  
But seldomer of late came nigh us :  
Yet even we of modern race,  
May sometimes boast of your embrace,  
For Samuel Butler stakes his word,  
You liv'd with him at bed and board :  
You, by the lively dean impress'd,  
Became the dame of many a jest.  
Your love for Arbuthnot is known ;  
But that is not so safe to own ;  
What lady wou'd confess a passion,  
For any of his *lousy* nation ?  
How cou'd the muse a Scot endure ?  
The *rich* North Briton calls them poor !  
The *wise* North Briton marks them fools,  
And Faction's Hackney stamps them tools.  
Great Ch——ll swears they're dull and stale,  
His paunch replete with beef and ale ;  
And nodding o'er the twentieth pot,  
Hiccups and belches, " d——n a Scot.  
' How can the rogues pretend to sense ?  
' Their pound is only twenty pence !"  
Now, muse, if after all that's said  
You love 'em ; be it on your head.



But never blush to own your yielding  
 To Garth, and since to Harry Fielding,  
 And others who, at leap and trial,  
 Affirm you gave them no denial.  
 You porter drinking Ch——ll wooses,  
 With tropes and figures from the stews;  
 And to incline you to his passion,  
 Of tankard's bottom makes libation:  
 But you to all his vows averse,  
 Turn on his muddiness your ——;  
 Which he adores with much devotion,  
 And kisses,——when you make a motion.  
 And hence it follows his North Briton  
 And *Ghost*, are only fit to sh——t on.  
 O grant me, laughter-loving dame,  
 I think Thalia is thy name,  
 The boon which humbly I implore,  
 To kiss thy hand, and parts before,  
 And I relinquish those behind,  
 To such as are of Ch——ll's mind.

Now shou'd we to the subject rush:  
 Good wine they tell us, needs no bush;  
 And wits, indeed, in days of yore  
 Ran it (in jockey phrase) off score.  
 They knew before hand what came next,  
 And stuck like preachers to a text;

But

But we, in all things sons of Freedom,  
Admire their rules, but never heed 'em.  
What man of spirit would be bound,  
To plod like stray in manor pound ?  
No, rather like a dog in snow,  
That pisses high and pisses low ;  
Or friendly falconers, we fly  
At all, and now we touch the sky,  
And now we dive, and now we flutter,  
And now we lisp, and now we stutter,  
And sometimes walk, and sometimes creep,  
And often nod, and oft'ner sleep ;  
Of which we great example boast,  
From Tristram Shandy\* and the Ghost :  
All hail great author of the latter !  
Greater than Tristram, because fatter ;  
Of Pharaoh's kine thou opposite,  
Can'st make a dinner of a sp'rite !  
But who that sees thee wou'd divine,  
That thou upon a ghost must dine ?  
Yet it is meet thou shou'd'st be fed,  
Because a parson, on the dead.  
Praise thou the Lord for hot and hot,  
For beef a Ghost, for beer a Scot ! —

Reader,

\* It is proper to ask the author of Tristram Shandy pardon for bringing him into such company. The performances here mentioned are only alike in irregularity. In that alone was the author of the Ghost able to copy from his original.

Reader, have you observ'd a hack  
With citt just got upon his back,  
Loth to forsake the stable-door,  
Regardless of the single spur :  
At length, by dint of *that* and whip,  
With snail-like pace thro' gateway creep,  
The purpos'd road to Hackney shun,  
And take the way of Islington ;  
Halt at each stile, turn up each lane ?  
The cockney tugs the reins in vain.  
Head, hands, and heels in vain he plies ;  
In vain he rides, in vain he flies ;  
The sober beast will have his whim ;  
No Sunday's pudding waits for him.  
Just so the feeble modern bard,  
In great Apollo's stable-yard,  
By help of jossling-block gets on  
The ancient hack of Helicon :  
To try his metal on the road,  
Of-neck-break dithyrambic *ode*.  
To jog along the path of *tale* ;  
Or slumber in the *past'ral* vale.  
Thro' fields *epistolary* stray ;  
To dream a Night or doze a Day.  
The bard puts on poetic face,  
And all impatient for the race  
He rowls his eyes, and bites his quill ;  
But surly Pegasus stands still.

For Pegasus, to say the least,  
Is but a head-strong resty beast :  
And when by city bards bestridden,  
(We can't in justice call it ridden),  
He rears before, and jerks behind ;  
Or takes what road he has a mind.  
The poet roosts like fowl or perch,  
And dares not use or spur or birch :  
But by the tail and mane holds fast,  
Yet tumbles in the dirt at last.  
But t'other day a mongrel parson  
Ventur'd to clap his brawny a—e on  
The outside of this skittish jade,  
To rumble thro' a Rosciad :  
The parson then was overtaken,  
And beer for this bout sav'd his bacon..  
An ancient proverb says, God guards  
Drunkards, and chiefly drunken bards.  
He rode like champion or bear warden,  
From Drury-lane to Covent garden :  
Charg'd thro' the players thin and thick,  
With fifty cuff and single stick.  
In hardy buff he march'd the round,  
One luckless eye in 'kerchief bound.  
For eyes are often black and blue,  
When parsons will be *Bruisers* too.  
Before him Buckhorse walk'd in state,  
And carry'd on a pole elate,

Great



Great Broughton's fists, and Broughton's head:

Broughton, of bruisers once the dread!

And fifty different tongues repeat

The victor motto, "never beat!"

An awful truth in days of yore;

But now, alas! a truth no more!

The parson smiles, as who shou'd say,

*That every dog will have his day.*

As emblems of his double skill,

To break a jaw; or wield a quill;

Arrang'd upon his dexter side

March'd two supporters, W——kes and L——yd!

A happy pair; endow'd by nature,

With matchless wit and matchless feature.

With glance oblique one outward throws

His eyes; one Anchors on his nose.

O W——kes! Must I repeat thy name,

And leave the great, the glorious theme

Unsung? No, muse the lay begin;

Inspire me with his native Gin.

The muse replies, "Another time

'Shall furnish Gin, shall furnish rhyme,

'For *grain-descended* W——kes, but now

'Go on with Ch——ll and the show."

Pleas'd I submit. Who can refuse

Passive obedience to his muse!

His left was guarded by a pair

Of rivals in gymnastic war.

Ye meaner worthies of the knuckle,  
To Maggs, and to the Nailer truckle !  
And chiefly, by whatever name  
You stand in Tott'nham's rolls of fame,  
Whether the Cyclops please you most ;  
Or plainer Stevenson you boast :  
Whether on high, like Phaeton,  
You urge the foaming courfers on ;  
Or humbler guard the chariot wheel,  
Protector of the common-weal,  
When B——e (for sure the tale is true)  
Din'd with our mayor, back'd by you ;  
Ah shun those seconds of our bard,  
If you your only eye regard !  
The trembling crowd at distance stare,  
To see them poize their fists in air ;  
And pointing to the brawny seer,  
Cry, " Damn your day-lights, look ye here !"  
A poet of Milesian breed,  
Led by the rein the bounding steed ;  
He too, like parson Ch——ll, had  
Occasion for a double trade :  
He wrought in bricks, and wrote a play,  
Which hardest would be hard to say.  
The mighty Bess whom Europe dreaded,  
First box'd the earl, and then beheaded ;  
But Irish bricklayer more cruel,  
Murder'd poor Essex with his trowel !—

Behind,

Behind, and bearing up the pall,  
*Id est*, his robes pontifical,  
Came he who carried Fanny's farce on,  
A clerk, now fitted with a parson.  
He swore t'would be a noble match,  
To join his Scribble to her Scratch;  
And gave his principal a hint,  
To put the Manuscratch in print:  
For zounds! quoth he, what mighty feats  
Wou'd such a pair perform in *Sheets*!  
The crowd was tickled with the notion,  
And W—kes and L—yd approv'd the motion:  
Maggs and the Nailer too consent;  
What they promote who can prevent?  
Buckhorfe and Bricklayer give way.  
Hey for Cock-lane. Huzza! huzza!—  
Our parson saw it was in vain,  
To thwart the humour of his train:  
And tho' he did not greatly chuse  
Alliance with a succubus,  
As being by his trade a foe,  
To all the hierarchy below;  
Yet rather than be thought to flinch,  
He'd venture on th' infernal wench;  
The rather still as parsons may  
Procure a dinner, any way.  
Towards the city then he rode;  
But halted at the Robin Hood;

Cry'd,

Cry'd, " d—n my eyes and limbs, but here

' I'll have a double pot of beer !

' Here, mighty Henley, type of me,

' Gave lectures of true orat'ry.

' Here first he publish'd to the nation

' His own, and my divine legation.

' Here left to me his parts and flock ;

' And here to me had left his cloak ;

' But he had none ! That gown, behold,

' So torn, so rusty, and so old !

' That cassock see, of nut-brown hue ;

' That gown was his, that cassock too !

' But here's the cure of all my woes.

' Sorrow is dry.—Come W—kes,—here goes."

So drain'd the pitcher to the dregs,

" Well pull'd, confound my limbs," quoth Maggs.

W—kes squinted with tremendous leer,

And swore he would not guzzle beer ;

But added, with a horrid grin,

I'll pledge you o'er and o'er in *gin*.

Then ask'd the parson to alight :

He did, got drunk, and wrote his Night,

Which this important truth contains

That drinking never hurts his brains ;

There is a solid reason for't.

The parson has no brains to hurt.

Admire in him great Nature's Art !—

She to the purpose fits the Part ;



And therefore that his noddle shou'd  
 Resist all battery of wood,  
 She, in her heav'nly prescience,  
 Endow'd him with a seven-fold fence.  
 The weighty Ajax heretofore  
 A seven-fold shield in battle wore ;  
 But he, more weighty and more dull,  
 Relies upon a seven-fold skull.

How he again the steed bestrode,  
 And from Cock-lane with Fanny rod ;  
 How the old palfrey took to tripping,  
 And he to swearing, spurring, whipping :  
 How hat and wig to boot he lost,  
 And bruis'd his shin against a post,  
 Which made him wish he had been booted ;  
 How those that once huzza'd him hooted ;  
 How, after many strange vagaries  
 He reach'd the *hole*, yclep'd Black Mary's ;  
 How palfrey plung'd, and parson fell,  
 Into the vault at Clerkenwell ;  
 How there he roll'd and sprawl'd *about*,  
 And strove, but never could *get out*,  
 Another canto must display,  
 For now Rodondo claims the lay.

Rodondo, while as yet but young,  
 Was noted for a flippant tongue ;

Had

Had honesty,——enough to swear by.  
His vote no minister cou'd e'er buy.  
He thought there was a surer way,  
To make his fortune than an Aye;  
In opposition fierce as Tartar,  
He never gave Bob Booty quarter.  
And thus it grew. Tho now he scorn it,  
Rodondo once was but a cornet;  
And Bob sagaciously observing,  
That people are not fond of starving,  
Believ'd the way to stop his prating  
Tongue, was to keep his teeth from eating.  
But have you ever known a hound,  
Or pointer, to the manger bound,  
With howling deafen half the street,  
And to silence him starv'd and beat—  
And did this method e'er succeed,  
With any cur of noble breed?  
No, *towzer's* howling grows the stronger,  
The more he's beat, or pinch'd with hunger.  
An empty belly grumbles most;  
Which Bob experienc'd to his cost.  
For after having done his worst,  
Rodondo grew more cross and curst:  
And never ceas'd to bite and snarl,  
Till Bob was outed and an earl.  
He rais'd the nation's apprehensions,  
With *court, corruption, places, pensions.*

Words which, when well dissected, mean  
That I am *out*, and ye are *in* :

But which, when properly repeated,  
In every question that's debated,  
Can ope a thousand mouths at once;  
And make a hero of a dunce.

Your *IF* is good at making peace,  
Rodondo went to war with *these*.

He knew that arguing and reas'ning,  
Is like a poach'd egg without seas'ning ;  
And therefore that the surest ground,  
Was scorning sense, to stick to sound ;  
For sound well manag'd never tires,  
While sense disgusts our country 'squires.

Observing this, he study'd phrases,  
To pop out in important cases :  
On all occasions he purloin'd 'em ;  
And when he could not steal, he coin'd 'em.

Thus Downright (Bobadil can tell ye),  
Had ne'er a good one in his belly :

*Gudgell* he might, if anger move him,  
But *Bastinado* was above him.

From that Rodondo took the hint,  
And stamp'd new verbage in his mint.

The vulgar said *equality* ;

But he *parallelality* !—

So long, so liquid, and so fine :

It almost helps me out a line.

*Guilt* is a word that looks so grim,  
 'Twas *criminality* with him.  
 Nay, even from the Scots our foes  
 He borrow'd, to prolong his prose.  
 He kick'd old English fairly out,  
 And took *dubiety* for *doubt*.

Thus, while from common sense he wander'd,  
 He brought the language to a standard :  
 And who the devil cou'd withstand  
 Phrases of so much good *command*?

Like Punchinell he huff'd and vapour'd.  
 While meaner puppets squeak'd and caper'd.  
 He did not value money. They  
 Can never want, who never pay !—  
 He had a nobler passion : fame.  
 No matter how, or whence it came.  
 He'd save his country if he cou'd ;  
 But, d—n it ! e'er another shou'd.  
 I know not how it came in's noddle,  
 To take lord Peter for his model ;  
 And, what the most of all surprizes,  
 Outdid him at his own devices.  
 Lord Peter only damn'd his soul,  
 Who doubted bread was fish and fowl :  
 But he, without the aid of heaven,  
 Cou'd prove both sides of problem given :



As thus; he quarrell'd with a farm,  
 And thought it did the Manor harm.  
 He call'd it by rhetoric figure  
 A mill-stone, tho' 'twas rather bigger,  
 Which ty'd around old England's neck,  
 Wou'd make the isle a perfect wreck.  
 The c——ns thought him in the right;  
 The nation *groan'd*, and felt the *weight*!  
 But when Dame Bridlegoose gave way,  
 And great Rodondo came in play,  
 His mouth in different strain he opes.  
 New times will ever breed new tropes.  
 The mill-stone now becomes a feather!  
 To *lighten* us in stormy weather.  
 So fabled satyr cou'd of old,  
 From the same mouth blow hot and cold;  
 But Satyr met with little praise;  
 'Tis plain he liv'd not in *our* days.  
 "A feather, Sir? 'tis passing strange!  
 'But things, I own, are apt to change.  
 'Good luck! who cou'd have thought it now!  
 'A perfect *eider-down*, I vow!  
 'I'll tell you stranger still." O la!  
 "That feather won America."—  
 "Nay, sure you jest!" 'fblood Sir, 'tis true!  
 "I yield. Who knows so well as you?"  
 Now all submitted to his sway,  
 And Jehu-like, he drove away.



Talk to him of the nation's debt,  
 " He swore it was a trifle *yet*—  
 ' A hundred millions!—Bagatelle  
 ' A hundred more were pretty well.  
 ' Add but a hundred more to these,  
 ' And then——we'll talk of making *peace*.  
 ' The citizens are all *our* friends;  
 ' *Thirty per cent*, to him who lends.  
 ' There's B—f—d,—and Sir, Sir, Sir J —s,  
 ' Confound their vulgar city names;  
 ' But sure the m——r and r——d—r,  
 ' Can keep the *rabble-rout* in order.  
 ' Tho' do 'em justice they're content,  
 ' Provided that enough be spent.  
 ' Give but a merchant present profit,  
 ' He takes, and thinks no farther of it.  
 ' They're but your *fools* of *lands* and *manors*;  
 ' Your *lords*, your *worships*, and your *honours*,  
 ' Who fancy that the nation's *guide*  
 ' Shou'd for posterity provide:  
 ' But I despise all such. God knows  
 ' I have no dirty lands to lose.  
 ' And then oeconomy's so vile.——  
 ' Four paultry millions won Belleisle;  
 ' By which *important* conquest, we  
 ' Have got the Sardine fishery.  
 ' The German war is now my own;  
 ' I warrant you I *cram* it down.

Our

Talk

- ‘ Our great commander Ferdinando,
- ‘ Has shown us what our money can do.
- ‘ Is it not great to have a *bridge*
- ‘ Of silver, with a golden edge ?
- ‘ And then he kills our men so finely,
- ‘ I swear our Gazettes read divinely.
- ‘ What tell you me of British blood ?
- ‘ I buy it just as cheap as mud.
- ‘ We have the gallon for a *pound* :
- ‘ That is, while *money* can be found.
- ‘ Then there’s the *Mars* of protestants :
- ‘ Our guineas must supply his wants.
- ‘ It has been Britain’s custom still,
- ‘ In every house to pay the *bill* ;
- ‘ And shou’d I break the good old fashion.
- ‘ ’Twou’d hurt *my* credit with the nation ;
- ‘ The money’s none of mine, and so
- ‘ I care not how, nor where it go.
- ‘ New imposts I must now contrive,
- ‘ To make our manufactures thrive.
- ‘ For taxes, all the world can tell,
- ‘ Enable us—to *undersell* ;
- ‘ And every mortal understands,
- ‘ That war produces—*many hands*.
- ‘ The scoundrels have no need to fast,
- ‘ We’ve use for them *before the mast* :
- ‘ Our conquests must be far extended ;
- ‘ The more, the easier defended.

‘ A scatter’d empire is the *strongest* ;  
‘ Huzza for him that holds out *longest*.  
‘ What tho’ we *suffer* in the process,  
‘ The end will solder up all losses.—  
‘ They say indeed, one must not stretch  
‘ An arm beyond its proper reach :  
‘ But he who says so is a slave,  
‘ A *jacobite*, a *beast*, a *knave*.  
‘ Who so but whispers such a thing,  
‘ Would sell his country and his k—;  
‘ I prove it thus : *What rogues but such*  
‘ *Wou’d ever dare to say so much ?*”

With these conceits Rodondo stuff’d,  
For sometime strutted, swore, and huff’d.

The c——ns trembled at his nod,  
And money lavishly bestow’d.

The city furnish’d cash in plenty :

She gain’d four millions out of *twenty* ;

And for the spoil the *bulls and bears*

Oft went together by the ears.

Thus having all at his command,

He push’d the war by sea and land ;

Striking at ev’ry thing hap-hazard ;

But oft mistaking Hawke for Buzzard,

He sent us to the coast of France,

Merely to show his vigilance !—

And ’tis a pity that Belleisle

Did not surrender in April.

The Britons bled for him *alone* ;  
 They had their pay, he the *renown*.  
 Hawke and Boscawen swell'd his pride,  
 And Wolfe for great Rodondo dy'd !—  
 To all men's merit he laid claim ;  
 B—te, Bridlegoose, 'twas all the same  
 Quoth Bridlegoose “ The plan I laid  
 Of conquering Canada.” “ That head  
 (Cries he) “ is not so wise as grey ;  
 ‘ Good Bridlegoose ! go home, and lay  
 ‘ Your eggs ; but know that he alone  
 ‘ Contrives the plan who drives it on.”  
 Next B—te pretends to Martinico.  
 “ You, cries Rodondo ? You !—A *fice* !—  
 ‘ 'Twere very pretty if a Scot  
 ‘ Shou'd take the credit of my plot.—  
 ‘ Not he who *executes* is wise,  
 ‘ But he who *plans* an enterprize.”  
 Thus in old Æsop's apologues,  
 The cook was bit by brace of rogues :  
 But had he known Rodondo's knack,  
 He'd giv'n them their Dilemma back ;  
 And so, for joint thus stoln away,  
 Had made them for a couple pay.  
 But why shou'd I attempt to tell  
 How long he govern'd, and how *well* ?  
 Till c——l, tir'd of his *dominion*,  
 Presum'd to differ in opinion,



About some trifling poor affair,  
No greater than a Spanish war !  
But such an insult ! Who cou'd bear it,  
That had a single grain of spirit ?  
To all our porters it is known,  
That Britain must be rul'd by *one*.  
The c—ll—rs are but *his* minions,  
And who e'er thought of their opinions ?  
The secretary is the thing.  
Who minds the c—l or the k—g ?  
But *they* were of another mind,  
And he in consequence *resign'd* !—  
Indeed the folks of shallow sense,  
Thought this was only mere pretence,  
Imagining he apprehended  
A reck'ning when the game was ended.  
And so he seiz'd it when he saw,  
A fair occasion to withdraw.  
As politicians can't endure,  
Of Rabelais, the Quart de Heure\*.  
But these were shallow fools indeed :  
Cou'd great Rodondo ever need

## Apology

\* The Quart de Heure de Rabelais, in France, is the time of paying the bill ; Rabelais was always merry in company till *that* arrived ; but the notion of *paying* made an impression on his spirits, which a full quarter of an hour scarcely dissipated. From him it has gone into a proverb, which our countryman seems to have had in view when he wrote.

The dreadful reck'ning comes ; men smile no more !



Apology or vindication

With a *protected, grateful* nation ?

Pass we his love for lady E—r ;

His tears he shed to r——l m——r ;

How he his *cattle advertis'd*,

That all the world might be advis'd

Not only of his fall, but thrift :

It was a fair and honest shift.

He formerly had known its use ;

When he fell out with Bridlegoose.

And we the same wou'd recommend

On like occasion to a friend.

We pass his letter to the knight

So *modest*, pithy ; so polite.

A small but precious piece it is,

And stamp'd indelibly for *his* ;

And latest ages must deplore

That writing *it*, he wrote no more !

All these we pass ; but can't dispense,

To mark the ways of providence.

No sooner was Rodondo out,

Than those that cross'd him tak'd about.

'Tis true on *better grounds* they went,

But he was right—by the event—

Because *intuitively* knowing

Whatever at Madrid was doing,

He thought a timely blow well laid,

Wou'd knock their projects all o'the head.

Since

Since when a nation goes to war,  
'Tis weak to bid the foe take care.  
Yet all his wrongs he set aside,  
And tho' he would no longer *guide*  
In body ; still his mighty soul  
Rode in the storm,—and rul'd the whole !  
His bare idea was our *shelter*,  
And drove the Spaniards helter skelter.  
His spirit march'd our troops before o,  
Inspir'd by him, they storm'd the Moro !  
For what cou'd B—te or A——le,  
Unless he undertook the quarrel ?  
Mark now of providence the ways.  
*His was the work, and his the praise.*

END of CANTO I.

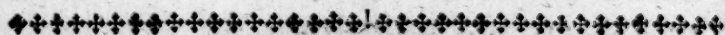
C

RODONDO;

# R O D O N D O;

O R T H E

S T A T E J U G G L E R S .



C A N T O I I .

R E S I G N A T I O N .

**H**AIL, Resignation, peerless dame!  
Thou shortest, surest road to fame!  
Tho' not the russet-mantled maid\*,  
That muses in the woodland shade,  
With sober eye and brow unbent,  
A younger sister to content;  
Who like a fading meteor hung  
Upon the fault'ring lips of Young:  
But *coy* and *courtly* Resignation,  
Who by *retiring* mends her station!  
She, dread of weakness, scorn of sense,  
Half *treason*, half impertinence,  
Draws her descent from nobler race;  
For what ennobles all men? *place*.  
And sure what dignifies the taker,  
Must do much more to the forsaker—

\* An *intelligent* reader will be apt to guess, that we mean here the virtue called Resignation, a very passive sort of personage.

Bards sing, that tir'd with *civil* wars,  
Faction devolv'd on her his cares;  
Of all his *loves* the dearest pledge,  
Fools call her mother *privilege*;  
But genealogists agree,  
That Licence was the happy she.  
With lovely *liberty* old Faction  
Wou'd very fain have been in action,  
And practis'd all his arts to woo her;  
Not from desire, but to undo her.  
With ev'ry grace and virtue deck'd,  
Fair Liberty had one defect;  
Too honest to be wise, her heart—  
Was not enough aware of art;  
She took all those for real friends  
That follow her for private ends.  
On this, and some small *itch* for flattery,  
The hoary letcher rais'd his battery;  
And press'd the siege with such address,  
As wanted little of success;  
Yet fail'd at length impolitic-ly,  
By throwing off the mask too quickly:  
On which the traitor had recourse  
To the last plea of lovers, force.  
But in the very way which you know  
Jove baulk'd Ixion's sport with Juno,  
He fairly got the *quid pro quo*,  
In manner as we mean to show.



There was a Drury-hundred walker,  
A rioter and common talker,  
Immers'd in ev'ry kind of knavery,  
Who call'd all rule and order slavery :  
Wou'd damn the watch, and kick their a--es,  
Set fire to houses, and pick purses.  
If hunger pinch'd, wou'd write a libel  
Against her *sovereign* ; or *bible* ;  
With her it was a darling theme,  
To utter scandal ;—or blaspheme ;  
And, like Drawcanfir rough and curst,  
All this she did, because she *durst*.  
This hag, of Liberty the ape,  
Usurp'd her dress, her air, her shape,  
Her name ; but none of her conditions :  
Yet coffee-drinking politicians  
Disclaim'd the true, believing she  
Alone was genuine Liberty.  
Old Faction had, when poor, espous'd her ;  
But growing great, in Bridewell hous'd her :  
(He never misses thus to treat  
Whoever helps to make him great.)  
There whipp'd and pickl'd she remain'd,  
While he tyrannically reign'd :  
But when from power the tyrant fell,  
She made elopement from her cell,  
And, by misfortune nothing taught,  
His company again she sought.



In course of which she soon divin'd,  
 What he 'gainst Liberty design'd,  
 And archly put herself on spouse,  
 For her he plotted to abuse :  
 And thus in *lawful* recreation,  
 Licence engender'd Resignation,  
 Who soon gave proof of rising merit,  
 Of father's *parts*, and mother's *spirit* ;  
 Her nurse, an idol of the *mob*,  
 Improv'd her talents for a Job :  
 With *corporation* knowledge fraught her ;  
 To *canvasses*, *bribe*, and *garble* taught her ;  
 To *pull*, and *trim*, and *fawn*, and *bully* ;  
 And try to make the k—— a *cully*.  
 This she cou'd do, while but a chitt :  
 But, growing up to years and wit,  
 She learnt the art unknown before,  
 Of washing *white*,—the black-a-moor !  
 What *statesmen* was it, can you tell,  
 Who liv'd so *ill*, yet ate so *well* ;  
 Whose *speeches*, *politics*, and *feasts*,  
 Became the nation's standing jests ;  
 Who never did, tho' always *doing* ;  
 Who *went*, but thought not whither *going* ;  
 Who still pursu'd——he knew not *what* :  
 Whose parts just furnish'd levee chat ?  
 Who spent his money——and the *nation's*,  
 In making *members*, and——*collations* ?

Who wou'd forsake a lord o'the land,  
 To take his *butcher* by the hand;  
 And, practis'd in the arts of *pleasing*,  
 Discharg'd his tradesmen's bills by *squeezing*?  
 To whom, as own'd by the North-Briton\*,  
 Our m—chs owe the t—e they sit on?  
 A truth which Europe must confess;  
 Since 'tis impossible that *less*  
 Cou'd ever tempt a k—g to suffer  
 This *hubble-bubble candle-snuffer*.  
 On *him* she had a mind to show,  
 How far *absterfive* art wou'd go;  
 And thus the noble d—ke accosted,  
 With years and *dirty work* exhausted.  
 “ My lord, I shou'd be most ungrateful,  
 ‘ (A crime to noble natures hateful),  
 ‘ If, when conjectures run so nice,  
 ‘ I fail'd to offer my advice:  
 ‘ You know my talent, and in short  
 ‘ Have often been the *better* for't.  
 ‘ My lord, you *drivel*, tho' in truth  
 ‘ You have but *drivel'd* from your youth:  
 ‘ Yet that is not the worst; your *fame*  
 ‘ Is blasted with an uglier name.

\* The admirers of this intrepid aspirer to the pillory, will not fail to recollect an assertion, which closes one of his latest effusions; but which we do not think it very safe to repeat in prose, not being emulous of *that* honour.

‘ They

- ‘ They say—(your l—d—p must excuse  
 ‘ The terms I am oblig’d to use.)  
 ‘ They say your g—ce is like a *mule*,  
 ‘ AMBIGENOUS\* of knave and fool :  
 ‘ In whom the natures so are blended,  
 ‘ That one by t’other’s ne’er transcended.  
 ‘ Yet from these perfect counterpoizes,  
 ‘ This benefit to you arises ;  
 ‘ That when we *fret* at *knavish* half,  
 ‘ The other turns it to a—*laugh* ;  
 ‘ And no man *heartily* detests  
 ‘ The argument of all men’s *jest*s :  
 ‘ Which I presume, may be the cause  
 ‘ Of your *escaping* penal laws.  
 ‘ This, while it lasts, is mighty clever ;  
 ‘ But folly cannot please for ever.  
 ‘ When you are laid in grave, and rotten,  
 ‘ Your *merry* parts will be forgotten,  
 ‘ And *those* which some the *wiser* think,  
 ‘ To all posterity must *sink*.——  
 ‘ Now wou’d you this disgrace eschew ?—  
 ‘ You wou’d.—Why then I’ll tell you *how*.—  
 ‘ *Resign* your places. What, you start !—  
 ‘ Nay keep ’em still.—With all my heart.

\* The author offers compliment to the critics, and makes them a present of this word, with full power to use it, or abuse it at their pleasure.

‘ Do,

- ‘ Do, *croak and hobble, cringe and flatter,*  
‘ A year or two is no great matter ;  
‘ And therefore it shou’d be employ’d,  
‘ To get the mob upon your side.  
‘ You’ve liv’d enough for *towns and counties.*  
‘ They all have tasted of your bounties.—  
‘ Now, having but an hour to spare,  
‘ Bestow it on your *character.*  
‘ I have an excellent *cosmetic,*  
‘ The *sov’reign white wash ball politic ;*  
‘ Of which a single application,  
‘ Will scour the *feulest reputation.*  
‘ *Cold-cream, pig-water, gloves of chick,*  
‘ For maids whose skin is coarse and thick,  
‘ Are poor to suds of *opposition,*  
‘ At clear-starching a politician.  
‘ This lather (for it is no paint)  
‘ Can turn a Devil to a saint :  
‘ If you its *efficacy* doubt,  
‘ You need but cast your eyes *about.*  
‘ Observe its virtue on the *brothers,*  
‘ T—ple and P—tt ; and many others,  
‘ Whose names for *good* were never known,  
‘ But now the idols of the town  
‘ And country too. Then for the *cost ;*  
‘ ’Tis but a trifle. *Quit your post.*  
‘ *Resign,* I think ’tis very plain,  
‘ You ne’er will be employ’d again ;

‘ For



‘ For that wou’d spoil the whole affair,  
 ‘ And bring us just to where we were.”

*She* spoke ; he yielded to conviction,  
 And found the truth of her prediction.  
 But what is most to be *admir’d*,  
 Without a *pension* he *retir’d* !

Which some attribute to a *qualm*,  
 Arising from a speck i’ the *palm*.  
 That ever yawning Gulph of Cash,  
 Which baffled Resignation’s wash.  
 Tho’ *flyer politicians* hint,  
 He had another *motive* in’t.

To throw a *sur* by *implication*  
 Upon Rodondo’s *reputation*\*.  
 But leaving *that*, a point to settle,  
 By heads than ours of weightier metal,  
 The muse returns with speed aerial,  
 To our Buck-washer ministerial.  
 Soon as the tidings flew abroad,  
 How he, once *bloated* like a toad,  
 So *dapper* and so *fair* was grown,  
 And slender as a L--ttl--t-n ;

\* The contrast of these great personages is in nothing more remarkable than in their style of retiring ; they seem both to have made their exit in a state of repentance. The one repented he had *taken* too much, and the other that he had *taken* too little, each made the best atonement in his power.

The

The pack of courtiers were in motion,  
 And ran in crowds to buy the *lotion* ;  
 The veriest *whiffers* now grew *touchy* ;  
 From *park*, from *bed-chamber*, and *duchy*.  
 They flew ; as *Ash—nh—m* and *D-pl-n*,  
 And *R-k-gh-m*, names hard to couple in  
 Metre ; cou'd nature e'er propose  
 Such sounds for any thing but prose ?  
 But bards are bound to shun *non nomer*,  
 By *law* and precedent from Homer ;  
 And therefore we our *skill* must try,  
 On their inflexibility :  
 Tho' when the muse a *name* bestows,  
 She pays such people all she owes.  
 Yet *one* remains ; almost as fit  
 A theme for poetry as *P—tt* !  
 A kite it is of region higher——  
 The mighty *d—ke* of *D——re* !  
 O were my muse a muse of *fattin* !  
 My quill a *peacock's* ! language *latin* !  
 My Pegasus, the Hippogriffon,  
 Which brave Astolpus sat so stiff on !  
 My brain, a *limbec* to distil  
 Of high Parnassus every rill !  
 My voice, the trump of *fame*, to blow  
 Both from *above*, and from *below* ; ——  
 Then should I mount ! then should I climb  
 The very weather-cock of Rhime !

And

And sing with Sacrogorgon's *fire*,  
The mighty duke of D——re !  
But since *these* pretty things I lack,  
I must e'en keep the beaten *track*,  
And tell my tale without recourse  
To *latin*, *limbec*, *trump*, or *horse*.  
The *simple* duke laid down his *rod*,  
The *simple* duke became a *god* !  
And *wisely* thought his *dread command*,  
Wou'd make it bud like Aaron's wand :  
Or that when thrown upon the floor,  
'Twou'd grow a *serpent* to devour !  
'Tis still a *stick* of harmless *wood*,  
And very properly bestow'd.—  
*Thus*, in a game at cards, we see  
The *knaves* stand up for Liberty.  
Attempt to *lead* the venial *pack*,  
And fling the M—ch on his back :  
But k—gs for knaves are still too hard.  
The k—g must be the *leading card*.

We left Rodondo crown'd with laurels,  
Won by your B—es and Alb—rles ;  
Yet deep in desp'rate dudgeon fretting ;  
My lady Ch—h—m near him, knitting.  
His *head*, *feet*, *bum*, reclin'd on down ;  
He thus broke silence with a frown.

“ Shall

‘ Shall *I* Great Britain’s great *apostle*,  
 ‘ Submit to B—e without a bustle ?  
 ‘ Shall *I*, like cur, be fed with sops ?  
 ‘ Shall paultry *pensions* shut my chops ;  
 ‘ And shan’t *I* dart my rhet’ric at him,  
 ‘ Because my *dame* is lady Ch—h—m ?  
 ‘ Shall *I* both *place* and *power* forego ?—  
 ‘ Confound me, *madam*, if I do.—  
 ‘ Curse on the vanity of women !  
 ‘ ’Tis that *alone* makes *slaves* of *freemen* !  
 ‘ That *single* vice betray’d old Eve,  
 ‘ If we the history believe ;  
 ‘ And I cou’d almost lay a bett,  
 ‘ Her *apple* was a *coronet*\*—  
 ‘ I wish you had your *bawble*, where  
 ‘ Corisca had the *porringer*—  
 ‘ *The laddle I suppose you mean ?*  
 ‘ No matter, so it were but *in*.  
 ‘ It might for ever *there* remain,  
 ‘ E’er I shou’d *wish* it out again.  
 ‘ *He* who is *guided* by his spouse,  
 ‘ Must shut his mouth in every *house* ;  
 ‘ I was before this damn’d disaster,  
 ‘ At least in that of C—s *master* :

\* The conjectures of the learned as to the particular species of this unlucky fruit have been so various, that I see no reason why our hero may not be indulged in his.  
*Quis enim vetatur in re tam antiqua haviolari.*

‘ But



- ‘ But now forsooth, I must be *dumb*,  
 ‘ As well in *senate*, as at home.  
 ‘ And mutely mourn the loss of my  
 ‘ *Dumfoundificability*.

- “ Hold (says my *lady*), not so hot!—  
 ‘ Reserve those hard names for the SCOT:  
 ‘ But treat your wife with more civility,  
 ‘ And none of your *confoundrability* †.  
 ‘ Go *swagger* somewhere else; for here  
 ‘ You must not think to *domineer*.  
 ‘ What! Shall your words of half an ell,  
 ‘ Which *rumble* like a witches spell,  
 ‘ However in the *house* they take,  
 ‘ E’er make my *lady* Ch—h—m quake?  
 ‘ Lord! What, are all their heads made of,  
 ‘ To mind your *rumbumbellow* stuff?—  
 ‘ With me, it passes just for wind,  
 ‘ Which might have issued from *behind*.  
 ‘ You are, my *dearest*, one of those,  
 ‘ Who take their *peper* in the *nose*:  
 ‘ Hence *eructations*, *flatulencies*,  
 ‘ And all the peevish, wayward fancies,  
 ‘ Which are in sickly stomachs bred,  
 ‘ And very apt to hurt the *head*.

† I hope the candid and indulgent reader will excuse a lady’s misapprehension of this word.

‘ From such no medicine relieves,  
‘ So quickly as *carminatives*.  
‘ Eat *carroways* and *cardamum*,  
‘ To *pass* your *humours* by the *bum* :  
‘ And so may all your *humours pass*—  
‘ Now give me leave to state the case.—  
‘ You rail at mother Eve and me,  
‘ And prate of woman’s vanity :  
‘ But, was it vanity of mine,  
‘ That forc’d your worship to *resign* ?  
‘ No, no, my dear, ’twas your own *pride*,  
‘ Because *alone* you cou’d not *guide*,  
‘ That made you, like a silly *novice*,  
‘ Throw up a profitable *office*.—  
‘ But when the *greater game* is gone,  
‘ Who overlooks the *after one* ?  
‘ When you went out, ’twas surely best,  
‘ To think of feathering the *nest*.  
‘ I know your *eloquence* is *great* ;  
‘ But can we dine on a *debate* ?  
‘ Or have you ever learnt the skill,  
‘ With *words* to pay the butcher’s bill ?  
‘ Will any of your *wise presages*  
‘ Pay children’s board, or servants wages? —  
‘ You know, I scorn my heart to fix  
‘ On lolling in a coach and fix.  
‘ *Four* went at once ; you *advertis’d* them,  
‘ Did I complain ? No, I despis’d them.—

‘ And

‘ And yet a single *pair* looks odd,  
‘ Considering what the k—g bestow’d ;  
‘ For you the *pension* still forget,  
‘ In railing at the *coronet*.  
‘ I am a P—s, very true ;  
‘ But who enjoys the *pension* ? You——  
‘ Be wise, and peaceably enjoy it,  
‘ Nor try again to breed a riot.  
‘ Reflect that you are growing old,  
‘ Gouty, and subject to catch cold ;  
‘ Your juggling also is suspected,  
‘ And may be *publicly* detected :  
‘ For who wou’d wish a merrier sight,  
‘ Than of a *flannel-bolster’d* wight,  
‘ On *sixteen* porters shoulders borne,  
‘ While round him *cinder-wenches* mourn ?  
‘ He cried, ’tis too much, my friends,  
‘ For me ! How shall I make amends ?——  
‘ Of that, indeed, his friends take care,  
‘ Each has two guineas for his fare.  
‘ The *devil* give them good, I say,  
‘ Whose money is bestow’d that way.  
‘ No powder in his wig ; his face  
‘ Screw’d to a tragedy grimace ;  
‘ And while he, O my country ! cries,  
‘ Claps me an onion to his eyes :  
‘ Or if he genuinely grieves,  
‘ It is because his country thrives.

‘ In other hands, and put on diet,  
 ‘ To heal the wounds of *war* and riot :  
 ‘ The very *door-keepers* it touches,  
 ‘ To see him tottering on *crutches*.  
 ‘ In *them* a double virtue lies ;  
 ‘ They raise *compassion*,—and a *noise*.  
 ‘ He takes his seat with such *fracas*,  
 ‘ That every heart is struck with awes :  
 ‘ As greatest *patriot*, passing doubt,  
 ‘ Is he who makes the greatest *roué*.  
 ‘ The groundlings cry, *alas ! poor man !*  
 ‘ *How ill he is ! How pale ! How wan !*  
 ‘ Yet such his love of *US* and *STRIFE*,  
 ‘ He’d rather run the *risque* of life,  
 ‘ Than leave the BLEEDING LAND a prey  
 ‘ To B—TE, PEACE, and OECONOMY !  
 ‘ He *sighs* and *groans* while others speak,  
 ‘ As if his very *heart* wou’d break ;  
 ‘ At length he tries to rise ; a *hum*  
 ‘ Of Approbation fills the room.  
 ‘ He bows, and tries again ; but, no,  
 ‘ He finds that *standing* will not do ;  
 ‘ And therefore to complete the farce,  
 ‘ The *h—e* cries, *hear him on his a—se !*—  
 ‘ He bows again, and then commences,  
 ‘ To broach his *ill-drawn* inferences ;  
 ‘ Talks incoherently of peace,  
 ‘ And *inadmissibilities*.—

‘ Makes



- ‘ Makes use of none but *polysyllables*,
- ‘ Which he in speaking deems infallibles ;
- ‘ For, as the *longest* scimitar,
- ‘ Still gets the victory in war ;
- ‘ In *politics* the same is seen,
- ‘ The *longest words* are sure to win.
- ‘ They pick for desp’rate enterprize,
- ‘ Both *men* and *terms* of portly size ;
- ‘ And sure his prowess most appears
- ‘ In both, who has most *grenadiers*.
- ‘ What tho’ in forming they are found,
- ‘ To take up too much time and ground ;
- ‘ Yet as *our* great commander makes
- ‘ Advantage of his own mistakes ;
- ‘ So skilful Orator may draw
- ‘ Important service from a flaw.
- ‘ He may break off, by *grief o’ercome*,
- ‘ And grow *pathetically* dumb !
- ‘ As if he thus the house address’d,
- ‘ *Alas ! I cannot speak the rest ! —*
- ‘ This raises pity, makes a pause,
- ‘ And gives an op’ning for applause :
- ‘ He next may *swoon* and shut his eyes ;
- ‘ *A cordial ! else the patriot dies ! —*
- ‘ The cordial comes, he takes it off.
- ‘ *He livess, he lives ! I hear him cough !*
- ‘ Now he recovers ; and, with *meekness*,
- ‘ Apologizes for his weakness,

‘ *He is not us’d to be thus mov’d;*  
 ‘ *But for his country! so BELOV’D!*  
 ‘ *His BLEEDING COUNTRY! who can bear,*  
 ‘ *To think of ending such a war?*  
 ‘ *Thus pause, swoon, cordial, all combine,*  
 ‘ *To forward patriot’s design.*  
 ‘ *As for the dram, even Garrick lacks*  
 ‘ *A glass of brandy between acts;*  
 ‘ *And all comedians extoll*  
 ‘ *The frequent use of alcohol.*  
 ‘ *But wherefore shou’d I quot a player?*  
 ‘ *The mighty B——d our l——d m——r,*  
 ‘ *Of dearest life, the dearest chum,*  
 ‘ *Is ne’er without a flask of rum;*  
 ‘ *If you shou’d ever be in trim*  
 ‘ *Of patriot; apply to him;*  
 ‘ *Tho’ fain I’d hope that you’ll grow wise,*  
 ‘ *And stay at home as I advise.*  
 ‘ *Nor fret your guts to fiddle-strings,*  
 ‘ *With leading mobs, and vexing k—gs,*  
 ‘ *Meerly to be admir’d by fellows*  
 ‘ *With greazy aprons in an alehouse;*  
 ‘ *While all the wisest and the best,*  
 ‘ *Make of your mummary a jest.”*

Thus spoke my *lady* against speeches;  
 And one wou’d think she wore the breeches,

• Else



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Else she had never dar'd to prate  
So freely of affairs of state.

But *that* from sequel we deny,  
Because he deign'd her no *reply* :

But soon as e'er the *larum* stopp'd,  
Got up, and to the bell-string hopp'd :

Rang footman up. — “ Your honour call ? ”

“ Yes, — Send John here, — and saddle Ball.”

John enters. “ John get ready, go —

‘ Fetch me — the mortgage upon St — we.”

“ *The mortgage, Sir ? An't please your honour,*

‘ *I know of none upon the manor !*” —

“ Confound the rascal's *jobbernot* ! —

‘ I mean, — my *brother*, — Tididol, —

‘ A thick skull'd varlet not to see

‘ My beautiful Metonymy\* ! —

‘ I find I must this clodpate teach,

‘ To understand my grace of speech ;

‘ That all the *clever* things I say,

‘ On him may not be thrown away.

‘ John, *sages* think that *masters* shou'd

‘ Be by their *servants* understood ;

‘ And truly they are often so,

‘ Among the *vulgar* and the *low*,

\* Some may be puzzled to discover how the *catachrestical* *pariphrase* comes to be called a Metonymy — we refer them to the critics.

‘ Who are in speech no farther taught,  
‘ Than bluntly to express a thought :  
‘ But men of my superior sense,  
‘ Don’t call such prattle *eloquence*.—  
‘ We have authority divine,  
‘ Not to bestow our *pearls* on swine ;  
‘ And this the richest *pearl* of heaven,  
‘ To men is very rarely given ;  
‘ Since, so far as *my* knowledge reaches,  
‘ Of *orators*, *debates*, and *speeches* ;  
‘ But *three* have e’er enjoy’d it *fully*,  
‘ *Myself*, Demosthenes, and Tully.  
‘ John, That Demosthenes cou’d *speak* !  
‘ So learn’d !—he always gabbled Greek !—  
‘ And so cou’d I upon occasion,  
‘ If talking Greek were now the fashion.  
‘ Your Tully all in Latin spoke ;  
‘ But then he wou’d so *pun* and *joke* !  
‘ And yet I doubt these Greeks and Romans  
‘ Wou’d not be *heard* in house of c — ns ;  
‘ Because where *I* am so *applauded*,  
‘ Such *fellows* must be little lauded.  
‘ But to return from this digression,  
‘ Leaving *professors* for *profession* ;  
‘ ’Tis *eloquence*, which, with a small cast  
‘ Of *logic*, in the way of ballast,  
‘ Composes *rhetoric* ;—a science,  
‘ At which *I* bid the *devil* defiance !

‘ With

‘ With *this*, and lusty pair of bellows,  
‘ I maul your *ministerial fellows*;  
‘ Can turn the nation upside down,  
‘ And at my *pleasure* shake the t—ne ;  
‘ For *this* I’m courted,—out or in ;—  
‘ And lose who lists I’m sure to win.  
‘ With *this*, I show to *demonstration*,  
‘ That *debts* and *taxes*—*save* the nation ;  
‘ That when we spend the money *fast*,  
‘ It must of *course* the *longer* last ;  
‘ That spilling oceans of our *blood*,  
‘ Must do the *constitution* good !—  
‘ With *this*, I prove *Marasmus*, health !  
‘ *War*, *poverty*, and *famine*, wealth !—  
‘ Nay, John, ne’er *stare*, and shake your pate,  
‘ I guess what you wou’d *intimate*.——  
‘ You think, while I its powers impart,  
‘ I use a *figure* of my *art* ?  
‘ ’Tis true, to prove what he alledges,  
‘ The *art* no *orator* obliges ;  
‘ Yea more, the *knack* of *fibbing* well,  
‘ In *rhēt’ric* has no parallel ;  
‘ And if that *privilege* you lop,  
‘ We *orators* might shut up shop.  
‘ But John,——I here must use a term  
‘ Of *art*, which often does me *harm*.  
‘ *Distinguish* *orator* declaiming,  
‘ From *him*, when to *instruct* you aiming :

‘ And

With

‘ And in this *recapitulation*  
 ‘ I meant *instruction* ; not *persuasion* ;  
 ‘ But when I set me to persuade,  
 ‘ I can do every thing I said !—  
 ‘ Ay and much more.—You ask me how ?  
 ‘ For *that* a *simile* will do.  
 ‘ And a propos, to *pearls* and *swine*,  
 ‘ I hear a cursed *porker* whine.  
 ‘ Look out.” “ *It is the gard’ner’s dog,*  
 ‘ *Lugging the ears of’ th’ brindle’d hog.*”  
 “ Right ; Now come in, and shut the casement,  
 ‘ Draw near, and learn to your amazement,  
 ‘ That my *all powerful* eloquence,  
 ‘ Can bring a *simile* from thence !—  
 ‘ That *dog*, tho’ but a gard’ner’s cur,  
 ‘ Suppose for once an *orator* :—  
 ‘ That *hog*, at ear of which *dog* hangs,—  
 ‘ An audience list’ning to harangues.—  
 ‘ But here our *simile* must halt,  
 ‘ Of simile’s the constant fault :  
 ‘ To make it gallop on all *four*,  
 ‘ The *hog* shou’d hang upon the *cur*,  
 ‘ As all our poets in their songs,  
 ‘ Make *senates* hang on *speakers* tongues.  
 ‘ Let others look to *that* ; while we  
 ‘ Take as we find it, *simile*.  
 ‘ First, dog runs hard, at hog to come,  
 ‘ Which artists call *exordium*.—

‘ Perceiving



- ' Perceiving this, if hog is wise,
- ' He from the dunghill starts,—and flies.
- ' Bawls out before the dog comes near him
- ' Which represents the *hear him ! hear him !*—
- ' While hog in flight precipitate,
- ' Prefigures *minister of state*,
- ' Whose constant course it is to fly
- ' For shelter to *majority* !—
- ' Now nimbler dog on hog gains ground.—
- ' Hog doubles to escape from hound ;
- ' From which,—most palpably appear
- ' The shuffling tricks of minister !—
- ' Dog over-runs, and misses prey,
- ' Tumbles and howls; from which you may
- ' Have an idea with precision,
- ' Of a *minority* division !—
- ' Wing'd with fresh spirits hog flies faster,
- ' Triumphant in poor dogs disaster.
- ' He triumphs, and he flies in vain,
- ' For dog is at his heels again !—
- ' And now within his haunch he stretches,
- ' And now at wagging ear he snatches ;
- ' Which seiz'd at length,—down tumbles *pig*,
- ' Thus ends political intrigue !—
- ' And thus from *hog* and *dog* appears
- ' The power of *orators* on *ears*.
- ' And hence perhaps the proverb might grow,
- ' Of having by the ear the *right sow*.

' But,

‘ But, John, I hope you have ta’en notice,  
 ‘ Of what in simile a blot is ;  
 ‘ That tho’ the audience was intended,  
 ‘ Yet with the minister it ended ?——  
 ‘ Now *how* that *is*, and *why* ’tis so,  
 ‘ I in *few* words proceed to show.  
 ‘ Attend, dear John ! there is a quality,  
 ‘ Denominate *criticality*.——  
 ‘ A kind of captious, snarling vice,  
 ‘ Which proves men not so wise as nice.  
 ‘ You have observ’d within a roof,  
 ‘ An eager spider ply his woof ;  
 ‘ And lurk perdue within the loom,  
 ‘ Nor think of all destroying Broom ;  
 ‘ Whet for the caitiff fly his pounces ?—  
 ‘ But if ’gainst web a *hornet* bounces,  
 ‘ Headlong to earth the spider falls,  
 ‘ While hornet marks not as he crawls !—  
 ‘ Careless he wheels in airy rings,  
 ‘ And snakes the cob webs from his wings.  
 ‘ Your literary *whipper-in*,  
 ‘ To this same spider is a kin ;  
 ‘ For puny insects he in wait lies,  
 ‘ But dares not meddle with the *great flies*.  
 ‘ And *I* the *monarch* of the hive,  
 ‘ Standing on my prerogative,  
 ‘ Scorn taste, correctness, and propriety ;  
 ‘ For novelty and *great* variety.

‘ Thu

‘ Thus have I given sufficient reason  
‘ To answer for a worse misprision,  
‘ And yet perhaps, upon the matter,  
‘ I have another, and a better ;  
‘ Which take in short. The nation knows  
‘ My maxim ever *was, oppose !*  
‘ And be the minister who will,  
‘ My maxim *is—oppose* him still ;  
‘ For tho’ to Britain necessary,  
‘ ’Tis good for *me* that *all* miscarry :  
‘ Excepting *one*, I need not name him ;  
‘ Envy herself would blush to blame him.  
‘ I do my *best* for all the flock,  
‘ To bring them fairly to the block.  
‘ And yet I’m not like Lilburne\* ; he  
‘ Even with *himself* cou’d not agree :  
‘ But I, howe’er I hate the rest,  
‘ Am in *myself* completely blest.  
‘ Now this same *hate* with which I burn,  
‘ Lugs me them in at every turn ;  
‘ And be the subject *that*, or *this*,  
‘ The m——r ne’er comes amiss.

\* This is John Lilburne, of whom it was said, That had he been alone in the world, Lilburne would have gone to cuffs with John, and John with Lilburne—by *one* degree a greater patriot than our hero.

E

‘ Cato

' Cato his speeches still wou'd end  
 ' With a—*Carthago est delenda* !\*  
 ' But I both *finish* and *begin*  
 ' With railing at the party *in*.  
 ' Tho' this is wide of my intention ;  
 ' And this I only *slightly* mention,  
 ' That you may judge when merit lies in  
 ' An orator epifodizing.—  
 ' Now seeing eloquence produces  
 ' Such weighty and important *uses*,  
 ' 'Tis proper you shou'd be advis'd,  
 ' In what the *science* is compris'd ;  
 ' Why just in this, in giving up  
 ' Plain sense and meaning for a trope.—  
 ' Then there's another, call'd a *figure*.—  
 ' But, which the less, or which the bigger,  
 ' Must even *on the table* lie,  
 ' Till I consult with Farnaby !  
 ' Next follow *metaphor* and *simile*,  
 ' And after *these* a num'rous family,  
 ' Made up of *others of the same*,  
 ' Which I can better use than name ;  
 ' As only base mechanic souls,  
 ' Can tell the names of all their tools.

\* This *Apocope* comes luckily enough to our hero's relief,  
 otherwise it is hard to say what termination he might have  
 bestowed on the word.

' Your



' Your metaphor, as ancients held it,  
 ' Is but a *simile* dock'd and gelded ;  
 ' And so your simile's of course,  
 ' Are ungelt, long-tail'd *metaphors* !—  
 ' I nam'd another—what was he ?—  
 ' At first ?—pshaw !—O—Metonymy !  
 ' He is—but better an example :  
 ' You know I call'd my brother T——le.  
 ' (Pray keep the phrase in your remembrance,)  
 ' On St—we a mortgage ; or incumbrance.  
 ' Now, John, by this I understand,  
 ' A man whose merit lies in—land,  
 ' In gardens, and a princely seat,  
 ' In front, God knows how many feet !  
 ' Himself, like what we sometimes see,  
 ' A *louse* upon embroidery !  
 ' And truly, John, the time affords  
 ' Enow, both commoners and lords,  
 ' With whom the figure well may suit,  
 ' O ! that it would apply to B—te !  
 ' When we a noble villa spy,  
 ' It raises curiosity,  
 ' To know the owner's name.—Alas !  
 ' The lordly owner proves an—ass !—  
 ' Now, for my brother. John, suppose"—  
 ' John clapt his his finger on his nose.  
 ' *I understand your honour now ;*  
 ' *I'll bring the mortgage upon St—we !*"

lief,  
 ave  
 our

But here we mean to halt, and stay  
While John perform his Embassy :  
A long career wou'd break our wind.  
Now reader breathe, and look behind.  
We use an author's privilege,  
To lead you over 'ditch and hedge,  
O'er hill and dale, with fancy strolling ;  
And sometimes dull, and sometimes drolling.  
But if our laughing vein offend  
Any, to such we recommend  
The squalid *prophecy of famine*,  
And much good may it do 'em.—AMEN.

9 JA 58

END of CANTO II.

RODONDO

# R O D O N D O;

O R T H E

S T A T E J U G G L E R S.

\*\*\*\*\*!\*\*\*\*\*

C A N T O I I I.

**S**IX times the fun his car hath driv'n  
Thro' all the turnpike-roads of heav'n;  
And now the seventh he's jogging on,  
Since we to Cobham-hall sent John.  
A plaguy while the rascal stays;  
But such are servants,—now-a days,  
'Tis pity that a tipling sot  
Shou'd mar so exquisite a plot;  
Or ministerial money undo  
The patriot purpose of Rodondo.  
But whether 'twas a bribe or beer,  
That tempted John, is not so clear.

To us, let it suffice that he  
Never perform'd his embassy ;  
Preventing thus a consultation,  
Of great importance to the nation.  
For had Rodondo laid his *poll*  
To vacant nob of Tididol,  
The necessary consequence,  
Had been much sound, and little sense.  
No *nostrum* for distemper'd states,  
Like contact of two empty pates.  
So, if you take them in dry weather,  
And rub two rotten sticks together,  
You'll raise a flame in half a minute,  
Though neither stick has spark fire in it :  
And patriotic noddles shou'd  
Resemble sticks of rotten wood.  
When single, destitute of wit ;  
But two, together rubb'd, emit,  
By process, which we call attrition,  
The flames of popular sedition.

Mean time the gout, with B—e in league,  
Still carried on the old intrigue.  
His toe forsaking, by degrees,  
Made war upon Rodondo's knees ;  
And marching upwards very fast.  
Laid siege to reason's seat at last.



The fortress was but ill provided ;  
 For *there* Dame Reason ne'er resided.—  
 —She had appointed long before  
 Dumfoundibus the governor ;  
 Who for a while the place defended,  
 Till all his long words were expended,  
 Or render'd of no further use,  
 And then hung out a flag of truce ;  
 Which brought about, in a few hours,  
 Between the belligerent powers,  
 A treaty firmly guaranteed ;  
 The articles who will may read.

Imprimis, we Dumfoundibus,  
 For our constituent, and us,  
 Without condition, stipulate  
 Surrender of Rodondo's pate ;  
 With all its limits and boundaries,  
 As to be fix'd by commissaries ;  
 Which premises, both in and out,  
 Are hereby ceded to the *Cout*.  
 Who, on his part, consents to take it,  
 Just as 'twas left by wisdom;—naked !  
 But for the warlike stores and treasure,  
 Tho' worn and wasted, in some measure,  
 Among all parties 'tis decided,  
 That *they* as follows be divided,

*Item,*

*Item, A talent of sedition*

Much worn, yet still in some condition.  
An ample volume of abuse,  
Though pretty often thumb'd, of use.  
A magazine of factious lies,  
The best political supplies,  
Which oft' employ'd, detested too,  
Are every whit as good as new.  
The *art* of keeping a good table,  
By *taking in* the thoughtless rabble;  
Of diving into idiots purses,  
Of changing asses into horses,  
And driving them about the streets,  
With twenty other clever feats;  
All for the use of patriot,  
To Cacafogo we allot.

*Item, A pair of bellows, mended*

With native calf, yet broken winded,  
Which from both ends alike can blow,  
On Teague Oregan we bestow;  
With this proviso, that he lend,  
To friend Rumbumbo, either end,  
Whene'er his lordship has a mind,  
To save for use his own trade wind.  
Rodondo's coining tools beside,  
Between them fairly we divide.

With

With every patch, and shred, and hint,  
Of verbage that may be i' th' mint,  
To tagg, and to employ at will,  
As God and nature gave them skill.

*Item*, For Malagrida's back,  
A suit of hypocritic black,  
With a large wardrobe too of canting ;  
Not that to him they now are wanting,  
But that in time he'll need 'em, we  
Do very palpably foresee.

And, *lastly*, in behalf of Pyrrhus,  
His bully back, strong motives stir us ;  
And, therefore, to him we award  
A complete system of blackguard-  
-ing with choice flow'rs from Billingsgate,  
The best piece in Rodondo's pate.  
Thus from one patriot's stock, we hope,  
No less than five may set up shop.  
So coin an ounce of brass, and you  
Will see five farthings rise to view.

This done, the governor march'd out,  
And left his garrison to th' Gout.  
Who, that he might maintain the post,  
Bestow'd on it some little cost.

And

And first of all, he girt it round  
Of flannel with a treble mound ;  
Repair'd a horn-work much decay'd,  
Of old by L — E — made ;  
The entrance guarded with a *bray*,  
A new stockade the covert way ;  
With half a dozen yards of frize,  
Extending downward the glacis.  
And thus Rodondo's head possess  
We leave him to eternal rest ;  
To speak of the *quinquenvirate*,  
That got his personal estate.

Remember, laughter-loving maid,  
In Sacro Gorgon's cavalcade,  
You promis'd, that another time  
Shou'd furnish gin, and furnish rhyme ;  
The gin of Joseph's genuine hogoo,  
For *grain-descended* Cacafogo.  
That time is come, and I, the bard,  
Expect you will not break your word.  
But pass his birth and parentage,  
Th' atchievements of his tender age ;  
His youthful frolics, and the art  
He us'd to win a lady's heart,  
And spirit her to matrimony,  
For that which makes all matches, *money* ;

How

How land and beeves thus archly got,  
 Soon by his vices went to pot ;  
 How, afterwards, supplies to raise,  
 He took to study *means and ways* ;  
 How he, of *orphans* the *protector*,  
 Became an hospital *director*,  
 And to his own use turn'd the pelf,  
 Because he was the poor'st himself ;  
 How, brought in humour by this feat,  
 He got in parliament a seat,  
 That haply he might find occasion,  
 To touch the money of the nation :  
 Pass all the shuffling tricks he try'd,  
 To get upon the winning side ;  
 The offers which to B—e he made,  
 'Ere he took up the patriot trade ;  
 For anger, so the bard rehearſes,  
 In spite of nature can make verses ;  
 And also make a change i'th' tone  
 Of ministerial *hanger-on*.  
 O disappointment ! but for thee,  
 What were this land of liberty ?  
 Were't not for thee, on English ground,  
 No trace of *patriot* could be found.  
 Thou com'st, indeed, with rueful face,  
 To fruitless hunters after place,  
 Blasting their hopes ; but in exchange,  
 Presenting prospects of revenge.

Just



Just so an egg, when over drest,  
Becomes confounded hard to digest ;  
And in the place of wholesome *chyle*,  
Produces copious floods of *bile* ;  
And as a bugg, in quest of prey,  
From tester takes his mighty way,  
Or fallies from a chink of wood,  
Lur'd by the grateful smell of blood,  
And with a lion's boldness creeps,  
Upon the caitiff as he sleeps ;  
But if you baulk him of his meal,  
Your nose will his resentment feel.  
Inspir'd by such another flame,  
John Wilkes a patriot became.  
But having this great truth in view,  
That one *bugg* stinks much less than two,  
With Sacro Gorgon he united,  
So close, you would have thought them spitted  
Together ; as is often seen,  
A fat rabbit, with one that's lean.

But I once more the muse request,  
To let such poultry matters rest ;  
To set aside his verse and prose,  
*His pumpings, blanketings, and blows ;*  
His march with T—t to the common ;  
His second essay upon woman,

Which

Which was not quite so fortunate,  
 As that by which he won his mate ;  
 How to reward him, Greybeard law  
 Had fain upon him laid his paw ;  
 But leading the old Put a dance,  
 He fairly scamper'd o'er to France,  
 To learn the principles of freedom,  
 Because his countrymen might need 'em ;  
 In prosecution of which scheme,  
 He shall be for a while our theme.  
 But in a subject grave as this,  
 Thalia, take it not amiss,  
 That we invoke, to lend thee aid,  
 Great Sacro Gergon's tuneful shade ;  
 For we have seen, on Gallic plains,  
 Where Liberty triumphant reigns,  
 A swain contented drive the plow,  
 His helpmate yok'd in't with a sow !  
 Who by their harmony prov'd this  
 Truth, *Fortior est unita vis* ;  
 And, muse, you cannot fail to jog  
 On better, yok'd with th' ghost of hog.

O thou whose brawny hulk while here,  
 Serv'd to keep up the price of beer ;  
 Whose fertile genius cou'd produce  
 Bumfodder for the nation's use ;

F

Whose

Whose wit, like small beer on a dray,  
 Ooz'd muddy thro' the mass of clay ;  
 Whom Bacchus, for his slighted rite,  
 Provok'd to the unequal fight,  
 And by thy fatal overthrow,  
 Yielded a pudding to the crow !  
 Whether, the Antiphrasis lost,  
 You still enjoy the name of ghost,  
 And with the once-lov'd Cock lane *sp'rit*,  
 You wander in the shades of night ;  
 Whether in famine's cave you dwell,  
 Or in the vault of Clerkenwell ;  
 Whether Lethean streams inspire  
 The strain, as heretofore, *entire*,  
 Or rather you inhale the mud  
 Of the\* *thrice three-thread* Stygian flood !  
 Whether Cocytus *blackstrap* *slum*,  
 Or Phlegeton affords you rum,  
 As hot as B—kf—d e'er supply'd,  
 In freedom's cause before you dy'd ;  
 If in the hogstye where you wallow,  
 Divested of your earthly tallow,  
 Still anxious for our fate, the pray'r  
 Of mortal hard can reach your ear ;  
 That waggling ear, which in your life  
 Escap'd so oft Jack Ketch's knife ;

\* *Novies Styx circumfusa coerces.*

VIRG.

That

That ear, against all chances fav'd,  
 When oft the pillory it brav'd,  
 Attending like a constant mate,  
 Even to the grave its parent pate.  
 Assist Thalia!—Tho' 'tis true,  
 She never yet assisted you;  
 But shew that parsons are forgiving  
 When no more i'the land o'the living,  
 And, as it is in scripture read,  
 Heap coals of fire upon her head.

In that old town, where Butler teaches  
 Our good king Harry lost his breeches,  
 (Which breeches, reader, tho' threadbare,  
 Sir Hudibras was proud to wear.)  
 Met Churchill, Wilkes, and Humphry C—tes,  
 Three first-rate English patriots;  
 All *three* inspir'd with equal zeal,  
 To drink about for England's weal;  
 To make a trial, whether ale  
 Or wine, could best inspire to rail;  
 Whether, in claret there might be  
 Some salve for wounded Liberty;  
 Since porter had essay'd in vain,  
 Tho' oft apply'd, to ease her pain.  
 Much they bewail'd their country's lot;  
 And drank damnation to the Scot:



But having drank it o'er and o'er,

They were no wiser than before.

Quoth Humphry, after rueful pause,

" Here goes : Confusion to all laws !

Curse them, they force a man to pay

His debts ; or d—n me, run away !"

Quoth Sacro Gorgon, " That's a trimmer ;

I'll pledge you, Humphry, in a brimmer ;

For whether human or divine,

By G-d they are no friends of mine."

W—kes, dreadful squinting all the while,

Grinn'd horrible, a ghastly smile ;

And stretching wide his lantern jaw,

" You, d—n your bodies ! talk of law ?

' What ! think ye your escapes from *bums*,

' Your beating bawds, and bilking *strums* ?

' Think ye your poxes and bepoxings,

' Your ale-house riotings and boxings ;

' Your heads, not seldom broke, 'tis true ;

' Your day-lights painted black and blue ;

' Your talent, parson, for abuse ;

' And, H—ph—y, *yours* at turnipe-juice ;

' Can raise you to the rank, which I

' As freedom's champion enjoy !—

' No ! though a pair of willing *tits*

' As ever liv'd,—by lake of wits ;

' Yet there's a diff'rence, all must think,

' Between the settlings and the drink ;

' And



- ‘ And to the world it must appear  
 ‘ That ye’re the settlings, I the beer.  
 ‘ Or, by a figure more a kin,  
 ‘ Be you the *beer*, and I the *gin*;  
 ‘ Because, of metaphors, the nearest  
 ‘ To nature, ever are the clearest.”

Quoth H—ph—y, belching, and another  
 Thing, which some folks call belching’s brother.

Stroaking his paunch, and looking big,

- “ Your figure is not worth a fig.—  
 ‘ Not worth what you, as I suppose,  
 ‘ May smell, if you have any nose.  
 ‘ Your gin and beer won’t do for me;  
 ‘ I deal in foreign wine, d’ye see;  
 ‘ And so, to cut the matter short,  
 ‘ Make me a hogthead of good port.”

Ch——ll, whose pipe fix’d in his cheek

Had hindred all the while to speak,

Broke silence, after a long whiff,

And said, “ friend Numps is in a miss.

- ‘ And yet I think he might agree  
 ‘ To stand in the same rank with me.  
 ‘ He talks of foreign wine: but I  
 ‘ That e’er he sold a drop deny.  
 ‘ He deal in wine! By G-d I know  
 ‘ The turnip field where his grapes grow;

‘ And, Jack, you know their pow’r to kill,  
‘ Was drawn from your n’own daddy’s still.  
‘ ’Tis true, the borough-knight of late  
‘ Has help’d him in his work of fate,  
‘ And this damn’d stuff he thinks to put  
‘ Upon us for as good as *butt*.  
‘ No, throw your blackstrap to the dogs,  
‘ Or with it feed Sir Joseph’s hogs;  
‘ For if I had a cup of ale,  
‘ I’d drink, by G-d, his rival Th—le,  
‘ Whose beer, an antidote, defends  
‘ Against the death Sir Mushroom vends;  
‘ That Southwark, if it were not for him,  
‘ Would be a borough like Old Sarum;  
‘ But whether blackstrap, gin, or yeast,  
‘ Amongst us union’s surely best,  
‘ As we are all on the same plan,  
‘ To eat and drink the best we can:  
‘ Let us together lay our heads,  
‘ And make a liquor of *three threads*,  
‘ Which being jumbled in one barrel,  
‘ Will take off all pretext of quarrel;  
‘ And which, like yeast or leaven, thrown  
‘ Upon the rotten parts o’ th’ town,  
‘ May in the course of time ferment  
‘ To universal discontent.”

Sage Numps reply'd in haste—"Indeed,

- ' I think the project will succeed ;
- ' And, simple Humphry, as I stand,
- ' That I agree to't, here's my hand.
- ' But for the honour of my trade,
- ' There are a few words to be said.
- ' You have aspers'd a calling, which
- ' I hop'd one day would make me rich,
- ' And I have stuck to it, d'ye see,
- ' As long as it would stick to me.
- ' For while I could my liquor sell,
- ' The state affairs went very well ;
- ' But with my cash and credit spent,
- ' Old England's independence went ;
- ' And which great blessings to recover,
- ' From London am I here come over :
- ' They must go hand in hand, by G-d,
- ' However you may think it odd ;
- ' Because where nothing's to be got,
- ' What man would be a patriot ?
- ' How can the state be kept alive,
- ' If every member does not thrive ?
- ' How members thrive, if you cry down
- ' The honest callings which they own ?
- ' I say 'tis honest. Tho you sneer,
- ' I'll match my wine with your butt beer,
- ' You call me poisoner. Behold,
- ' Neat as imported, racy, old,

‘ One bottle from my hiding-place,  
 ‘ Which never saw a turnip’s face :  
 ‘ Match it from copper, or from still !—  
 ‘ You can’t, by G-d—And if you will,  
 ‘ I’ll lay a guinea. If thee *dear’st*  
 ‘ Stand to the bett, I lays done first.”

So saying he a point untruss’d,  
 His hand into his breeches thrust,  
 From which (while Wilkes and Ch—h—ll star’d),  
 A long-neck’d bottle soon appear’d.  
 For Numps on some occasions chose  
 To make a cellar of his hose;  
 And in them made a shift to stow  
 A dozen of the best, or so ;  
 Because he said it ripen’d fast,  
 And got some flavour, and some taste.  
 This method to have wine well scented,  
 He had improv’d, indeed invented.  
 And to such trunk-hose-cellars, he  
 Had the sole right as patentee ;  
 Because he prov’d their situation,  
 Made a great saving to the nation ;  
 For in the climate where they hung,  
 No need of saw-dust, or horse-dung.  
 But some would treat it as a farce,  
 And say, it made him hang an a—e ;

While



While others gravely would discuss

A point of more importance, thus—

“ A thousand sad examples teach

‘ The hapless lot of Patriot’s breech,

‘ Condemn’d by fate to undergo

‘ The rude assault of every toe ;

‘ As if, indeed, its only use

‘ In England were to wear out shoes ;

‘ And that a Patriot’s backside

‘ Contain’d a magnet for neat hide :

‘ From whence some shrewd observers gather

‘ The late alarming rise of leather ;

‘ Because the patriot breed of late

‘ Is grown more common in the state ;

‘ And frequent contact, it is clear,

‘ Occasions greater tear and wear.

‘ And if the *active* leather’s worn,

‘ Think how the *passive* must be torn !

‘ Though, if in’s breeches he crams glass,

‘ Ten times more pitiful his case ;

‘ In daily risque of blood’s effusion,

‘ And continuity’s solution ;

‘ Unless like Parthian, as he flies,

‘ He means to wound the enemies ;

‘ Or, if he heathen vengeance scorns,

‘ By a new method cut their corns.

‘ But it has been observ’d of late,

‘ That there are humours in the state,

‘ Which



‘ Which have seiz’d on, and rais’d a flame.  
‘ I’the parts which no man cares to name,  
‘ Which makes the grievance *fundamental*,  
‘ A circumstance which we resent all,  
‘ The rather that it’s not confin’d  
‘ To our politic parts behind ;  
‘ But every one, in’s natural breech,  
‘ Deplores the sympathetic itch :  
‘ And as a dog, into whose bum  
‘ The boys have clapt origanum,  
‘ Runs helter skelter thro’ the streets,  
‘ Snarling at every one he meets ;  
‘ And to assuage his burning ail,  
‘ In every kennel thrusts his tail ;  
‘ Just so our present patriots are  
‘ Eager of getting in the *chair*.  
‘ ’Tis to allay the burning heat  
‘ I’their buttocks that they seek the seat :  
‘ Because it’s of the close-stool kind,  
‘ And keeps the chairmen cool behind,  
‘ Where they like glow-worms of male line,  
‘ Or rotten whittings, stink, and shine.  
‘ But more of them we mean to speak,  
‘ Should the committee live a week ;  
‘ A thing I fear against all chances ;  
‘ Such is their burden of *grievances*,  
‘ Of irritations, spasms, and tensions,  
‘ Of mortal qualms, and *apprehensions*,  
‘ That

- ‘ That many wise men *apprehend*,
- ‘ ‘Twill of them quickly make an end.
- ‘ But as physicians are agreed,
- ‘ That piles, before they’re cur’d, must bleed ;
- ‘ And that, in this alarming case,
- ‘ There’s nothing like a cupping-glass,
- ‘ So H—ph—y to his windward side,
- ‘ The *topic* always kept apply’d ;
- ‘ That every toe which his breech kiss’d
- ‘ Might serve for a phlebotomist :
- ‘ For so’s the term deriv’d indeed,
- ‘ *Phlebotomist*, from *bottom* *flea’d*.”

But leaving all the reasons, which  
 Had made a *binn* of H—ph—y’s’ breech,  
 To tell, tho’ loath, we must begin,  
 Th’ effects of this unwholesome *binn*.  
 Poor Ch—h—ll ! he had cause (God knows)  
 To curse th’ invention of trunk-hose ;  
 Or rather, be the man accurst,  
 Who as a cellar us’d them first !  
 And surely H—ph—y was in fault  
 To turn his breechès to a vault.  
 However, with a graceful jerk,  
 He from the bottle drew its cork,  
 Accompanying from behind  
 The merry *gluck*, with blast of wind ;

For

For 'twas with him a constant trick,  
 To let a rowzer in the nick  
 Of drawing, that it might be thought,  
 He cork'd his bottles as he ought :  
 And, being always ready prim'd,  
 The chorus he so justly tim'd,  
 And modulated to his breech,  
 That none could tell which sound was which.  
 Others insisted, that his f—t—  
 -ing was an ailment, not an art ;  
 And would illustrate such discourse,  
 By case of broken-winded horse ;  
 Like whom, whenever Numps exerted  
 A muscle, they'd maintain he f—ted.  
 And as his most fatiguing works,  
 His daily bread, was drawing corks.  
 The force of custom might alone,  
 Reduce the sounds to unison.  
 That harmony has charms, appears,  
 In all who have not lost their ears ;  
 Hence, many men would risque a bett,  
 That Humphry's are not cropt—as yet.  
 For had they bid his pate good b'ye.  
 How could his——kept time ? ask I.  
 But he himself has often made  
 Another system on this *head*.  
 And thus he states it : “ Who would scan  
 ‘ The wondrous microcosm call'd man,

‘ Would

' Would surely find in him compriz'd,  
' The *bill of rights* epitomiz'd.  
' Suppose now, for example's sake,  
' We call the head, Sir Francis B—ke ?  
' I ask you, where there could be found  
' A head so heavy, or so round ?  
' It has by all been seen ; and all  
' Must needs confess it capital.  
' Now for its parts, Let us suppose  
' That sheriff Saw—e were the nose ?  
' Or — or — ? But I must stop,  
' Least I should raise the price of soap.  
' And as another apt example,  
' Suppose we made the brains of T——le ?  
' The eyes, and mouths, and beards, and ears,  
' Prefigur'd by as many peers.  
' Our worthy lord m——r claims the tongue,  
' So chaste, so fluent, and so strong.  
' And for the gullet, parson H—e  
' To be its prototype was born.  
' Altho' 'tis whisper'd, and he knows it,  
' That hemp or caudel soon must close it ;  
' Yet he's no flincher from a fate,  
' We all must come to, soon or late.  
' The heart and noble parts, are best  
' By Wilkes and Liberty express'd.  
' The lungs by B—s. S——l V—n  
' At playing conscience, is the man ;



- ‘ Tho’ as to playing conscience, we
- ‘ Have all as good a hand as he.
- ‘ We also for the guts may serve,
- ‘ As none of us design to starve.
- ‘ And the contents, when voided, are
- ‘ Of right, Sir J — h M — y’s share.
- ‘ The legs, if they deserve the name
- ‘ Of legs, are seen in hopping Jem.
- ‘ And I, for my part, am content,
- ‘ To play the humble fundament.
- ‘ Then who can blame me if I chuse
- ‘ To keep that useful part in use?—
- ‘ Besides, my a—se has, with submission,
- ‘ A right inherent to petition ;
- ‘ And all its grievances to vent
- ‘ Against the present government.
- ‘ That part enjoys by Magna Charta,
- ‘ Exclusive privilege to— f—a.
- ‘ Nor is the man a friend to’s country,
- ‘ Who claps upon his breech a centry ;
- ‘ And whether dry goods, or wet cargo,
- ‘ Upon its exports lays embargo.
- ‘ This I may say, and say it truly,
- ‘ That when best lin’d, ’tis most unruly ;
- ‘ And makes the greatest uproar, when
- ‘ It has least reason to complain.
- ‘ But this I am too wise to blame ;
- ‘ Our bill of rights men do the same.

‘ For



‘ For wind engender’d in the state  
 ‘ By somewhere must evaporate.”

Thus as he spake, in a quart-mug,  
 Instead of glass, he pour’d the drug ;  
 And with a patriotic leer,  
 Cry’d, “ Pledge ye,” to the brawny seer.  
 The brawny seer, who scorn’d to hedge,  
 Soon answer’d, “ I accept your pledge !  
 ‘ Tho’, d—n me, if I like your drink ;  
 ‘ It looks, by G-d, as black as ink :  
 ‘ Of which I have not made the best  
 ‘ Use, it must fairly be confest.  
 ‘ Confound my eyes, and limbs, and blood,  
 ‘ I’ll ne’er trust colour if ’tis good.”  
 So saying, to his head he rais’d  
 The cann, and in the liquor gaz’d,  
 And saw reflected from its shade,  
 The ugly faces which he made.  
 At this fresh insult more provok’d,  
 In desp’rate wrath his eye he lock’d ;  
 And chuck’d down as he’d *chuck* a *slug*,  
 The whole contents of H—ph—y’s mug.  
 Nor left whereof to make libation.  
 But whether ’twere imagination ;  
 Or that friend H—ph—y’s wine, indeed,  
 Were brew’d of some pernicious weed,

Root, herb, or flow'r, for 'tis all one,  
No sooner was the potion down,  
Than dreadful civil war began  
To waste the parson's inward man.  
For porter, who possess'd of old,  
The sole dominion of his hold,  
No sooner smock'd the bold design,  
Of his old rival, nicknam'd Wine,  
Than straight he beat to arms. His drum  
Refounded fetid through the room ;  
And from their clubs each faithful friend  
Of Liberty, the chief attend.  
Some freeholders in sad condition,  
Made violent motions—to petition.  
The *bill of rights*, for this affair,  
Voted a larger hole i'the chair ;  
And fram'd a glorious resolution,  
Of purging well the constitution.  
Since wine was worse, if worse cou'd be,  
Than the address from Coventry,  
The whole *committee* squeez'd and press'd,  
That grievances might be redress'd.  
The sheriffs next, a motion made  
To call in Dr B—f—d's aid.  
Sir Joseph M——y made a speech,  
Which murmur'd hollow thro' the breech ;  
And every one resolv'd to stand  
For Liberty, with heart and hand.

But to be sure of a retreat,  
 If they should happen to be beat,  
 A garrison in the a—gut  
 Under this valiant knight they put.  
 For *tam Mercurio, quam Marte*,  
 He was the heart's blood of the party,  
 But now the hour advanc'd apace,  
 When he shou'd sigh, and say, alas!  
 A curse upon the lovely sow,  
 Whose charms entic'd me from the plow!  
 And me, in jealous fury, set  
 To geld each rival that I met.  
 For from the higher ground, the foe  
 Pour'd on the *patriots* below;  
 Who with a sudden panic seiz'd,  
 Towards the postern press'd and squeez'd.  
 Sir Joseph was the first that fled,  
 And left his post, to save his head.  
 But as the gods, in days of yore,  
 To save them from the Titan's power,  
 Were forc'd in every size and shape,  
 From high Olympus to escape;  
 So he (to slight of hand no stranger),  
 Finding himself in equal danger,  
 With no less skill and caution, tries  
 To sink away in a disguise.  
 But in his rank himself intrenching,  
 He scorn'd to thrust his soul an inch in;

Or from his present knighthood stir,  
Until he found another *Sir*.—

He'd rather chuse to lie i'the *cacum*

Altho' the enemy should take 'im,  
And make black puddings of his blood,  
Than derogate from knightlyhood.

But heaven, to knights in danger, kind,  
Presented, what he wish'd to find,  
A form most proper to conceal

This stickler for the commonweal :

In which Sir Reverence envelop'd,  
He swiftly to the postern gallop'd ;

And lay perdue, till Ch —ll f——d,

Which happen'd oft, when out he darted,  
Exulting that he was the first

Who ministerial chains had burst,

And in the cause of Liberty,

Could keep his honours, and be free.

But Fortune, by the minister

Brib'd in this national affair,

And naturally ill-intention'd

To knights and heroes when unpension'd,

On this occasion shew'd her spite

Against our twice-dubb'd borough-knight :

A hog, that he had lately gelt,

In this disguise the patriot smelt,

And nothing daunted with the sound

He made in tumbling to the ground,

He



He swopt the knight into his belly,  
 As if a knight had been a jelly!—  
 Not prophet Jonas to the whale  
 Afforded such a nice regale.  
 But which was hardest of digestion,  
 We will not stop to make a question;  
 Tho', all things weigh'd, it may be guess'd,  
 The knight was rather better drest;  
 For trituration much more fit,  
 And what hogs call a dainty bit.  
 Tom Thumb, Actæon, Diomede,  
 Were gobbled up by those they fed;  
 But none save Mushroom and Actæon,  
 Were turn'd out of the skin they lay in.  
 Actæon wore his horns in sight,  
 Unlike the prudent borough-knight.  
 Both were determin'd hunters too,  
 That of the *boar*, this of the *few*.  
 One fell a quarry to his dogs,  
 The other to his favourite hogs.  
 The same their fortune, any way;  
 And both are worthy of the lay.

But a worse accident remain'd;  
 Sir Joseph so the passage strain'd,  
 And like the portress at hell's door,  
 So open'd it, (to shut no more),

That



That with the motley patriot crew  
Great Sacro Gorgon's spirit flew.

Here should we speak of Wilkes's grief,  
Of H—ph—y looking—like a thief,—  
Bemoaning with his crony, dead,  
His liquor's reputation fled;  
His guinea lost, his cellar sham'd,  
And England's constitution maim'd!  
But now in France the muse proceeds  
To sing great Cacofogo's deeds;  
To follow him by tuck of drum;  
And hue and cry, and post haste home;  
And all the wonders to relate  
Of Brentford and of Bishopsgate;  
With many weighty matters, which  
Another book shall shortly teach.

9 JA 56

END of CANTO III.

T H E

T H E  
ART OF POLITICS,

IN IMITATION OF

H O R A C E'S

ART OF POETRY.

I F to a human face Sir James should draw  
A gelding's mane, and feathers of maccaw;  
A lady's bosom, and a tail of cod,  
Who could help laughing at a sight so odd? (a)  
Just such a monster, Sirs, pray think before ye,  
When you behold one man both Whig and Tory.

Not

(a) *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Fungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem, mulier formosa superne:  
Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum  
Per similem, cujus, velit ægri somnia, vanae*

*Fingentur*

Not more extravagant are drunkard's dreams,  
Than *low church* politics with *high-church* schemes.

Painters, you'll say, may their own fancies use,  
And free-born Britons may their *party* chuse ;  
That's true, I own : but can one piece be drawn  
For dove and dragon, elephant and fawn ?

(b) Speakers profess'd, who gravity pretend,  
With motely sentiments their speeches blend ;  
Begin like patriots, and like courtiers end.  
Some love to roar, *the constitution's broke*,  
And others on the *nation's debts* to joke ;  
Some rail, (they hate a common-wealth so much,)  
Whate'er the subject be, against the Dutch ;  
While others, with more fashionable fury,  
Begin with *turnpikes*, and conclude with *Fleury* ;

Some,

*Fingentur species. Pictoribus atque poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit aqua potestas ;  
Scimus, & hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicis-*  
*sim :*

*Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia, non ut  
Serpentes avibus gementur, tigris agni.*

(b) *Inceptis gravibus, plerumque, & magna professis,  
Purpureus late qui splendeat unus & alter  
Assuitur pannus ; cum lucus & ara Diana,  
Aut properantis aquæ per amænos ambitus agros,  
Aut flumen Rhenum, aut pluvius describitur arcus ;  
Sed nunc non erat his locus : & fortasse cupressum*  
Scis

Some, when th' affair was Blenheim's glorious battle,  
Declaim'd against importing Irish *cattle*.

But you, from whate'er side you take your name,  
Like Anna's *motto*, always be the same.

(c) Outsides deceive, 'tis hard the truth to know,  
*Parties* from quaint denominations flow,  
As Scots and Irish antiquaries show.

The *Low* are said to take Fanatics parts,  
The *High* are bloody *Papists* in their hearts.  
Caution and fear to highest faults have run ;  
In pleasing both the parties, you please none.

Who in the *house* affects declaiming airs,  
*Whales* in Change-alley paints, in Fish-street, *bears*.

Some metaphors, some handkerchiefs display,  
These peep in hats, while those with buttons play,  
And make me think it *repetition-day* ;

There

*Scis simulare : quid hoc, si fractis enatat expes  
Navibus, ære dato qui pingitur ? amphora caput  
Institui, currente rota cur urceus exit ?*

*Denque sit quidvis, simplex duntaxat & unum.*

(c) *Decipimur specie recti ; brevis esse laboro,  
Obscurus fio ; sectantem lævia, nervi  
Deficiunt animique : professus grandia, turget.  
Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,  
Delphinum sylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.  
In vitium ducit culpæ fuga, si caret arte.  
Æmilium circa ludum faber imus & ungues  
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ore capillos ;*

*Infelix*



There knights haranguing hug a neighb'ring post,  
And are but *Quorum* orators at most.

Sooner than thus my want of sense expose,  
I'd deck out bandy-legs with gold clock't hose,  
Or wear a toupet-wig without a nose.

Nay, I would sooner have thy phyz, I swear,  
*Surintendant des plaisirs d' Angleterre*\*.

(d) Ye weekly writers, of seditious news,  
Take care your *subjects* artfully to chuse:  
Write *panegyric* strong, or boldly rail,  
You cannot miss *preferment*,—or a jail.  
Wrap up your poison well, nor fear to say  
What was a lie last night is truth to day;

To

*Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum  
Nesciet; ego me, si quid componere curem,  
Non magis esse velim, quam pravo vivere naso  
Spectandum nigri oculus, nigroque capillo.*

(d) Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, aquam  
Viribus; & versate diu, quid ferre recusent,  
Quid valeant humeri: cui lecta potenter erit res;  
Nec facundia deferet hunc, nec lucidus ordo.  
Ordinis hæc virtus erit & Venus, aut ego fallor,  
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici:  
Pleraque differet, & præsens in tempus omittat.  
Dixeris egregie, notum si callida verbum  
Reddiderit junctura novum; si forte necesse est.  
Judiciis

\* All Mr Heydegger's letters came directed to  
him from abroad, A Monsieur, Monsieur Heydegger,  
*Surintendant de plaisirs d' Angleterre*.



Tell this, sink that, arrive at Ridpath's praise,  
 Let Abel Roper your ambition raise.  
 To lie fit opportunity observe,  
 Saving some double meaning in reserve;  
 But oh! you'll merit everlasting fame,  
 If you can quibble on Sir Robert's name.  
 In *state affairs* use not the vulgar phrase,  
 Talk words scarce known in good queen Bess's days.  
 New terms let war or traffic introduce,  
 And try to bring *persuading ships* in use.  
 Coin words: in coining ne'er mind common sense,  
 Provided the original be French.

(c) Like *south-sea stock*, expressions rise and fall  
 King Edward's words are now no words at all.  
 Did ought your predecessor's genius cramp?  
 Sure ev'ry reign may have its proper stamp.  
 All sublunary things of death partake;  
 What alteration does a cent'ry make?

H

Kings •

*Indiciis monstrare recentibus abdita rerum;  
 Fingere cincturis non exaudita Cethegis  
 Continget, dabiturque licentia sumpta pudenter  
 Et nova, fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem; si  
 Græco fonte cadant.*

(c) — *licuit, semperque licebit,  
 Signatum præsentē nota producere nomen.  
 Ut Sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos,  
 Prima cadunt; ita verborum vetus interit ætas.  
 Debemur morti nos, nostraque, sive receptus,  
 Terra Neptunus, classes aquilonibus arcet,*

Regis

Kings and comedians all are mortal found,  
 Cæsar and Pinkethman are under ground.  
 What's not destroy'd by time's devouring hand?  
 Where's Troy, and where's the May-pole in the  
 Strand?

Pease, cabbages, and turnips, once grew where  
 Now stands New Bond-street, and a newer square:  
 Such piles of buildings now rise up and down;  
 London itself seems going out of town.  
 Our fathers cross'd from *Fulham* in a wherry,  
 Their sons enjoy a bridge at Putney-ferry.  
 Think we that modern words eternal are?  
 Toupet and Tompion, Cofins and Colmar,  
 Hereafter will be call'd by some plain man  
 A wig, a watch, a pair of slays, a fan.  
 To things themselves if time such change affords,  
 Can there be any trusting to our words?

(f) To screen good ministers from public rage,  
 And how with party-Madness to engage,  
 We learn from Addison's immortal page.

The

*Regis opus, sterilisve diu palus, aptaque remis  
 Vicinas urbes alit, & grave sentit aratrum:  
 Seu cursum mutavit iniquum frugibus amnis,  
 Doctus iter melius, mortalia facta peribunt;  
 Nedum sermonum stet honos, & gratia vivax.  
 Multa renascentur, quæ jam cecidere; cadentque,  
 Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula, si volet usus:  
 Quem penes arbitrium est, & jus & norma loquendi.*  
 (f) *Res gestæ regumque ducumque, & tristia bella,  
 Quæ scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.*

*Verfibus*

The *Jacobite's* ridiculous opinion  
 Is seen from Tikell's letter to Avignon.  
 But who put sCaleb's *Country Craftsman* out,  
 Is still a secret, and the world's in doubt.

(g) Not long since *parish-clerks*, with saucy airs,  
 Apply'd king David's *psalms* to state affairs.  
 Some certain *tunes* to politics belong,  
 On both sides drunkards love a party-song.

(h) If full across the Speaker's chair I go,  
 Can I be said the *rules* o'th' house to know?  
 I'll ask, nor give offence without intent,  
 Nor thro' meer sheepishness be impudent.

(i) In *acts of parliament* avoid sublime,  
 Nor e'er address his majesty in rhyme;

H 2

An

*Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,  
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos.  
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisericit auctor,  
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.*

(g) *Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum,  
 Et pugilem victorem, & equum certamine primum  
 Et juvenum curas, & libera vina referre.*

(h) *Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,  
 Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroque poeta salutor?  
 Cur nescire, pudens prave, quam discere malo?*

(i) *Versibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.  
 Indignatur item privatis, ac prope socco*

Dignis

An *act of parliament's* a serious thing,  
 Begins with year of Lord and year of king ;  
 Keeps close to form, in every word is strict,  
 When it would *pains* and *penalties* inflict.  
 Soft words suit best *petitioners* intent ;  
 Soft words, O ye *petitioners* of Kent !

(k) Who e'er harangues before he gives his vote,  
 Should send sweet language from a tuneful throat.  
 Pultney the coldest breast with zeal can fire,  
 And Roman *thoughts* by Attic *style* inspire ;  
 He knows from tedious wranglings to beguile  
 The serious *house* into a chearful smile ;  
 When the great patriot paints his anxious fears  
 For England's safety, I am lost in tears.  
 But when dull speakers strive to move compassion,  
 I pity their poor hearers, not the nation :  
 Unless young *members* to the purpose speak,  
 I fall a laughing, or I fall asleep.

(l) Can

*Dignis carminibus narrari cæna Thyestæ.  
 Interdum tamen, & vocem Comædia tollit,  
 Iratusque Chremes tumido delitigat ore.  
 Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper, & exul uterque  
 Projicit ampullas, & sesquipedia verba,*  
 (k) *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata : dulcia sunt ;  
 Et quocunque volent animum auditoris agunto.  
 Ut ridentibus arrident, ita fletibus adsunt  
 Humani vultus. Si vis me flere, dolendum est  
 Primum ipsi tibi : tunc tua me infortunia lædent  
 Telephe, vel Peleu. Male si mandata loqueris,  
 Aut dormitabo aut ridebo.*

(l) Format



(l) Can men their inward faculties controul?

Is not the tongue an index to the soul?

Laugh not in time of *service* to your God,

Nor bully, when in *custody* o'th' *rod*;

Look grave, and be from jokes and grinning far,

When brought to sue for pardon at the *bar*.

If then you let your ill-tim'd wit appear,

knights, citizens, and burgessees will sneer.

(m) For land or trade, not the same notions fire

The *city-merchant*, and the *country squire*;

Their climes are distant, tho' one cause unites

The *lairds* of Scotland, and the Cornish *knights*.

(n) To *likelihood* your *characters* confine;

Don't turn *Sir Paul* out; let *Sir Paul* resign.

In Walpole's voice (if factions ill intend)

Give the two *Universities* a friend;

H 3

Give

(l) *Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem  
Fortunarum habitum, &c.*

*Post effert animi motus interprete lingua.*

— *Tristia mæstum*

*Vultum verba decent, &c.*

*Si dicentis erunt fortunis absona dicta,*

*Romani tollent equites, peditesque cachinnum.*

(m) *Intererit multum Divusne loquatur, an heros:*

*Mercatorne vagus, cultorne virentis agelli:*

*Colchus, an Assyrius, Thebis nutritus, an Argis.*

(n) *Aut famam sequere, aut sibi convenientia finge*

*Scriptor. Honoratum si forte reponis Achilem:*

*Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, aser:*

*Jura*



Give Maidstone wit, and elegance refin'd ;  
 To both the Pelhams give the Scipios mind ;  
 To Cart'ret-learning, eloquence, and parts ;  
 To George the second, give all English hearts.

(o) Sometimes fresh names in politics produce,  
 And factions yet unheard of introduce ;  
 And if you dare attempt a thing so new,  
 Make to itself the *flying Squadron* true.

(p) To speak is free, no *member* is debar'd :  
 But *funds* and *national accompts* are hard :  
 Safer on common topics to discourse,  
 The *malt-tax*, and a *military force*.  
 On these each coffee-house will lend a hint,  
 Besides a thousand things that are in print.  
 But steal not word for word, nor thought for thought:  
 For you'll be teaz'd to death, if you are caught.

When

*Jura neget sibi nata ; nihil non arroget armis.  
 Sit Medea ferox, invictaque febilis Ino,  
 Perfidus Ixion, Io vaga, tristis Orestes.*

(o) *Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes  
 Personam formare novam : servetur ad imum  
 Qualis ab incæpto processerit, & sibi conslet.*

(p) *Difficile est proprie communia dicere : tuque  
 Rectius Iliacum carmen deduces in actus,  
 Quam si proferres ignota, indistaque primus.  
 Publica materies privati juris erit, si  
 Nec circa vilem patulumque moraberis orbem,  
 Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus*

*Interpres,*

When Factious leaders boast increas'g strength,  
 Go not too far, nor follow ev'ry length :  
 Leave room for change, turn with a grace about,  
 And swear you left 'em, when you found 'em out.

(q) With art and modesty your part maintain :  
 And talk like *col'nel* Titus, not like Lane ;  
 The trading knight with rants his speech begins,  
 Sun, moon, and stars, and dragons, saints, and kings:  
 But Titus said, with his uncommon sense,  
 When the *exclusion bill* was in suspence,  
 I hear a lion in the lobby roar ;  
 Say, Mr Speaker, shall we shut the door,  
 And keep him there, or shall we let him in,  
 To try if we can turn him out again ?

(r) Some mighty blusterers *impeach* with noise,  
 And call their private cry, the nation's voice ;

(s) From

*Interpres : nec sic desilies imitator in arctum  
 Unde pedem proferre pudor vetet, aut operis lex.*

(q) *Nec sic incipies ut Scriptor Cyclicus olim.  
 Fortunam Priami cantabo, & nobile bellum :  
 Quanto rectius hic, qui nil molitur inepte !  
 Dic mihi Musa virum, captæ post tempora Trojæ,  
 Qui mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes.*

(r) *Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem  
 Cogitat :*

(s) *Quid*

(s) From folio's of accompts they take their handles,  
And the whole balance proves a pound of candles;  
As if Paul's cupola were brought to bed,  
After hard labour, of a small pin's head.

(t) Some Rufus, some the Conqueror bring in,  
And some from Julius Cæsar's days begin.  
A cunning speaker can command his chops,  
And when the *house* is not in humour, stops;  
In falsehood probability imploy,  
Nor his old lies with newer lies destroys.

(u) If when you speak, you'd hear a needle fall,  
And make the frequent *hear-hims* rend the wall,  
In matters suited to your taste engage,  
Remembring still your quality and age.  
Thy task be this, young knight, and hear my song,  
What politics to ev'ry age belong.

(x) When

(s) *Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?  
Parturient montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*

(t) *Nec reditum Diomedis ab interitu Meleagri,  
Nec gemino bellum Trojanum orditur ab ovo,*

— & quæ

*Desperat tractata nitefcere posse, relinquit.  
Atque ita mentitur, sic veris falsa remiscet  
Primo ne medium, medio ne discrepet inum.*

(u) *Tu, quid ego, & populus mecum desideret, audi.  
Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque  
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat;  
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores;  
Mobilibusque decor naturis dandus, & annis.*

(x) *Reddere*

(x) When *babes* can speak, *babes* should be taught  
to say,

*King George the second's* health, huzza, huzza !

*Boys* should learn Latin for *prince William's* sake,

And girls *Louisa* their example make.

(y) More loves the *youth*, just come to his estate,  
To range the fields, than in the *house* debate ;  
More he delights in fav'rite jowler's tongue,  
Than in Will Shippen, or *Sir William Young* :  
If in one chase he can two horses kill,  
He cares not two-pence for the land-tax bill :  
Loud in his wine, in women not o'er-nice,  
He damns his uncles if they give advice ;  
Votes as his father did when there's a *call*,  
But had much rather never vote at all.

(z) We take a diff'rent turn at *twenty-six*,  
And lofty thoughts on some lord's daughter fix ;

(x) *Reddere qui voces jam scit puer, & pede certo  
Signat humum, gestit paribus colludere, & iram  
Colligit ac ponit temere, & mutatur in horas.*

(y) *Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remoto,  
Gaudet equis, canibusque, & aprici gramine campi;  
Cereus in vitium flecti, monitoribus asper,  
Utilium tardus provisor, prodigus æris,  
Sublimis, cupidusque, & amata relinquere pernix.*

(z) *Conversis studiis, ætas, animusque virilis*

*Quærit*

With men in pow'r strict friendship we pursue,  
With some considerable post in view.

A man of *forty* fears to change his note,  
One way to speak, and t'other way to vote;  
Careful his tongue in passion to command,  
Avoids the bar, and speaker's reprimand.

(a) In bags the *old man* lets his treasure rust,  
Afraid to use it, or the funds to trust;  
When stocks are low, he wants the heart to buy,  
And through much caution sees 'em rise too high;  
Thinks nothing rightly done since *seventy-eight*,  
Swears present *members* do not talk, but prate:  
In Charles *the second's* days, says he, ye prigs,  
Tories were Tories then, and Whigs were Whigs.  
Alas! this is a lamentable truth,  
We lose in age as we advance in youth:  
I laugh, when twenty will like eighty talk,  
And old *Sir John* with *Polly Peachum* walk.

(b) Now

*Quærit opes & amicitias; inservit honori;  
Commisisse canet, quod mox mutare labore.*

(a) *Multa senem circumveniunt incommoda: vel quod  
Quærit, & inventis miser abstinet, ac timet uti;  
Dilator, spe longus, iners, avidusque futuri;  
Difficilis, querulus, laudatur temporis acti  
Se puero, censor, castigatorque minorum.  
Multa ferunt anni venientes commoda secum;  
Multa recedentes adimunt. Ne forte seniles,  
Mandentur juveni partes, pueroque viriles:  
Semper in adjunctis, ævoque morabimur aptis.*

(b) Aut



(b) Now as to *double*, or to *false returns*,  
 When pockets suffer, and when anger burns,  
 O thing surpassing faith! knight strives with knight,  
 When both have brib'd and neither's in the right.  
 The baylist's self is sent for in that case,  
 And all the witnesses had face to face.  
 Selected *members* soon the fraud unfold,  
 In full committee of the *house* 'tis told;  
 Th' incredible corruption is destroy'd,  
 The chairman's angry, and th' election void.

(c) Those who would captivate the well-bred  
 throng,  
 Should not too often speak, nor speak too long:  
 Church, nor church-matters ever turn to sport,  
 Nor make St Stephen's Chapel, Dover Court.

(d) The *speaker*, when the Commons are assembl'd,  
 May to the Græcian Chorus be resembl'd;

'Tis

(b) *Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur.  
 Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus, & quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit Spectator.  
 Quodcumq; ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

(c) *Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu  
 Fabula, quæ posci vult, & spectata reponi:  
 Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
 Inciderit, nec quarta loqui persona laboret.*

(d) *Actoris partes Chorus, officiumque virile  
 Defendat: neu quid medios intercinat actus*

*Quod*



Harangues the *mob*, and is as wise and great,  
As the most mystic oracle of state.

(f) When the duke's grandson for the county stood,  
His beef was fat, and his October good ;  
His lordship took each ploughman by the fist,  
Drunk to their sons, their wives and daughters kiss'd ;  
But when strong beer their freeborn hearts inflames,  
They sell him bargains, and they call him names.  
Thus is it deem'd in English nobles wise  
To stoop for no one reason but to rise.

(g) Election matters shun with cautions awe,  
O all ye judges learned in the law !  
A judge by bribes as much himself degrades,  
As duchess-dowager by masquerades.

(h) Try not with jests obscene to force a smile,  
Nor lard your speech with mother Needham's stile:

## I

*Utiliumque sagax rerum, & divina futuri  
Sortilegis non discrepuit sententia Delphis.*

(f) *Carmine qui tragico vilem certavit, ob hircum,  
Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit ; eo quod  
Illecebris erat, & grata novitate morandus  
Spectator, junctusque sacris, & potus, & exlex.*

(g) *Effutire leves indigna tragædia versus :  
Ut festis matrona moveri jussa diebus,  
Intererit Satyris paulum pudibunda protervis.*

(h) *Non ego inornata & dominantia nomina solum,  
Verbaque, Pisones, Satyrorum scriptor amabo ;*

*Nec*

Let not your tongue to *Olphieldismos* run,  
 And *Kibberismos* with abhorrence shun;  
 Let not your looks affected words disgrace,  
 Nor join with silver tongue a brazen face;  
 Let not your hands, like tall-boys, be employ'd  
 And the mad rant of tragedy avoid.  
 Just in your thoughts, in your expression clear,  
 Neither too modest, nor too bold appear.

(i) Others in vain a like success will boast,  
 He speaks most easy who has study'd most.

(k) A peer's pert heir has to the commons spoke  
 A vile reflection, or a bawdy joke;  
 Call'd to the house of lords, of this beware,  
 'Tis what the *bishops bench* will never bear.  
 Among the *commons* is such freedom shown,  
 They lash each other, and attack the throne:  
 Yet so unskilful, or so fearful some,  
 For nine that speak there's nine-and-forty dumb.

(l) When

*Nec sic enitar tragico differre colori,  
 Ut nihil interfit, Davusne loquator, et andax  
 Pythias, emuncto lucrata Simone talentum:  
 An custos famulusque Dei Silenus alumni*

- (i) *Ut sibi quisvis  
 Speret idem, sudet multum frustraue laboret.*
- (k) *Ne nimium teneris juvenentur versibus unquam,  
 Aut immunda crepent, ignominiosaque dicta:  
 Offenduntur enim, quibus est equus, & pater, & ris,  
 Nec si quid fricti ciceris probat. & nucis emtor,  
 Æquis accipiunt animis, donantve corona.*

(l) At



(l) When James the *first*, at great Britannia's helm,  
 Rul'd this word-clipping and word-coining realm,  
 No words to royal favour made pretence,  
 But what agreed in sound and clash'd in sense.  
 Thrice happy he ! how great that speaker's praise,  
 Whose ev'ry period look'd an hundred ways ?  
 What then ? we now with just abhorrence shun,  
 The trifling quibble, and the school-boys pun ;  
 Tho' no great connoisseur, I make a shift  
 Just to find out a Dursey from a Swift ;  
 I can discern with half an eye, I hope,  
 Mist from Jo. Addison ; from Eusden, Pope :  
 I know a farce from one of Congreve's plays,  
 And Cibber's opera from Johnny Gay's.

(m) When pert Defoe his saucy papers writ,  
 He from a cart was pillor'd for his wit :  
 By mob was pelted half a morning's space,  
 And rotten eggs besmear'd his yellow face ;  
 The Cenfor then improv'd the list'ning isle,  
 And held both parties in an artful smile.

I 2

A

- (l) *At nostri proavi, Plautinos, & numeros &  
 Laudavere sales, nimium patienter utrumque,  
 Nec dicam stulte, mirati : si modo, ego, & vos  
 Scimus inurbanum lepido seponere dicto,  
 Legitimumque sonum digitis callemus, & aure,*
- (m) *Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse Camænæ  
 Dicitur, & plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis :  
 Quæ canerent, agerentque peruncti facibus ora.*

Poj



A scribbling crew now pinching winter brings,  
 That spare no earthly nor no heav'nly things,  
 Nor church, nor state, nor treasurers, nor kings.  
 But blasphemy displeases all the town ;  
 And for defying scripture, law, and crown,  
 Woolston should pay his fine, and lose his gown.

(n) It must be own'd the journals try all ways  
 To merit their respective party's praise :  
 They jar in every article from Spain ;  
 A war these threaten, those a peace maintain :  
 Tho' lye they will, to give 'em all their due,  
 In foreign matters, and domestic too.  
 Whoe'er thou art that would'st a *post man* write,  
 Enquire all day, and hearken all the night.  
 Sure Gazetteers, and writers of Courants,  
 Might soon exceed th' intelligence of France :  
 To be out-done old England should refuse,  
 As in her arms, so in her public news ;

But

*Post hunc personæ, pallæque repertor honestæ  
 Æschylus, & modicis instravit pulpita tignis,  
 Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique coturno.  
 Successit vetus his comædia, non sine multa  
 Laude : sed in vitium libertas excidit, & vim  
 Dignum lege regi : lex est accepta, chorusque  
 Turpiter obticuit. sublato jure nocendi.*

(n) Nil intentatum nostri liquere poetæ,  
 Nec minimum meruere decus, vestigia Græca  
 Ausi deferere, & celebrare domestica facta :  
 Nec virtute foret, clarissæ potentius armis,

Quam

But truth is scarce, the scene of action large,  
And correspondence an excessive charge.

(o) There are who say no man can be a wit,  
Unless for Newgate or for Bedlam fit;  
Let pamphleteers abusive satyr write,  
To shew a genius is to shew a spite:  
That author's works will ne'er be reckon'd good,  
Who has not been where Curl the printer stood.

(p) Alas poor me, you may my fortune guess:  
I write, and yet humanity profess:  
(Though nothing can delight a modern judge,  
Without ill-nature and a private grudge),  
I love the king, the queen, and royal race:  
I like the government, but want no place:

I 3

Too

*Quam lingua, Latium, si non offenderet unum-  
quemque poetarum lima labor, & mora.—*

(o) *Ingenium misera quia fortunatius arte  
Credit, & excludit sanos Helicone poetas  
Democritus; bona pars non unguem ponere curat,  
Non barbam: — —*

*Nanciscetur enim pretium, nomenque poetæ,  
Si tribus Anticyris caput insanabile nunquam  
Tonfori Licino commiserit.*

(p) — — O ego lævus,  
*Qui purgor bilem sub vèrni temporis horam:  
Non alius faceret meliora poemata. Verum  
Nil tanti est: ego fungar vice cotis, acutum  
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exors ipsa secandi;  
Munus & officium, nil scribens ipse, docebo,*

Unde



He must the weavers grievances redress,  
And merchants wants in merchants words express.

(p) Dramatic poets that expect the bays,  
Should cull our histories for party plays ;  
Wickfort's ambassador should fill their head,  
And the *state-trials* carefully be read :  
For what is Dryden's muse and Otway's plots  
To th' *earl of Essex* or the *queen of Scots* ?

(q) 'Tis said that *queen Elizabeth* could speak,  
At twelve years old, right Attic full-mouth'd Greek ;  
Hence was the student forc'd at Greek to drudge,  
If he would be a bishop, or a judge.  
Divines and lawyers now don't think they thrive,  
'Till promis'd places of men still alive :

How

*Partes in bellum missi ducis, ille profecto  
Reddere personæ scit convenientia cuique.*

(p) *Respicere exemplar vitæ, morumque jubebo  
Doctum imitatore, & veras hinc ducere voces.  
Fabula nullius Veneris, sine pondere & arte,  
Valdius oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*

(q) *Graii ingenium, Graii dedit ore rotundo  
Musa loqui, &c.  
Romani pueri longis rationibus assem  
Discunt in partes centum diducere : dicat  
Filius urbani, si de quincunce remota est  
Uncia, quid superest ? poterat dixisse, triens ; eu !  
Rem*



How old is such a one in such a post ?

The answer is, he's seventy-five almost :

Th' archbishop, and the master of the rolls ?

Neither is young, and one's as old as Paul's.

Will men, that ask such questions, publish books,

Like learned Hooker's, or *chief-justice Cook's* ?

(r) On tender subjects with discretion touch,  
And never say too little, or too much.

On trivial matters flourishes are wrong,

Motions for candles never should be long :

Or if you move, in case of sudden rain,

To shut the windows, speak distinct and plain.

Unless you talk good English down-right sense,

Can you be understood by serjeant Spence ?

(s) New stories always should with truth agree,  
Or truth's half-sister, probability :

Scarce could Toft's rabbits, and pretended throws,

On half the honourable house impose.

(t) When

*Rem poteris servare tuam.*

— *Redit uncia ; quid fit ?*

*Semis ; at hæc animos ærugo, & cura peculi*

*Cum semel imbuerit ; speramus carmina fingi*

*Posse linenda cedro, & lævi servanda cupresso ?*

(r) *Quicquid præcipies, esto brevi, ut cito dicta*  
*Percipiant animi dociles, teneantque fideles ;*  
*Omne supervacuum pleno de pectore manat.*

(s) *Ficta voluptatis causa, sint proxima veris ;*  
*Nec quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi :*  
*Neu pransæ Lamiae divum puerum extrahat alvo,*

(t) *Centuria*



(t) When Cato speaks, young Shallow runs away,  
 And swears it is so dull he cannot stay :  
 When rakes begin on blasphemy to border,  
 Bromley and Hanmer cry aloud—*To order.*  
 The point is this, with manly sense and ease  
 T' inform the judgment, and the fancy please.  
 Praise it deserves, nor difficult the thing,  
 At once to serve one's country and one's king.  
 Such speeches bring the wealthy Tonson's gain.  
 From age to age they minuted remain,  
 As precedents for George the twentieth's reign.

(u) Is there a man on earth so perfect found,  
 Who ne'er mistook a word in sense or sound ?  
 Not blund'ring but persisting is the fault ;  
 No mortal sin is *lappus linguae* thought :  
 Clerks may mistake ; confid'ring who 'tis from,  
 I pardon little slips in *Cler. Dom. Ccm.*  
 But let me tell you, I'll not take his part,  
 If ev'ry Thursday he date *Die Mart.*

If

- (t) *Centuriae seniorum agitant expertia frugis ;  
 Gelsi praetereunt austera poemata Rhamnes.  
 Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci,  
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo ;  
 Hic meret ara liber Sossis, hic & mare transit,  
 Et longum nato scriptori prorogat ævum.*
- (u) *Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus ;  
 Non semper feriet quodcunque minabitur arcus :  
 Verum ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis  
 Offendar maculis, quas aut incuria fudit,*

Aut

Of sputt'ring mortals 'tis the fatal curse,  
 By mending blunders still to make 'em worse.  
 Men sneer when——gets a lucky thought,  
 And stare if Wyndham should be nodding caught.  
 But sleeping's what the wisest men may do,  
 Should the committee chance to sit 'till two.

(x) Not unlike paintings, principles appear,  
 Some best at distance, some when we are near.  
 The love of politics so vulgar's grown,  
 My landlord's party from his sign is known :  
 Mark of French wine, see Ormond's head appear,  
 While Marlborough's face directs to beer and beer :  
 Some Buchanan's, the Pope's-head some like best,  
 The Devil Tavern is a standing jest.

(y) Whoe'er

*Aut humana parum cavit natura : quid ergo ?  
 Ut scriptor si peccat, idem librarius usque,  
 Quamvis est monitus, venia caret : ut citharædus  
 Ridetur, chorda qui semper oberrat eadem :  
 Sic mihi qui multum cessat, si Chærilus ille,  
 Quem bis terque bonum cum risu miror ; & idem  
 Indignor, quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus ;  
 Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

(x) *Ut pictura poësis erit, quæ, si propius stes,  
 Te capiat magis : & quædam, si longius abstes ;  
 Hæc amet obscurum, volet hæc sub luce videri ;  
 Hæc placuit semel ; hæc decies repetita placebit.*  
 (y) O

(y) Whoe'er you are that have a seat secure,  
Duly return'd, and from *petition* sure,  
Stick to your friends in whatsoe'er you say;  
With strong averſion ſhun the middle way:  
The middle-way the beſt we ſometimes call  
But 'tis in politics no way at all.

A *trimmer's* what both parties turn to ſport,  
By country hated, and deſpis'd at court.  
Who would in earneſt to a party come,  
Muſt give his vote, not whimſical, but plumb.  
There is no medium: for the term in vogue  
On either ſide is, honeſt man, or rogue.  
Can it be difficult our minds to ſhow,  
Where all the difference is Yes, or No?

(z) In all profeſſions, time and pains give ſkill;  
Without hard ſtudy, dare phyſicians kill?  
Can he that ne'er read ſtatutes or reports,  
Give chamber-counſel, or urge law in courts?

But

- (y) *O major Juvenum ——— hoc tibi dictum  
Tolle memor certis medium, & tolerabile rebus  
Reſte concedi. ———  
——— Mediocribus eſſe poetis  
Non homines, non Dii, non conſeſſere columnæ.  
Sic, animis natum, inventumque poema juvandis,  
Si paulum a ſummo diſceſſit, vergit ad imum.*
- (z) *Ludere qui neſcit, campeſtribus abſtinet armis:  
Indoſtusque pilæ, diſcive, trochive, quieſcit,  
Ne ſpiſſæ riſum tollant impune coronæ.  
Qui neſcit, verſis tamen audet fingere. — Quid ni?  
Liber*

But ev'ry whipster knows affairs of state,  
 Nor fears on nicest subjects to debate.  
 A knight of eighteen hundred pounds a-year—  
 Who minds his head, if his estate be clear?  
 Sure he may speak his mind, and tell the *house*,  
 He matters not the government a louse.  
 Lack learning knights, these things are safely said  
 To friends in private, at the Bedford head:  
 But in the *house*, before your tongue runs on,  
 Consult Sir James, lord William's dead and gone.  
 Words to recal is in no member's power,  
 One single word may send you to the Tower.

(y) The wrong'd to help, the lawless to restrain,  
 Thrice ev'ry year, in ancient Egbert's reign,  
 The *members* to the Mitchelgemot went,  
 In after ages call'd the *parliament*;  
 Early the Mitchelgemot did begin  
 T' enroll their statutes on a parchment skin:

For

*Liber, & ingenuus, præsertim census equestrem  
 Summam numerum. vitioque remotu ab omni.  
 Membranis intus positis delere licebit,  
 Quod non edid. ris: nescit vox missa reverti.*

(y) *Sylvestres homines, sacer interpretque Deorum  
 Cadibus, & vittufædo deterruit Orpheus;  
 — Fuit hæc sapientia quondam  
 Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis:  
 Concubitu*



For impious treason, hence no room was left,  
 For murder, for polygamy, or theft:  
 Since when the senate's power both sexes know,  
 From hops and claret, soap and callico.  
 Now wholesome laws young senators bring in,  
 Gainst *goals*, *attornies*, *bribery* and *gin*.  
 Since such the nature of the British state,  
 The power of *parliament* so old and great,  
 Ye 'squires and Irish lords, 'tis worth your care  
 To be return'd for city, town, or shire,  
 By sheriff, bailiff, constable, or mayor.

(2) Some doubt, which to a seat has best pretence,  
 A man of substance, or a man of sense:  
 But never any member feats will do,  
 Without a head-piece, and a pocket too;  
 Sense is requir'd the depth of things to reach,  
 And money gives authority to speech.

K

(a) A

*Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis:  
 Oppida moliri, leges incidere ligno.*

—— *Dictæ per carmina sortes,  
 Et vita monstrata via est, & gratia regum  
 Pieriis tentata modis: ludusque reperiis,  
 Et longorum operum finis.*

———— *ne forte pudori  
 Sit tibi Musa lyra solers, & cantor Apollo.*

(2) *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
 Quæsitum est. Ego nec studium sine divite vena,  
 Nec rude quid prosit video ingenium; alterius sic  
 Altera pascit opem res, & conjurat amice.*

(a) *Que*



(a) A man of bus'ness won't 'till ev'ning dine,  
 Abstains from women, company, and wine :  
 From Fig's new theatre he'll miss a night,  
 Tho' cocks, and bulls, and Irish women fight :  
 Nor sultry furs, nor storms of soaking rain,  
 The man of bus'ness from the *house* detain :  
 Nor speaks he for no reason but to say,  
 I am a *member*, and I spoke to-day.  
 I speak sometimes, you'll hear his lordship cry,  
 Because some speak that have less sense than I.

(b) The man that has both land and money too,  
 May wonders in a trading borough do :  
 They'll praise his ven'son, and command his port,  
 Turn their two former members into sport,  
 And, if he likes it, satyrize the court.  
 But at a feast 'tis difficult to know  
 From real friends an undiscover'd foe ;

The

- (a) *Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam,  
 Multa tulit, fecitque puer ; sudavit & alfit :  
 Abstulit Venere & vino.  
 Nunc satis est dixisse : Ego mira poemata pango :  
 Occupet extremum scabies ; mihi turpe relinqui esi ;  
 Et quod non didici sane nescire fateri.*
- (b) *Assentatores jubet ad lucrum ire Poeta,  
 Dives agris, dives positus in fenore nummis ;  
 Si vero est unctum qui recte ponere possit,  
 Et spondere levi pro paupere, & eripere artibus  
 Litibus implicitum : mirabor, si sciet inter-  
 noscere mendacem verumque beatus amicum.  
 Tu seu donaris, seu quid donare velis cui,*

*Nolito*

The man that swears he will the poll secure,  
 And pawns his soul that your election's sure,  
 Suspect that man: beware, all is not right;  
 He's, ten to one, a corporation bite.

(c) Alderman Pond, a downright honest man,  
 Would say, I cannot help you, or I can:  
 To spend your money, sir, is all a jest;  
 Matters are settled, set your heart at rest:  
 We've made a compromise, and, Sir, you know,  
 That sends one member *high*, and t'other *low*.  
 But if his good advice you would not take,  
 He'd scorn your supper, and your punch forsake:  
 Leave you of mighty interest to brag,  
 And poll two voices like Sir Robert Fag.

(d) *Parliamentteering* is a sort of itch,  
 That will too oft unwary knights bewitch.

K 2

Two

*Nolito ad versus tibi factos ducere plenum  
 Lætitiæ: clamabit enim, pulchre! bene! recte!*

——— *si carmina condes,*

*Nunquam te fallant animi sub vulpe latentes.*

(c) *Quintilio siquid recitares, corrige, sodes;  
 Hoc, aiebat, & hoc: melius te posse negares  
 Bis, terque expertum frustra delere jubebat.  
 Si defendere delictum, quam vertere, mallets,  
 Nullum ultra verbum, aut operam, sumebat inanem,  
 Quin sine rivali teque, & tua solus amares.*

(d) *Ut, mala quem scabies, aut morbus regius urget—*

——— *dicam Siculique poetæ*

*Narrabo*

Two good estates Sir Harry Clodpole spent ;  
 Stood thrice, but spoke not once, in parliament :  
 Two good estates are gone—who'll take his word ?  
 Oh ! should his uncle die, he'd spend a third :  
 He'd buy a house, his happiness to crown,  
 Within a mile of some good *borough-town* ;  
 Tag, rag, and bobtail to Sir Harry's run,  
 Men that have votes, and women that have none :  
 Sons, daughters, grandsons, with his honour dine ;  
 He keeps a public house without a sign.  
 Coblers and smiths extol th' ensuing choice,  
 And drunken taylors boast their right of voice.  
 Dearly the free-born neighbourhood is bought,  
 They never leave him while he's worth a groat :  
 So Leeches flick, nor quit the bleeding wound,  
 Till off they drop with skinfuls to the ground.

*Narrabo interitum———*

*Nec semel hoc fecit, nec, si retractus erit, jam  
 Fiet homo, aut ponet famosæ mortis amorem.  
 Indoctum doctumque fugat recitator acerbus :  
 Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,  
 Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris, hirudo.*

F I N I S.

# THE ART OF PREACHING;

IN IMITATION OF

H O R A C E'S

## ART OF POETRY.

(a) **S**HOULD some strange poet, in his piece, affect  
Pope's nervous stile, with Ward's low puns  
be-deck'd;

Prink Milton's true sublime, with Swift's true wit;  
And Blackmore's gravity with Gay's conceit;  
Would you not laugh? trust me that priest's as bad,  
Who in a stile now grave, now raving mad,  
Gives the wild whims of dreaming schoolmen vent,  
Whilst drowsy congregations nod assent.

K 3

(b) The

(a) *Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam  
Fungere si velit, & varias inducere plumas,  
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum  
Desinat in piscem, mulier formosa superne;  
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?  
Credite, Pisones, isti tabulae fore librum  
Persimilem* ———



(b) The priests, 'tis true, have always been allow'd  
 To teach religion, and 'tis fit they shou'd ;  
 But in that sacred name when they dispence  
 Flat contradictions to all common sense ;  
 Tho' fools and bigots wonder and believe,  
 The wise 'tis not so easy to deceive.

(c) Some take a text sublime, and fraught with  
 sense,  
 But quickly fall into impertinence.  
 On trifles eloquent, with great delight  
 They flourish out on some strange mystic rite ;  
 Clear up the darkness of some useless text,  
 Or make some crabbed passage more perplex :  
 But to subdue the passions, or direct,  
 And all life's moral duties, they neglect.

(d) Most preachers err (except the wiser few),  
 Thinking establish'd doctrines, *therefore*, true :

(e) Others too fond of novelty and schemes,  
 Amuse the world with airy idle dreams :

(e) Others

(b) ———— *pictoribus atque poetis*  
*Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas* ————  
*Sed non ut placidis coeant immitia* ————

(c) *Inceptis gravibus plerumque, & magna professis* —

(d) *Maxima pars vatum* ————  
*Decipimur specie recti* ————

(e) *Qui variare cupit rem prodigaliter unam,*  
*Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum.*

(f) In

(f) Thus too much faith, or too presuming wit,  
Are rocks where bigots, or free-thinkers split.

(g) The very meanest dabler at Whitehall,  
Can rail at Papists, or poor Quakers maul;  
But when of some great truth he aims to preach,  
Alas! he finds it far beyond his reach.

(h) Young deacons try your strength, and strive  
to find  
A subject suited to your turn of mind;  
Method and words are easily your own,  
Or should they fail you—steal from Tillotson.

(i) Much of its beauty, usefulness, and force,  
Depends on rightly timing a discourse.  
Before the l—ds or c—m—ns—far from nice,  
Say boldly—*Brib'ry is a dirty vice—*  
But quickly check yourself—and with a sneer—  
*Of which this honourable house is clear.*

(k) Great

(f) *In vitium ducit culpa fuga, si caret arte.*

(g) *Emilium circa ludum faber imus, & ungues  
Exprimet, & molles imitabitur ære capillos;  
Infelix operis summa, quia ponere totum  
Nesciet. —*

(h) *Sumite materiam vestris, qui scribitis, æquam  
Viribus. —*

(i) *Ordinis hæc virtus erit, & Venus, aut ego fallor,  
Ut jam nunc dicat, jam nunc debentia dici  
Pleraque differat; et præsens in tempus omittat—*

(k) In

(k) Great is the work, and worthy of the gown,  
To bring forth hidden truths, and make them  
known:

Yet in all new opinions have a care,  
Truth is too strong for some weak minds to bear:

(l) And are new doctrines taught, or old reviv'd,  
Let them from scripture plainly be deriv'd.

(m) Barclay or Baxter, wherefore do we blame  
For innovations, yet approve the same  
In Wickliffe and in Calvin? Why are these  
Call'd wise reformers? Those mad sectaries?  
'Tis most unjust: (n) men always had a right,  
And ever will, to think, to speak, to write  
Their various minds; yet sacred ought to be  
The public peace, as private liberty.

(o) Opinions

(k) *In verbis etiam tenuis cautusque ferendis—*

(l) *Et nova fœtaque nuper habebunt verba fidem, si  
Græco fonte cadant, parce detorta.*

(m) ————— *Quid autem  
Cæcilio, Plautoque, dabit Romanos, ademptum  
Virgilio, Varioque? ————*

(n) ————— *Licuit, semperque licebit,  
Siguum præfente nota procudere nomen.*

(o) *Ut*

(o) Opinions are like leaves which every year  
 Now flourish green, now fall and disappear.  
 Once the Pope's bulls could terrify his foes,  
 And kneeling princes kiss'd his sacred toes;  
 Now he may damn, or curse, or what he will,  
 There's not a prince in christendom will kneel.  
 Reason now reigns, and by her aid we hope  
 Truth may revive, and sickening error droop:  
 She the sole judge, the rule, the gracious light  
 Kind heaven has lent to guide our minds aright.

(p) States to embroil, and faction to display,  
 In wild harangues, Sacheverel show'd the way.

(q) The fun'ral sermon, when it first began,  
 Was us'd to weep the loss of some good man;  
 Now any wretch, for one small piece of gold,  
 Shall have fine praises from the pulpit sold:  
 But whence this custom rose, who can decide?  
 From priestly av'rice? or from humane pride?

(r) Truth

(o) *Ut Sylvæ foliis pronos mutantur in annos—*

(p) *Res gestæ regumque, ducumque, & tristia bella,  
 Quo scribi possent numero, monstravit Homerus.*

(q) *Versibus impariter junctis querimonia primum,  
 Post etiam inclusa est voti sententia compos:  
 Quis tamen exiguos elegos emisit auctor,  
 Grammatici certant, & adhuc sub judice lis est.*

(r) *Musa*



(r) Truth, moral virtue, piety, and peace,  
Are noble subjects, and the pulpit grace :  
But zeal for trifles arm'd imperious Laud,  
His power and cruelty the nation aw'd.

(s) Why was he honour'd with the name of priest,  
And greatest made, unworthy to be least,  
Whose zeal was fury, whose devotion pride,  
Power his great god, and interest his sole guide ?

(t) To touch the passions let your stile be plain ;  
The praise of virtue asks a higher strain :

Yet sometimes the pathetic may receive  
The utmost force that eloquence can give ;  
As sometimes, in elogiums, 'tis the art,  
With plain simplicity to win the heart.

(u) 'Tis not enough that what you say is true,  
To make *us* feel it, *you* must feel it too :  
Show your self warm'd, and that will warmth  
impart

To every hearer's sympathizing heart.

When

(r) *Musa dedit fidibus Divos, puerosque Deorum—  
Archilocum proprio rabies armavit Tambo —*

(s) *Cur ego, si nequeo, ignoroque, poeta salutor ?  
Cur nescire—quam discere malo ?*

(t) *Verfibus exponi tragicis res comica non vult.—  
Interdum tamen & vocem comædia tollit ; —  
Et tragicus plerumque dolet sermone pedestri ;*

(u) *Non satis est pulchra esse poemata—  
——maie si mandata loqueris*

Aut

When honest Foster virtue does enforce,  
 All give attention to the warm discourse :  
 But who a cold, dull, lifeless, drawling keeps,  
 One half his audience laughs, the other sleeps.

(x) In censuring vice be earnest and severe ;  
 In stating dubious points concise and clear ;  
 Anger requires stern looks and threatening stile ;  
 But paint the charms of virtue with a smile.  
 These different changes common sense will teach,  
 And we expect them from you if you preach ;  
 For should your manner differ from your theme,  
 Or on quite different subjects be the same,  
 Despis'd and laugh'd at, you must travel down,  
 And hide such talents in some country town.

(y) It much concerns a preacher first to learn  
 The genius of his audience, and their turn.  
 Amongst the citizens be grave and slow ;  
 Before the nobles let fine periods flow ;  
 The Temple church asks Sherlock's sense and skill ;  
 Beyond the tow'r—no matter—what you will.

(y) In

*Aut dormitabo, aut ridebo.*

(x) ——— *Tristia mæsum*  
*Vultum verba decent ; iratum, plena minarum ;*  
*Ludentem, lasciva ; severum, seria dictu.*  
*Format enim natura prius nos intus ad omnem*  
*Fortunarum habitum : ———*

(y) *Intererit multum diuvsne loquatur an heros —*

(2) *Famam*

(z) In facts or notions fetch'd from sacred writ  
Be orthodox, nor cavil to show wit :

(a) Or if your daring genius is so bold  
To teach new doctrines, or to censure old,  
With care proceed ; you tread a dangerous path ;  
Error establish'd grows establish'd faith.  
'Tis easier much, and much the safer rule  
To teach in pulpit what you learnt at school ;  
With zeal defend whate'er the church believes,  
If you expect to thrive, or wear lawn-sleeves.

(b) Some loudly bluster, and consign to hell  
All who dare doubt one word or syllable  
Of what they call the faith ; and which extends  
To whims and trifles without use or ends :

(c) Sure 'tis much nobler, and more like divine,  
T' enlarge the path to heaven, than to confine :  
Insist alone on useful points, or plain ;  
And know, God cannot hate a virtuous man.

(d) If

(z) *Famam sequare* —

(a) *Si quid inexpertum scenæ committis, & audes  
Personam formare novam ;* —

— *tuque*

*Rectius Iliacum carmen deducis in actus* —

(b) *Nec sic incipies, ut scriptor Cyclieus olim* —

(c) *Quanto rectius hic* —

(d) *Tu,*

(d) If you expect or hope that we should stay  
Your whole discourse, nor strive to sink away ;  
Some venial faults there are you must avoid  
To every age and circumstance ally'd.

(e) A pert young student just from college  
brought,  
With many little pedantries is fraught :  
Reasons with syllogism, persuades with wit,  
Quotes scraps of Greek instead of sacred writ ;  
Or deep immers'd in politic debate,  
Reforms the church, and guides the tottering state.

(f) Those trifles which maturer age forgot,  
Now some good benefice employs his thought ;  
He seeks a patron, and will soon incline  
To all his notions civil or divine ;  
Studies his principles both night and day,  
And as that scripture guides, must preach and pray.

L

(f) Av'rice

(d) *Tu, quid ego & populus mecum desideret, audi ;  
Si plausoris eges aulæa manentis, & usque  
Sessuri, donec cantor, vos plaudite, dicat ;  
Ætatis cujusque notandi sunt tibi mores——*

(e) *Reddere qui voces jam scit puer——*

(f) *Conversis studiis, ætas animusque virilis  
Quærit opes, & amicitias :——*

(f) *Multa*



(g) Av'rice and age creep on: his reverend mind  
 Begins to grow right-reverently inclin'd.  
 Power and preferment still so sweetly call,  
 The voice of heaven is never heard at all :  
 Set but a tempting bishopric in view,  
 He's strictly orthodox and loyal too ;  
 With equal zeal defends the church and state,  
 And infidels and rebels share his hate.

(h) Some things are plain, we can't misunderstand;  
 Some still obscure, tho' thousands have explain'd :  
 Those influence more which reason can conceive, }  
 Than such as we thro' faith alone believe ; }  
 In those we judge, in these you *may* deceive :  
 But what too deep in mystery is thrown,  
 The wisest preachers chuse to let alone.  
 How Adam's fault affects all human kind ;  
 How three is one, and one is three combin'd ;  
 How certain prescience checks not future will ;  
 And why almighty goodness suffers ill ;  
 Such points as these lie far too deep for man,  
 Were never well explain'd, nor ever can.

(h) IF

(g) *Multa senem circumveniunt*——

(h) *Aut agitur res in scenis, aut acta refertur :*

*Segnius irritant animos demissa per aurem,  
 Quam quæ sunt oculis subiecta fidelibus, & quæ  
 Ipse sibi tradit Spectator. —*

*—in avem Progne vertatur, Cadmus in anguem,  
 Quodcumque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.*

(h) *Neve*

(i) If pastors more than thrice five minutes preach,  
Their sleepy flocks begin to yawn and stretch.

(k) Never presume the name of God to bring  
As sacred sanction to a trifling thing.

(l) Before, or after sermon, hymns of praise  
Exalt the soul, and true devotion raise.  
In songs of wonder celebrate his name,  
Who spread the skies, and built the starry frame :  
Or thence descending view this globe below,  
And praise the source of every bliss we know.

(m) In ancient times, when heaven was to be prais'd,  
Our humble ancestors their voices rais'd,  
And hymns of thanks from grateful bosoms flow'd,  
For ills prevented, or for good bestow'd :  
But as the church increas'd in power and pride,  
The pomp of sound the want of sense supply'd ;  
Majestic organs then were taught to blow,  
And plain religion grew a raree-show :

L 2

Majestic

(i) *Neve minor, neu sit quinto productior actu  
Fabula.* — — —

(k) *Nec Deus interfit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit :* — — — — —

(l) *Afforis partes chorus, officiumque virile,  
Defendat* — — — — —

(m) *Tibia non, ut nunc, orichalco vincta, tubæque  
Æmula ; sed tenuis, simplexque —  
Postquam cæpit agros extendere victor, & urbem  
Latior amplecti murus, vinoque diurno*

Placari

Strange ceremonious whims, a numerous race,  
 Were introduc'd, in truth's and virtue's place.  
 Mysterious turnpikes block up heaven's high way,  
 And, for a ticket, we our reason pay.

(n) These superstitions quickly introduce  
 Contempt, neglect, wild satire, and abuse ;  
 Religion and its priests, by every fool,  
 Were thought a jest, and turn'd to ridicule.  
 Some few indeed found where the medium lay,  
 And kept the \* coat, but tore the fringe away.

(o) Of preaching well if you expect the fame,  
 Let truth and virtue be your first great aim.  
 Your sacred function often call to mind,  
 And think how great the trust to teach mankind.  
 'Tis yours in useful sermons to explain,  
 Both what we owe to God, and what to man.  
 'Tis yours the charms of liberty to paint,  
 His country's love in every breast to plant ;

Yours

*Placori genius festis impune diebus ;  
 Accessit numerisque modisque licentia major.  
 Indoctus quid enim sciret, liberque laborum  
 Rusticus, urbano confusus, turpis honesto ?*

(n) *Mox etiam agrestis Satyros nudavit, & asper  
 Incolumi gravitate jocum tentavit : —*

(o) *Scribendi recte, sapere est & principium & fons.  
 Qui dicit Patriæ quid debeat, & quid Amicis ;*

\* *Vide Martin in the Tale of a Tub.*

(p) *Centuria*

Yours every social virtue to improve,  
 Justice, forbearance, charity, and love ;  
 Yours too the private virtues to augment,  
 Of prudence, temperance, modesty, content :  
 When such the man, how amiable the priest !  
 Of all mankind the worthiest, and the best.

(p) Ticklish the point, I grant, and hard to find,  
 To please the various tempers of mankind.  
 Some love you should the crabbed points explain,  
 Where texts with texts a dreadful war maintain :  
 Some love a new, and some the beaten path,  
 Morals please some, and others points of faith ;  
 But he's the man, he's the admir'd divine,  
 In whose discourses truth and virtue join ;  
 These are the sermons which will ever live,  
 By these our Tounsons and our Knaptons thrive ;  
 How such are read, and prais'd, and how they sell,  
 Let Barrow's, Clarke's, and Butler's sermons tell.

(q) Preachers should either make us good or wise,  
 Him that does neither who but must despise ?  
 If all your rules are useful, short, and plain,  
 We soon shall learn them, and shall long retain ;  
 But if on trifles you harangue, away  
 We turn our heads, and laugh at all you say.

L 3

(r) But

(p) *Centuriæ seniore[m] agitant expertia frugis ;  
 Celsi prætereunt austerâ poemata Ramnes  
 Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.  
 Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo. —*  
 (q) *Aut prodesse volunt, aut delectare poetæ —*



(r) But priests are men, and men are prone to err,  
 On common failings none should be severe ;  
 All are not masters of the same good sense,  
 Nor blest with equal powers of eloquence.  
 'Tis true : and errors with an honest mind,  
 Will meet with easy pardon from mankind ;  
 But who persists in wrong with haughty pride,  
 Him all must censure, many will deride.

(s) Yet few are judges of a fine discourse,  
 Can see its beauties, or can feel its force ;  
 With like indulgence some attentive sit,  
 To sober reasoning, and to shallow wit.  
 What then ? Because your audience most are fools,  
 Will you neglect all methods, and all rules ?  
 Or since the pulpit is a sacred place,  
 Where none dare contradict you to your face,  
 Will you presume to tell a thousand lies ?  
 If so, we may forgive, but must despise.

(t) In jingling Bev'ridge if I chance to see  
 One word of sense, I prize the rarity :

But

(r) *Sunt delicta tamen, quibus ignovisse velimus—*

(s) *Non quivis videt immodulata poemata judex.—*

(t) *Sic mihi, qui multum cessat, fit Cherilus ille,  
 Quem bis terve bonum, cum risu, miror ; & idem  
 Indignor*

But if in Hooker, Sprat, or Tillotson,  
A thought unworthy of themselves is shown,  
I grieve to see it ; but 'tis no surprise :  
The greatest men are not at all times wise.

(u) Sermons, like plays, some please us at the ear,  
But never will a serious reading bear ;  
Some in the closet edify enough,  
That from the pulpit seem'd but sorry stuff.  
'Tis thus : there are who by ill preaching spoil  
Young's pointed sense, or Atterbury's stile ;  
While others, by the force of eloquence,  
Make that seem fine, which scarce is common sense.

(x) In every science, they that hope to rise,  
Set great examples still before their eyes.  
Young lawyers copy Murray where they can ;  
Physicians Mead, and surgeons Cheselden :  
But all will preach, without the least pretence  
To virtue, learning, art, or eloquence.  
Why not ? you cry : they plainly see, no doubt,  
A priest may grow right reverend without.

(y) Preachers

*Indigner; quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.  
Verum opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.*

(u) *Ut Pictura, poesis erit : quæ, si propius stes,  
Te capiet magis ; & quædam, si longius abstes.*

(x) *Ludere qui nescit, campestribus abstinet armis :—  
Qui nescit versus tamen audet fingere. Quid ni ?*

(y) ———Fuit

(y) Preachers and preaching were at first design'd  
 For common benefit to all mankind.  
 Public and private virtues they explain'd,  
 To goodness courted, and from vice restrain'd :  
 Love, peace, and union breath'd in each discourse,  
 And their examples gave their precepts force  
 From these good men, the priests, and all their line,  
 Were honour'd with the title of *divine*.  
 But soon their proud successors left this path,  
 Forsook plain morals for dark points of faith ;  
 Till creeds on creeds the warring world inflam'd,  
 And all mankind, by different priests, were damn'd.

(z) Some ask which is th' essential of a priest,  
 Virtue or learning ? What they ask's a jest ;  
 We daily see dull loads of reverend fat,  
 Without pretence to either *this or that*.  
 But who like Hough or Hoadley hopes to shine,  
 Must with great learning real virtue join.

(a) He

(y) ——— *Fuit hæc sapientia quondam,  
 Publica privatis secernere, sacra profanis ;  
 Concubitu prohibere vago, dare jura maritis ;  
 Oppida moliri ; leges incidere ligno ———  
 ——— Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus, atque  
 Carminibus venit. ———  
 ——— Post hos ———  
 ——— Animos in tristia bella  
 Versibus exacuit.*

(z) *Natura fieret laudabile carmen, an arte,  
 Questum est.*

(a) Qui

(a) He who by preaching hopes to raise a name,  
 To no small excellence directs his aim.  
 On every noted preacher he must wait;  
 The voice, the look, the action imitate:  
 And when complete in style and eloquence,  
 Must then crown all with learning and good sense.  
 But some with lazy pride disgrace the gown,  
 And never preach one sermon of their own;  
 'Tis easier to transcribe than to compose,  
 So all the week they eat, and drink, and doze.

(b) As quacks with lying puffs the papers fill,  
 Or hand their own praise in a pocky bill,  
 Where empty boasts of much superior sense,  
 Draw from the cheated crowd their idle pence;  
 So the great Henley hires for half a crown,  
 A quack advertisement to tell the town,  
 Of some strange point to be disputed on;  
 Where all who love the science of debate,  
 May hear themselves, or other coxcombs prate.

(c) When dukes or noble lords a chaplain hire,  
 They first of his capacities enquire.

If

- (a) *Qui sudit optatam cursu contingere metam,  
 Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit & alfit—*  
 (b) *Ut præco, ad merces turbam qui cogit emendas.—*  
 (c) *Reges dicuntur multis urgere culullis,  
 Et torquere mero, quem perspexisse laborant,*

An



If stoutly qualify'd to drink and smoke,  
 If not too nice to bear an impious joke ;  
 If tame enough to be the common jest,  
 This is a chaplain to his lordship's taste.

(d) If bards to Pope indifferent verses show,  
 He is too honest not to tell them so.

This is obscure, he cries, and this too rough,  
 These trifling, or superfluous ; strike them off.  
 How useful every word from such a friend !  
 But parsons are too proud *their* works to mend,  
 And every fault with arrogance defend :  
 Think them too sacred to be criticis'd,  
 And rather chuse to let them be despis'd.

(e) He that is wise will not presume to laugh  
 At priests, or church affairs ; it is not safe.  
 Think there exists, and let it check your sport,  
 That dreadful monster call'd a sp'ritual court.  
 Into whose cruel jaws if once you fall,  
 In vain, alas ! in vain, for aid you call :  
 Clerks, proctors, priests, voracious round you ply,  
 Like leeches sticking till they've suck'd you dry.

*An sit amicitia dignus : —*

(d) *Vir bonus & prudens, versus reprehendet inertes—*  
 ——— *ambitiosa recidet*

*Ornamenta ; parum claris lucem dare coget : —*

(e) *Ut, mala quem scabies aut morbus regius urget,  
 Aut fanaticus error, & iracunda Diana,  
 Vesanum tetegisse timeant, fugiuntque poetam,  
 Qui sapiunt : —*

*Quem vero arripuit, tenet, occiditque legendo,  
 Non missura cutem nisi plena cruoris hirado.*

THE  
ART OF COOKERY;

IN IMITATION OF  
HORACE'S  
ART OF POETRY.

WITH SOME  
LETTERS  
TO

DR LISTER, AND OTHERS, &c.



T H E  
P U B L I S H E R  
T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

**I**T is now a days the hard fate of such as pretend to be authors, that they are not permitted to be masters of their own works; for if such papers (however imperfect) as may be called a copy of them, either by a servant, or any other means come into the hands of a bookseller, he never considers whether it be for the person's reputation to come into the world, whether it is agreeable to his sentiments, whether to his stile or correctness, or whether he has for some time looked over it; nor doth he care what name or character he puts to it, so he imagines he may get by it.

It was the fate of the following poem to be so used, and printed with as much imperfection, and as many mistakes, as a bookseller that has common sense could imagine should pass upon the town, especially in an age so polite and critical as the present.

These following letters and poem were at the press some time before the other paper pretending to the same title had crept out: And they had else, as the learned say, groaned under the press till such time as the sheets had one by one been perused and corrected, not only by the

M

author,



author, but his friends, whose judgment as he is sensible he wants, so he is proud to own that they sometimes condescend to afford him.

For, many faults that at first seem small, yet create unpardonable errors, when the number of the verse turns upon the harshness of a syllable, and the laying stress upon improper words, will make the most correct piece ridiculous: False concord, tenses and grammar, nonsense, impropriety and confusion, may go down with some persons; but it should not be in the power of a bookseller to lampoon an author, and tell him you did write all this; I have got it, and you shall stand to the scandal, and I will have the benefit: Yet this is the present case, notwithstanding there are above threescore faults of this nature, verses transposed, some added, others altered, and near forty omitted. The author does not value himself upon the whole; but if he shews his esteem for Horace, and can by any means provoke persons to read so useful a treatise; if he shews his aversion to the introduction of luxury, which may tend to the corruption of manners, and declare his love to the old British hospitality, charity and valour, when the arms of the family, the old pikes, muskets and halberds were hung up in the hall over the long table, when the marrow-bones lay on the floor, and *Chevy Chase*, and the *old Courtier of the Queen*, were placed over the carved mantle piece, and the beef and brown-bread were carried every day to the poor, he desires little farther, than that the reader would for the future give all such booksellers as are before spoke of no manner of encouragement.

LETTERS

# LETTERS

## TO

DR LISTER, and OTHERS.

To Mr ———.

DEAR SIR,

THE happiness of hearing now and then from you extremely delights me; for, I must confess, most of my other friends are so much taken up with politics, or speculations, that either their hopes, or fears, give them little leisure to peruse such parts of learning as lie remote, and are fit only for the closets of the curious. How blest are you at London, where you have new books of all sorts! whilst we at a greater distance, being destitute of such improvements, must content ourselves with the old store, and thumb the classics, as if we were never to get higher than our Tully or our Virgil.

You tantalize me only, when you tell me of the edition of a book by the ingenious Dr Lister, which you say is a treatise *de condimentis & opsoniis veterum*, “of the sauces and soups of the ancients,” as I take it. Give me leave to use an expression, which, though vulgar, yet upon this occasion is just and proper, you have made my mouth water, but have not sent me wherewithal to satisfy my appetite.

I have raised a thousand notions to myself only from the title: Where could such a treasure

lie hid? What manuscripts have been collated? Under what emperor was it wrote? Might it not have been in the reign of Heliogabalus, who though vicious, and in some things fantastical, yet was not incurious in the grand affair of *eat-  
ing?*

Consider, dear Sir, in what uncertainties we must remain at present; you know my neighbour Mr Creatorix is a learned antiquary; I shewed him your letter, which threw him into such a dubiousness, and indeed perplexity of mind, that the next day he durst not put any *catchup* in his *fish-sauce*, nor have his beloved *pepper*, *oil* and *limon* with his partridge, lest, before he had seen Dr Lister's book, he might transgress in using something not common to the *Ancients*.

Dispatch it therefore to us with all speed, for I expect wonders from it. Let me tell you; I hope, in the first place, it will, in some measure, remove the barbarity of our present education: For what hopes can there be of any progress in learning, whilst our gentlemen suffer their sons at Westminster, Eaton, and Winchester to eat nothing but salt with their mutton, and vinegar with their roast beef upon holidays? What extensiveness can there be in their souls? Especially, when upon their going thence to the university, their knowledge in *culinary matters* is seldom enlarged, and their diet continues very much the same; and as to sauces they are in profound ignorance.

It were to be wished therefore, that every family had a French tutor; for, besides his being groom, gardiner, butler, and valet, you would see that he is endued with a greater accomplishment; for, according to an ancient author, *quot Galli, totidem coqui*, "As many Frenchmen as you  
have

have, so many cooks you may depend upon;" which is very useful where there is a numerous issue: And I doubt not but with such tutors, and good house-keepers, to provide cake and sweet-meats, together with the tender care of an indulgent mother, to see that the children eat and drink every thing that they call for; I doubt not, I say, but we may have a warlike and frugal gentry, a temperate and austere clergy; and such persons of quality, in all stations, as may best undergo the *fatigues* of our *fleets* and *armies*.

Pardon me, Sir, if I break off abruptly, for I am going to *Monsieur d' Avaux*, a person famous for easing the *tooth-ach* by *avulsion*; he has promised to shew me how to strike a lancet into the jugular of a carp, so as the blood may issue thence with the greatest effusion, and then will instantly perform the operation of stewing it in its own blood, in the presence of myself, and several more *virtuosi*. But let him use what claret he will in the performance, I will secure enough to drink your health, and the rest of your friends.

I remain, Sir, &c.

To Mr ———.

S I R,

I Shall make bold to claim your promise, in your last obliging letter, to obtain the happiness of my correspondence with Dr Lister; and to that end have sent you the inclosed, to be communicated to him, if you think convenient.

M 3

To



To Dr Lister, *present.*

S I R,

I AM a plain man, and therefore never use compliments; but I must tell you, that I have a great ambition to hold a correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your remarks from the *ancients*, concerning *denti-scalps*, vulgarly called tooth-picks. I take the use of them to have been of great antiquity, and the original to come from the instinct of nature, which is the best mistress upon all occasions. The Egyptians were a people excellent for their philosophical and mathematical observations; they searched into all the springs of action; and though I must condemn their superstition, I cannot but applaud their inventions. This people had a vast district that worshipped the *Crocodile*, which is an animal, whose jaws being very oblong, give him the opportunity of having a great many teeth; and his habitation and business lying most in the water, he, like our modern Dutch-whitsters in Southwark, had a very good stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the water of Nile always ready, and consequently the opportunity of washing his mouth after meals; yet he had farther occasion for other instruments to cleanse his teeth, which are ferrate, or like a saw. To this end nature has provided an animal called the *Inchneumon*, which performs this office, and is so maintained by the product of its own labour. The Egyptians seeing such an useful sagacity in the *Crocodile* which they so much revered, soon began to imitate it; great examples easily drawing the multitude, so that it became their constant custom to pick their teeth, and wash their mouths  
after

after eating. I cannot find in Marsham's Dynasties, nor in the Fragments of Manethon, what year of the moon (for I hold the Egyptian years to have been *lunar*, that is, but of a month's continuance), so venerable an usage first began: For it is the fault of great philologers to omit such things as are most material. Whether Sesostris in his large conquests might extend the use of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious actions of those ages lie very much in the dark: It is very probable that the public use of them came in about the same time that the Egyptians made use of *juries*. I find in the preface to the Third Part of Modern Reports, "That the Chaldees ' had a great esteem for the number *twelve*, because there were so many signs of the Zodiac; ' from them this number came to the Egyptians, ' and so to Greece, where Mars himself was tried ' for a murder, and was acquitted." Now it does not appear upon *record*, nor any *stone* that I have seen, whether the *Jury* clubbed, or whether Mars treated them at dinner, though it is most likely that he did; for he was but a quarrelsome sort of person, and probably, though acquitted, might be as guilty as count Coningsmark. Now the custom of *Juries* dining at an eating-house, and having glasses of water brought them with tooth-picks, tinged with vermillion swimming at the top, being still continued, why may we not imagine, that the tooth-picks were as ancient as the dinner, the dinner as the juries, and the juries at least as the grand-children of Mitzraim? Homer makes his heroes feed so grossly, that they seem to have had more occasion for skewers than goose-pills. He is very tedious in describing a smith's forge, and an anvil; whereas he might have been more polite in setting out the tooth-pick-case

pick-case, or painted snuff-box of Achilles, if that age had not been so barbarous as to want them. And here I cannot but consider, that Athens in the time of Pericles, when it flourished most in sumptuous buildings, and Rome in its height of empire, from Augustus down to Adrian, had nothing that equalled the Royal or New Exchange, or Pope's-head Alley, for curiosities and toyshops; neither had their senate any thing to alleviate their debates concerning the affairs of the universe like raffling sometimes at colonel Parsons'. Although the Egyptians often extended their conquests into Africa and Ethiopia, and though the Casre Blacks have very fine teeth; yet I cannot find that they make use of any such instrument; nor does Ludolfus, though very exact as to the Abyssine empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall shew in my treatise of *forks* and *napkins*, of which I shall send you an essay with all expedition. I shall in that treatise fully illustrate, or confute this passage of Dr Heylin, in the third book of his *Cosmography*, where he says of the Chinese, " That they eat their meat with two  
' sticks of ivory, ebony, or the like; not touching  
' it with their hands at all, and therefore no  
' great foulers of linen. The use of silver forks  
' with us, by some of our spruce gallants taken up  
' of late, came from hence into Italy, and from  
' thence into England." I cannot agree with this learned doctor in many of these particulars. For, first the use of these sticks is not so much to save linen, as out of pure necessity, which arises from the length of their nails, which persons of great quality in those countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working, or being serviceable to themselves or others; and  
therefore

therefore if they would, they could not easily feed themselves with those claws; and I have very good authority that in the East, and especially in Japan, the princes have the meat put into their mouths by their attendants. Besides, these sticks are of no use but for their sort of meat, which being *pilau*, is all boiled to rags. But, what would those sticks signify to carve a turkey-cock, or a chine of beef? Therefore our forks are of quite different shape; the steel ones are *bidental*, and the silver generally resembling *tridents*; which makes me think them to be as ancient as the Saturnian race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune. It is certain that Pedro Dello Valle, that famous Italian traveller, carried his knife and fork into the East-Indies, and he gives a large account how, at the court of an Indian prince, he was admired for his neatness in that particular, and his care in wiping that, and his knife, before he returned them to their respective repositories. I could wish Dr Wotton, in the next edition of his modern learning, would shew us how much we are improved since Dr Heylin's time, and tell us the original of ivory-knives, with which young heirs are suffered to mangle their own pudding; as likewise of silver and gold knives, brought in with the desert for carving *jellies* and *orange-butter*; and the indispensable necessity of a *silver knife* at the side board, to mingle sallads with, as is with great learning made out in a treatise called *Acetaria*, concerning *dressing of sallads*. A noble work! But I transgress —

And yet pardon me, good Doctor, I had almost forgot a thing that I would not have done for the world, it is so remarkable. I think I may be



be positive from this verse of Juvenal, where he speaks of the Egyptians,

*Porrum & cæpe nefas violare, & frangere  
morsu.*

That it was *sacrilege to chop a leek, or bite an onion*. Nay, I believe that it amounts to a demonstration, that Pharaoh-Necho could have no true *lenten porridge*, nor any Carrier's *sauce* to his mutton; the true receipt of making which sauce I have from an ancient MS. remaining at the Bull-Inn in Bishopsgate-street, which runs thus: "Take seven spoonfuls of spring-water; ' slice two onions of moderate size into a large ' saucer, and put in as much salt as you can hold ' at thrice betwixt your fore-finger and thumb, ' if large, and serve it up." *Probatum est*; Hobson, carrier to the university of Cambridge.

The effigies of that worthy person remains still at that inn; and I dare say, that not only Hobson, but old Birch, and many others of that musical and delightful profession, would rather have been labourers at the pyramids with that Regale, than to have reigned at Memphis, and have been debarred of it. I break off abruptly. Believe me an admirer of your worth, and a follower of your methods towards the increase of learning, and more especially,

Yours, &c.

To Mr ———.

S I R,

I AM now very seriously employed in a work that, I hope, may be useful to the public, which is a poem of the *Art of Cookery*, in imitation of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, inscribed to  
Dr

Dr Lister, as hoping it may be in time read as a preliminary to his works: but I have not vanity enough to think it will live so long. I have in the mean time sent you an imitation of Horace's invitation of Torquatus to supper, which is the fifth epistle of his first book. Perhaps you will find so many faults in this, that you may save me the trouble of my other proposal; but however take it as it is.

If Belville can his gen'rous soul confine  
 To a small room, few dishes and some wine,  
 I shall expect my happiness at nine. }  
 Two bottles of smooth *palm*, or *Anjou* white,  
 Shall give a welcome, and prepare delight.  
 Then for the *Bourdeaux* you may freely ask,  
 But the *Champaigne* is to each man his flask.  
 I tell you with what force I keep the field,  
 And if you can exceed it, speak, I'll yield.  
 The snow white damask ensigns are display'd,  
 And glittering salvers on the side-board laid.  
 Thus we'll disperse all busy thoughts and cares,  
 The general's counsels, and the statesman's fears:  
 Nor shall sleep reign in that precedent night,  
 Whose joyful hours lead on the glorious light, }  
 Sacred to British worth in Blenheim's fight. }

The blessings of good fortune seem refus'd,  
 Unless sometimes with generous freedom us'd.

'Tis

'Tis madness, not frugality, prepares  
A vast excess of wealth for squand'ring heirs.  
Must I of neither wine nor mirth partake,  
Lest the censorious world should call me rake?  
Who, unacquainted with the gen'rous wine,  
E'er spoke bold truths, or fram'd a great design?  
That makes us fancy ev'ry face has charms;  
That gives us courage, and then finds us arms:  
Sees care disburd'ned, and each tongue employ'd,  
The poor grown rich, and ev'ry wish enjoy'd.

This I'll perform, and promise, you shall see,  
A cleanliness from affectation free:  
No noise, no hurry, when the meat's set on,  
Or when the dish is chang'd, the servants gone;  
For all things ready, nothing more to fetch,  
Whate'er you want is in the master's reach.  
Then for the company I'll see it chose,  
Their emblematic signal is the *rose*.  
If you of Freeman's raillery approve,  
Of Cotton's laugh, and Winner's tales of love;  
And Bellairs' charming voice may be allow'd,  
What can you hope for better from a crowd?  
But I shall not prescribe; consult your ease,  
Write back your men, and number as you please:  
Try your back-stairs, and let the lobby wait;  
A stratagem in war is no deceit.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.

To Mr ———.

**I** HERE send you what I promised, a *discourse of Cookery*, after the method which Horace has taken in his Art of Poetry, which I have all along kept in my view; for Horace certainly is an author to be imitated in the delivery of *precepts*, for any art or science: He is indeed severe upon our sort of learning in some of his Satyrs; but even there he instructs, as in the fourth Satyr of the second Book;

*Longa quibus facies ovis erit, illa memento,  
Ut succi melioris, & ut magis alba rotundis,  
Ponere; namque Marem cohibent callosa vi-  
tellum.*

“ Choose eggs oblong, remember they’ll be found

“ Of sweeter taste, and whiter than the round;

“ The firmness of that shell includes the male.”

I am much of his opinion, and could only wish that the world was thoroughly informed of two other truths concerning *eggs*: One is, how incomparably better *roasted eggs* are than boiled; the other, never to eat any butter with *eggs* in the *shell*: You cannot imagine how much more you will have of their flavour, and how much easier they will sit upon your stomach. The worthy person who recommended it to me made many proselytes; and I have the vanity to think that I have not been altogether unsuccessful.

I have in this poem used a plain, easy, familiar stile, as most fit for precept; neither have I been too exact an imitator of Horace, as he himself directs. I have not consulted any of his

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translators,



translators, neither Mr Oldham, whose copiousness runs into paraphrase; nor Ben Johnson, who is admirable for his close following of the original; nor yet the lord Roscommon, so excellent for the beauty of his language, and his penetration into the very design and soul of that author. I considered, that I went upon a new undertaking; and though I do not value myself upon it as much as Lucretius did, yet I dare say it is more innocent and inoffensive.

Sometimes, when Horace's rules come too thick and sententious, I have so far taken liberty as to pass over some of them; for I consider the nature and temper of cooks, who are not of the most patient disposition, as their under-servants too often experience. I wish I might prevail with them to moderate their passions, which will be the greater conquest, seeing a continual heat is added to their native fire.

Amidst the variety of directions which Horace gives us in his Art of Poetry, that is one of the most accurate pieces that he or any other author has wrote, there is a secret connection in reality, though he does not express it too plainly, and therefore this imitation of it has many breaks in it. If such as shall condescend to read this Poem, would at the same time consult Horace's original Latin, or some of the fore-mentioned translators, they would find at least this benefit, that they would recollect those excellent instructions which he delivers to us in such elegant language.

I could wish the *master* and *wardens* of the *cooks company* would order this Poem to be read with due consideration; for it is not lightly to be run over, seeing it contains many useful instructions for human life. It is true, that some of these

these rules may seem more principally to respect the *steward*, *clerk of the kitchen*, *caterer*, or perhaps the *butler*. But the *cook* being the principal person, without whom all the rest will be little regarded, they are directed to him, and the work being designed for the universal good, it will accomplish some part of its intent, if those sort of people will improve by it.

It may happen in this, as in all works of art, that there may be some terms not obvious to common readers, but they are not many. The reader may not have a just idea of a *swol'd mutton*, which is a sheep roasted in its wool, to save the labour of fleaing. *Bacon* and *filbert-tarts* are something unusual, but since *sprout tarts* and *pistachio tarts* are much the same thing, and to be seen in Dr Salmon's Family Dictionary; those persons who have a desire for them, may easily find the way to make them. As for *grout*, it is an old Danish dish, and it is claimed as an honour to the antient family of ———, to carry a dish of it up at the coronation. A *dwarf pye* was prepared for king James the first, when Jeffrey his dwarf rose out of one armed with a sword and buckler, and is so recorded in history, that there are few but know it. Though *marinated fish*, *hippocras* and *ambigues* are known to all that deal in cookery, yet *terrenes* are not so usual, being a silver vessel filled with the most costly dainties after the manner of an *oglio*. A *surprize* is likewise a dish not so very common, which promising little from its first appearance, when open, abounds with all sorts of variety; which I cannot better resemble than to the fifth act of one of our modern comedies. Lest Monteth, Vinegar, Thaliessen, and Bossu, should be taken for dishes of rarities, it may be known, that

Monteth was a gentleman with a scalloped coat, that Vinegar keeps the ring at Lincoln's Inn-fields, Thalieffen was one of the most antient bards amongst the Britons, and Bossu one of the most certain instructors of criticism that this latter age has produced.

I hope it will not be taken ill by the wits, that I call my *cooks* by the title of *ingenious*; for I cannot imagine why *cooks* may not be as well read as any other persons: I am sure their *apprentices*, of late years, have had very great opportunities of improvement; and men of the first pretences to literature have been very liberal, and sent in their contributions very largely: They have been very serviceable both to *spit* and *oven*, and for these twelve months past, whilst Dr Wotton, with his *modern learning*, was defending *pye-crust* from scorching, his dear friend Dr Bentely, with his *Phalaris*, has been singeing of *capons*. Not that this was occasioned by any superfluity or tediousness of their writings, or mutual commendations; but it was found out by some worthy patriots, to make the *labours* of the *two doctors*, as far as possible, to become useful to the public.

Indeed *cookery* has an influence upon mens actions even in the highest stations of human life. The great philosopher Pythagoras, in his Golden Verses, shews himself to be extremely nice in eating, when he makes it one of his chief principles of morality to abstain from *beans*. The noblest foundations of honour, justice and integrity were found to lye hid in *turnips*, as appears in that great *dictator* Cincinnatus, who went from the plough to the command of the Roman army; and having brought home victory, retired to his cottage: For when the Samnite ambassadors came thither to him, with a large bribe, and  
found

found him dressing *turnips* for his repast, they immediately returned with this sentence, "That 'it was impossible to prevail upon him that 'could be contented with such a *supper*." In short, there are no honorary appellations but what may be made use of to *cooks*; for I find throughout the whole race of Charlemain, that the *great cook* of the palace was one of the prime ministers of state, and conductor of armies: So true is that maxim of Paulus Æmilius, after his glorious expedition into Greece, when he was to entertain the Roman people: "That 'there was equal skill required to bring an army 'into the field, and to set forth a magnificent 'entertainment; since the one was as far as possibly to annoy your enemy, and the other to 'pleasure your friend." In short, as for all persons that have not a due regard for the learned, industrious, moral, upright, and warlike profession of *cookery*, may they live as the ancient inhabitants of Puerte Ventura, one of the Canary Islands, where they being so barbarous as to make the most *contemptible person* to be their *butcher*, they had likewise their *meat* served up *raw*, because they had no fire to dress it; and I take this to be a condition bad enough of all conscience.

As this small essay finds acceptance, I shall be encouraged to pursue a great design I have in hand of publishing a Bibliotheca Culinaria, or the Cook's Complete Library, which shall begin with a Translation, or at least an Epitome of Athenæus, who treats of all things belonging to a Grecian feast: He shall be published with all his *comments*, *useful glosses*, and *indexes* of a vast copiousness, with *cuts* of the *basting-ladles*, *dripping-pans*, and *drudging-boxes*, &c. lately dug up



at Rome out of an *old subterranean scullery*. I design to have all authors in all languages upon that subject; therefore pray consult what *oriental manuscripts* you have: I remember Erpenius, in his notes upon Lockman's Fables (whom I take to be the same person with *Æsop*), gives us an admirable receipt for making the *sower-milk*, that is, the *bonny-clabber* of the Arabians. I should be glad to know how Mahomet used to have his *shoulder of mutton* dressed; I have heard he was a great lover of that joint, and that a *maid of an inn* poisoned him with one, saying, "If he is a prophet he will discover it, 'if he is an impostor, no matter what becomes 'of him.'" I shall have occasion for the assistance of all my friends in this great work. I, some posts ago, desired a friend to enquire what *manuscripts* Sol. Harding, a famous *cook*, may have left behind him at Oxford. He says, he finds among his executors several admirable *bills of fare* for Aristotle-suppers, and entertainments of country strangers, with certain prizes according to their several seasons; he says, some pages have large black crosses drawn over them, but for the greater part the books are fair and legible.

Sir, I would beg you to search Cooks-hall, what *manuscripts* they may have in their *archives*: See what in Guild-hall: What account of *custard* in the Sword-bearers Office: How many tun *he*, a *common crier*, or a *common hunt* may eat in their life-time. But I transgress the bounds of a letter, and have strayed from my subject, which should have been to beg you to read the following lines, when you are inclined to be most favourable to your friend; for else they will never be able to endure your just censure: I rely upon your good nature, and I am

Your most obliged, &c.

To Mr ———.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE reflected upon the discourse I had with you the other day, and upon serious consideration find, that the true understanding of of the whole *Art of Cookery*, will be useful to all persons that pretend to the *belles lettres*, and especially to *poets*.

I do not find it proceeds from any enmity of the *cooks*, but it is rather the fault of their *masters*, that *poets* are not so well acquainted with good eating, as otherwise they might be, if oftener invited; However, even in Mr d'Urfey's presence, this I would be bound to say, that a good dinner is brother to a good poem; only it is something more substantial; and between two and three o'clock more agreeable.

I have known a supper make the most diverting part of a comedy: Mr Betterton, in the *Libertine*, has sat very gravely with the leg of a chicken; but I have seen Jacomo very merry, and eat very heartily of pease, and buttered eggs under the table. The *Host* in the *Villain*, who carries tables, stools, furniture and provisions all about him, gives great content to the spectators, when from the crown of his hat he produces his cold capon; so Amarillis (or rather Parthenope, as I take it) in the *Rehearsal*, with her wine in her spear, and her pye in her helmet; and the *cook* that slobbers his beard with sack-posset, in the *Man's the Master*, have, in my opinion, made the most diverting part of the action. These embellishments we have received from our imitation of the antient poets: Horace, in his satyrs, makes Mecænas very merry with the recollection of the unusual entertainment and  
dishes

dishes given him by Nasidienus; and with his raillery upon garlic in his third *Epode*. The supper of Petronius, with all its machines and contrivances, gives us the most lively description of Nero's luxury. Juvenal spends a whole satyr about the price and dressing of a single fish, with the judgment of the Roman senate concerning it. Thus, whether serious or jocose, good eating is made the subject and ingredient of poetical entertainments.

I think all *poets* agree that *episodes* are to be interwove in their poems with the greatest nicety of art; and so it is the same thing at a good table: and yet I have seen a very good *episode* (give me leave to call it so) made, by sending out the leg of a goose, or the gizzard of a turkey to be broiled: Though I know that critics, with a good stomach, have been offended that the unity of action should be so far broken. And yet, as in our plays, so at our common tables, many *episodes* are allowed, as slicing of cucumbers, dressing of sallads, seasoning the inside of a sirloin of beef, breaking lobsters claws, stewing wild ducks, toasting of cheese, legs of larks, and several others.

A *poet*, who by proper expressions, and pleasing images, is to lead us into the knowledge of of necessary truth, may delude his audience extremely, and indeed barbarously, unless he has some knowledge of this *Art of Cookery*, and the progress of it. Would it not sound ridiculous to hear Alexander the Great command his *cannon* to be mounted, and to throw red-hot bullets out of his *mortar-pieces*? Or to have Statira talk of *tapestry hangings*, which all the learned know, were many years after her death, first hung up in the hall of King Attalus? Should Sir John Falstaff

Falstaff complain of having dirtied his *silk stockings*, or Anne of Boleyn call for her *coach*, would an audience endure it? When all the world knows that Queen Elizabeth was the first that had her *coach*, or wore *silk stockings*: Neither can a poet put *hops* in an Englishman's drink before *heresy* came in: Nor can he serve him with a dish of *carps* before that time: He might as well give King James the first a dish of *asparagus* upon his first coming to London, which were not brought into England till many years after; or make Owen Tudor present Queen Catherine with a *sugar-loaf*, whereas he might as easily have given her a *diamond* as large; seeing the *iceing* of cakes at Woodstreet-corner, and the *refining* of *sugar*, was but an invention of two hundred years standing, and before that time our ancestors sweetened and garnished all with honey, of which there are some remains: In Windsor Bowls, Baron Bracks, and large Simnels sent for presents from Litchfield.

But now, on the contrary, it would shew his reading, if the poet put a *hen-turkey* upon the table in a *Tragedy*; and therefore I would advise it in Hamlet, instead of their painted trifles; and I believe it would give more satisfaction to the *Actors*. For Diodorus Siculus reports, how the sisters of Meleager, or Diomedes, mourning for their brother, were turned into *hen turkeys*; from whence proceeds their stateliness of gate, reservedness in conversation, and melancholy in the tone of their voice, and all their actions. But this would be the most improper meat in the world for a comedy; for melancholy and distress require a different sort of diet, as well as language; and I have heard of a fair lady, that was pleased to say, that if she was upon a strange road, and  
driven



driven to great necessity, she believed she might, for once, be able to sup upon a *sack posset* and a *fat capon*.

I am sure *poets*, as well as *cooks*, are for having all words nicely chosen, and properly adapted; and therefore I believe they would shew the same regret that I do, to hear persons of some rank and quality, say, "Pray cut up that goose: 'Help me to some of that chicken, hen, or capon, or half that plover;" not considering how indiscreetly they talk before men of art, whose proper terms are, "Break that goose, frust that chicken: spoil that hen: sauce that capon: 'mince that plover: If they are so much out in common things, how much more will they be with *bitterns*, *herons*, *cranes*, and *peacocks*? But it is vain for us to complain of the faults and errors of the world, unless we lend our helping hand to retrieve them.

To conclude, our greatest author of dramatic poetry, Mr Dryden, has made use of the mysteries of this art in the prologues to two of his plays, one a tragedy, the other a comedy, in which he has shewed his greatest art, and proved most successful. I had not seen the play for some years, before I hit upon almost the same words that he has in the following prologue to *All for Love*.

Fops may have leave to level all they can,  
As pigmies wou'd be glad to top a man.  
Half-wits are fleas, so little and so light,  
We scarce cou'd know they live, but that they  
bite.

But,

But, as the rich, when tir'd with daily feasts,  
 For change become their next poor tenant's guests:  
 "Drink hearty draughts of ale from plain brown  
     bowls,  
 And snatch the homely rasher from the coals:"  
 So you retiring from much better chear,  
 For once may venture to do penance here.  
 And since that plenteous autumn now is past,  
 Whose grapes and peaches have indulg'd your  
     taste,  
 Take in good part from our poor poet's board,  
 Such shrivel'd fruit as winter can afford.

How fops and fleas should come together I cannot easily account for; but I doubt not but his ale, rasher, grapes, peaches, and shriveled apples might pit——box——and gallery——it well enough. His prologue to Sir Martin Mar-all is such an exquisite poem, taken from the same art, that I could wish it translated into Latin, to be prefixt to Dr Lister's work: The whole is as follows.

### PROLOGUE.

Fools which each man meets in his dish each  
     day,  
 Are yet the great regalias of a play:  
 In which to poets you but just appear,  
 To prize that highest which cost them so dear.  
Fops

Fops in the town more easily will pass,  
One story makes a statutable ass :  
But such in plays must be much thicker sown,  
Like yolks of eggs, a dozen beat to one.  
Observing poets all their walks invade,  
As men watch woodcocks gliding thro' a glade.  
And when they have enough for comedy,  
They 'stow their several bodies in a pye.  
The poet's but the cook to fashion it,  
For gallants, you yourselves have found the wit.  
To bid you welcome would your bounty wrong.  
None welcome those who bring their \* chear  
along.

The image (which is the great perfection of a poet) is so extremely lively, and well painted, that methinks I see the whole audience with a dish of buttered eggs in one hand, and a woodcock pye in the other. I hope I may be excused after so great an example, for I declare I have no design but to encourage learning, and am very far from any designs against it. And therefore I hope the worthy gentleman, who said that the journey to London ought to be burnt by the common-hangman, as a book that, if received, would discourage ingenuity, would be pleased not to make his bon-fire at the upper end of Ludgate-street, for fear of endangering the booksellers shops and the cathedral.

\* Some critics read it chair.

I have abundance more to say upon these subjects, but I am afraid my first course is so tedious, that you will excuse me both the second course and the desert, and call for pipes, and a candle; but consider the papers came from an old friend, and spare them out of compassion to,  
S I R, &c.

To Mr ———.

S I R,

I AM no great lover of writing more than I am forced to, and therefore have not troubled you with my letters to congratulate your good fortune in London, or to bemoan our unhappiness in the loss of you here. The occasion of this is to desire your assistance in a matter that I am fallen into by the advice of some friends; but unless they help me, it will be impossible for me to get out of it. I have had the misfortune to—write; but what is worse, I have never considered whether any one would read: Nay, I have been so very bad as to design to print, but then a wicked thought came across me with, *Who will buy?* For if I tell you the title, you will be of my mind, that the very name will destroy it: *The Art of Cookery, in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry, with some familiar Letters to Dr Lister and others*, occasioned principally by the title of a book published by the Doctor, concerning *the soups and sauces of the Ancients*. To this a beau will cry, "Phough! what have I to do with kitchen-stuff? To which I answer, "Buy it, and then give it to your servants." For I hope to live to see the day when every mistress of a family, and every steward shall call up her children and servants with, Come, Miss Betty, how much have you got of your Art of Cookery?

O

Where



Where did you leave off, Miss Isabel? Miss Katy, are you no farther than *King Henry and the Miller*? Yes, Madam, I am come to

—*His name shall be enroll'd  
In Estcourt's book whose gridiron's fram'd of gold.*

Pray mother, is that our master Estcourt? Well, child, if you mind this, you shall not be put to your Assembly's Catechism next Saturday: What a glorious sight it will be, and how becoming a great family, to see the butler out-learning the steward, and the painful skullery-maid exerting her memory far beyond the mumping house-keeper. I am told that if a book is any thing useful, the printers have a way of pirating one another, and printing other persons copies, which is very barbarous: And then shall I be forced to come out with, *The true Art of Cookery is only to be had at Mr Pindar's a patten-maker's under St Dunstan's church*, with the author's seal at the title page, being three sauce-pans, in a bend proper, on a cook's apron argent: Beware of counterfeits. And be forced to put out advertisements with straps for razors. And the best spectacles are to be had only at the Archimedes, &c.

I design proposals, which I must get delivered to the cooks company, for the making an order that every 'prentice shall have the Art of Cookery when he is bound, which he shall say by heart before he is made free; and then he shall have Dr Lister's book of soups and sauces delivered to him for his future practice. But you know better what I am to do than I. For the kindness you may shew me I shall always endeavour to make what returns lye in my power. I am

Yours, &c.

To

To Mr ———.

DEAR SIR,

I CANNOT but recommend to your perusal a late exquisite comedy called *The Lawyer's Fortune, or, Love in a Hollow Tree*; which piece has its peculiar embellishments, and is a poem carefully framed according to the nicest rules of the Art of Cookery: For the play opens with a scene of good housewifery, where Favourite, the house-keeper, makes this complaint to the lady Bonona.

*Fav.* The last mutton killed was lean, Madam; should not some fat sheep be bought in?

*Bon.* What say you, Let-acre, to it?

*Let.* This is the worst time of the year for sheep; the fresh grass makes 'em fall away, and they begin to taste of the wool; they must be spared a while, and Favourite must cast to spend some salt-meat, and fish; I hope we shall have some fat calves shortly.

What can be more agreeable than this to the Art of Cookery? where the author says:

*But though my edge be not too nicely set,  
Yet I another's appetite may whet;  
May teach him when to buy, when season past,  
What's stale, what's choice, what's plentiful,  
what waste,  
And lead him through the various maze of taste.*

In the second act Valentine, Mrs Bonona's son, the consummate character of the play, having, in the first act, lost his hawk, and consequently his way, benighted and lost, and seeing a light in a distant house, comes to the thrifty widow Furiosa's, which is exactly according to the

rule, "A prince who in a forest rides astray", where he finds the old gentlewoman carding, the fair Florida, her daughter, working on a parchment, whilst the maid is spinning. Peg reaches a chair, sack is called for, and in the mean time the good old gentlewoman complains so of rogues, that she can scarce keep a goose or a turkey in safety for them. Then Florida enters with a little white bottle, about a pint, and an old fashioned glass, fills and gives her mother; she drinks to Valentine, he to Florida, she to him again, he to Furiosa, who sets it down on the table. After a short time the old lady cries, "Well! 'tis my bed-time, but my daughter will shew you the way to yours, for I know you would willingly be in it." This was extremely kind! Now upon her retirement; see the great judgment of the poets; she being an old gentlewoman that went to bed, he suits the following regale according to the age of the person: had boys been put to bed, it had been proper to have laid the goose to the fire, but here it is otherwise: For after some intermediate discourse he is invited to a repast, when he modestly excuses himself with, "Truly, Madam, I have no stomach to any meat, but to comply with you. You have, Madam, entertained me with all that is desirable already." The lady tells him "a cold supper is better than none," so he sits at the table, offers to eat but cannot. I am sure Horace himself could not have prepared himself more exactly, for (according to the rule, *A widow has cold pye,*) though Valentine being love-sick could not eat, yet it was his fault, and not the poet's. But when Valentine is to return the civility, and to invite Madam Furiosa and Madam Florida, with other good company, to his  
 mother

mother the hospitable lady Bonona's, (who by the bye had called for two bottles of wine for Latitat her attorney,) then affluence and dainties are to appear (according to this verse, *mangoes, potargo, champignons, caveare*); and Mrs Favourite the house-keeper makes these most important enquiries.

*Fav.* Mistress, shall I put any mushrooms, mangoes, or bamboons into the fallad?

*Bon.* Yes, I prithee, the best thou hast.

*Fav.* Shall I use ketchop or anchovies in the gravy?

*Bon.* What you will.

But however magnificent the dinner might be, yet Mrs Bonona, as the manner of some persons is, makes her excuse for it with, "Well, gentlemen, can ye spare a little time to take a short dinner? I promise you it shall not be long." It is very probable, though the author does not make any of the guests give a relation of it, that Valentine being a great sportsman, might furnish the table with game and wild-fowl. There was at least one pheasant in the house, which Valentine told his mother of the morning before.

"Madam, I had a good flight of a pheasant cock, that, after my hawk seized, made head as if he would have fought, but my hawk plumed him presently." Now it is not reasonable to suppose that Vally lying abroad that night, the old gentlewoman under that concern would have any stomach for her own supper. However, to see the fate of things there is nothing permanent: for one Mrs Candia making (though innocently) a present of an hawk to Valentine, Florida, his mistress, grows jealous, and resolves to leave him, and run away with an odd sort of a fellow, one Major Sly; Valentine, to appease her,



sends a message to her by a boy, who tells her, "His master, to shew the trouble he took by her 'misapprehension, had sent her some visible tokens, the hawk torn to pieces with his own 'hands;" and then pulls out of the basket the wings and legs of a fowl. So we see the poor bird demolished, and all hopes of wild-fowl destroyed for the future: And happy were it if misfortunes would stop here. But the cruel beauty refusing to be appeased, Valentine takes a sudden resolution, which he communicates to Let-acre, the steward, to brush off, and quit his habitation. However it was, whether Let-acre did not think his young master real, and Valentine having threatened the house-keeper to kick her immediately before, for being too fond of him, and his boy being raw and unexperienced in travelling, it seems they made but slender provision for their expedition; for there is but one scene interposed before we find distressed Valentine in the most miserable condition that the joint arts of *poetry* and *cookery* are able to represent him. There is a scene of the greatest horror, and most moving to compassion of any thing I have seen amongst the moderns; talks of no pyramids of fowl, or bisks of fish is nothing to it; for here we see an innocent person, unless punished for mother's and house-keeper's extravagancy, as was said before, in their mushrooms, man-goes, bamboons, ketchup, and anchovies, reduced to the extremity of eating his cheese without bread, and having no other drink but water. For he and his boy, with two saddles on his back and wallet, come into a walk of confused trees, where an owl hollows, a bear and leopard walk across the desert, at a distance, and yet they ventured in, where Valentine accosts his boy with these

these lines, which would draw tears from any thing that is not marble.

—————*Hang up thy wallet on that tree,  
And creep thou in this hollow place with me,  
Let's here repose our wearied limbs till they  
    less wearied be.* }

*Boy.* There is nothing left in the wallet but one piece of cheese, what shall we do for bread?

*Val.* When we have slept we will seek out some roots that shall supply that doubt.

*Boy.* But no drink, master?

*Val.* Under that rock a spring I see,  
Which shall refresh my thirst and thee.

So the act closes, and it is dismal for the audience to consider how Valentine and the poor boy, who, it seems, had a coming stomach, should continue there all the time the music was playing and longer. But to ease them of their pain by an invention which the poets call *catastrophe*, Valentine, though with a long beard, and very weak with fasting, is reconciled to Florida, who, embracing him, says, "I doubt I have 'offended him too much; but I will attend him 'home, cherish him with cordials, make him 'broths." (poor good-natured creature, I wish she had Dr Lister's book to help her)! "anoint his 'limbs, and be a nurse, a tender nurse to him." Nor do blessings come alone, for the good mother having refreshed him with warm baths, and kept him tenderly in the house, orders Favourite with repeated injunctions, to get the best entertainment she ever yet provided; to consider what she has, and what she wants, and to get all ready in few hours: And so this most regular work is concluded with a dance and a wedding dinner.

dinner. I cannot believe there was any thing ever more of a piece than this comedy; some person may admire your meagre *tragedies*, but give me a play where there is a prospect of good meat, or good wine stirring in every act of it.

Though I am confident the author had wrote this play, and printed, it long before the Art of Cookery was thought of, and I had never read it til the other poem was very near perfected, yet it is admirable to see how a true rule will be adapted to a good work, or a good work to a true rule. I should be heartily glad, for the sake of the public, if our poets, for the future, would make use of so good an example. I doubt not but whenever you or I write comedy, we shall observe it. I have just now met with a surprising happiness, a friend that has seen two of Dr Lister's works, one *De buccinis fluviatilibus et marinis exercitatio*, An exercitation of sea and river shell-fish. In which he says some of the chiefest rarities are the pisle and spermatic vessels of a *snail*, delineated by a microscope, the omentum or caul of its throat, its sallopiian tube, and its subcrocean testicle; which are things Hippocrates, Galen, Celsus, Fernelius, and Harvey were never masters of. The other curiosity is the admirable piece of Cœlius Apicius, *De Opsoniis sive Condimentis, sive Arte Coquinaria, Libri Decem*, being ten books of soups and sauces, and the Art of Cookery, as it is excellently printed for the doctor; who in this so important affair is not sufficiently communicative. My friend says he has a promise of leave to read it. What remarks he makes I shall not be envious of, but impart to him I love, as well as his

Most humble servant, &c.

To Mr ———.

DEAR SIR,

I MUST communicate my happiness to you, because you are so much my friend as to rejoice at it. I, some days ago, met with an old acquaintance, a curious person, of whom I enquired if he had seen the book concerning soups and sauces; he told me he had, but that he had but a very slight view of it, the person who was master of it not being willing to part with so valuable a rarity out of his closet. I desired him to give me what account he could of it. He says, That it is a very handsome *octavo*; for ever since the days of Ogilby, good paper, and good print, and fine cuts, make a book become ingenious, and brighten up an author strangely. That there is a copious index, and at the end a catalogue of all the Doctor's works concerning cockles, English beetles, snails, spiders that get up into the air and throw us down cobwebs, a monster vomited up by a baker, and such like; which, if carefully perused, would wonderfully improve us. There is, it seems, no manuscript of it in England, nor any other country that can be heard of; so that this impression is from one of Humelbergius, who, as my friend says, he does not believe contriv'd it himself, because the things are so very much out of the way, that it is not probable any learned man would set himself seriously to work to invent them. He tells me of this ingenious remark made by the Editor, "That whatever manuscripts there ' might have been, they must have been extremely vicious and corrupt, as being writ out ' by the cooks themselves, or some of their ' friends or servants, who are not always the ' most



'most accurate." And then, as my friend observed, if the cook had used it much, it might be sullied; the cook perhaps not always licking his fingers when he had occasion for it. I should think it no improvident matter for the state to order a select scrivener to transcribe receipts, lest ignorant women, and house keepers should impose upon future ages by ill spelt and uncorrect receipts for potting of lobsters, or pickling of turkeys. *Gælius Apicius*, it seems, passes for the author of this treatise, whose science, learning, and discipline were extremely contemned, and almost abhorred by *Seneca* and the stoics, as introducing luxury, and infecting the manners of the Romans; and so lay neglected till the inferior ages, but then were introduced as being a help to physic, to which a learned author, called *Donatus*, says, that the kitchen is a handmaid. I remember in our days, though we cannot in every respect come up to the antients, that a very good author, an old gentleman, is introduced as making use of three doctors, *Dr Diet*, *Dr Quiet*, and *Dr Merriman*. They are reported to be excellent physicians, and if kept at a constant pension, their fees will not be very costly.

It seems, as my friend has learnt, there were two persons that bore the name of *Apicius*, one under the republic, the other in the time of *Tiberius*, who is recorded by *Pliny*, to have had a great deal of wit and judgment in all affairs that related to eating, and consequently has his name affixed to many sorts of amulets and pan-cakes. Nor were emperors less contributors to so great an undertaking, as *Vitellius*, *Commodus*, *Didius Julianus*, and *Varius Heliogabalus*, whose imperial names are prefixed to manifold receipts.

The

The last of which emperors had the peculiar glory of first making sausages of shrimps, crabs, oysters, sprawns, and lobsters. And these sausages being mentioned by the author which the editor publishes, from that and many other arguments the learned doctor irrefragably maintains, that the book, as now printed, could not be transcribed till after the time of Heliogabalus, who gloried in the titles of Apicius and Vitellius, more than Antoninus, who had gained his reputation by a temperate, austere, and solid virtue. And, it seems, under his administration a person that found out a new soup might have as great a reward as Drake or Dampier might expect for finding a new continent. My friend says, the editor tells us of unheard of dainties; how Æsopus had a supper of the tongues of birds that could speak; and that his daughter regaled on pearls, though he does not tell us how she dressed them; how Hortensius left ten thousand pipes of wine in his cellar for his heirs drinking; how Vedius Pollio fed his fish-ponds with man's flesh, and how Cæsar bought six thousand weight of lampreys for his triumphal supper. He says, the editor proves equally to a demonstration, by the proportions and quantities set down, and the nauseousness of the ingredients, that the dinners of the emperors were ordered by their physicians, and that the recipe was taken by the cook, as the collegiate doctors would do their bills to a modern apothecary; and that this custom was taken from the Egyptians, and that this method continued till the Goths and Vandals over-ran the Western empire; and that they, by use, exercise, and necessity of abstinence, introduced the eating of cheese and venison without those additional sauces, which the physicians of old found

out

out to restore the depraved appetites of such great men as had lost their stomachs by an excess of luxury. Out of the ruins of Erasistratus' book of endive, Glaucus Lorenfis of cow-heel, Mithæcus of hot-pots, Dionysius of sugar-sops, Agis of pickled broom-buds, Epinetus of sack-poffet, Euthedemus of apple-dumplings, Hege-sippus of black-pudding, Crito of soufed mackarel, Stephanus of limon-cream, Archytes of hogs harflet, Acestius of quince marmalade, Hicesius of potted pigeons, Diocles of sweet-breads, and Philistion of oat cakes, and several other such authors, the great Humelbergius composed his annotations upon Apicius, whose receipts, when part of Tully, Livy, and Tacitus have been neglected and lost, were preserved in the utmost parts of Transilvania, for the peculiar palate of the ingenious editor. Latinus Latinus finds fault with several dishes of Apicius, and is pleased to say they are nauseous; but our editor defends that great person by shewing the difference of our customs; how Plutarch says the ancients used no pepper, whereas all, or at least five or six hundred of Apicius's delicacies were seasoned with it. For we may as well admire that some West Indians should abstain from salt, as that we should be able to bear the bitterness of hops in our common drink; and therefore we should not be averse to rue, cummin, parsley seed, marshmallows, or nettles with our common meat, or to have pepper, honey, salt, vinegar, raisins, mustard, and oil, rue, mastie, and cardamums strown promiscuously over our dinner when it comes to table. My friend tells me of some short observations he made out of the annotations, which he owes to his memory: and therefore begs pardon, if in some things he may mistake, because

because it is not wilfully, as that Papirius Petus was the great patron of custard: That the Terapharmacon, a dish much admired by the Emperors Adrian and Alexander Severus, was made of pheasant, peacock, a wild sow's hock and udder, with a bread pudding over it, and that the name and reason of so odd a dish are to be sought for amongst the physicians.

The work is divided into ten books, of which the first treats of soups and pickles, and amongst other things shews that sauce-pans were tinned before the time of Pliny: That Gordian used a glass of bitter in a morning: That the ancients scalded their wine; and that burnt claret, as now practised with spice and sugar, is pernicious. That the adulteration of wine was as ancient as Cato. That Brawn was a Roman dish, which Apicius commends as *wonderful*; its sauce then was mustard and honey, before the frequent use of sugar. Nor were foused hogs feet, cheeks and ears unknown to those ages. 'Tis very probable they were not so superstitious as to have so great a delicate only at Christmas. It were worth a dissertation between two learned persons, so it were managed with temper and candour, to know whether the Britons taught it to the Romans, or whether Cæsar introduced it into Britain, and it is strange he should take no notice of it; whereas he has recorded that they did not eat hare's flesh; that the ancients used to *marinate* their fish, by frying them in oil, and the moment they were taken out pouring boiling vinegar upon them. The learned annotator observes, that the best way of keeping the liquor in oysters is by laying the deep shell downwards, and that by this means Apicius conveyed oysters to Tiberius when in Parthia. A noble invention



since made use of at Colchester with most admirable success. What estates might Brawn or Locket have got in those days, when Apicius only for boiling of sprouts after a new fashion, deservedly came into the good graces of Drusus, who then commanded the Roman armies.

The first book having treated of sauces or standing pickles for relish, which are used in most of the succeeding receipts, the second has a glorious subject of sausages, both with skins and without, which contains matters no less remarkable than the former. The antients that were delicate in their eating prepared their own mushrooms, with an amber or at least a silver knife; where the annotator shews elegantly against Hardonius, that the whole knife, and not only the handle, was of amber or silver, lest the rustiness of an ordinary knife might prove infectious. This is a nicety which I hope we may in time arrive to; for the Britons, though not very forward in inventions, yet are outdone by no nation in imitation or improvements.

The third book is of such edibles as are produced in gardens. The Romans used *nitre* to make their herbs look green; the annotator shews our salt-petre at present to differ from the antient *nitre*. Apicius had a way of mincing them first with oil and salt, and so boiling them, which Pliny commends: But the present receipt is to let the water boil well, throw in salt, and a bit of butter, and so not only sprouts but spinage will be green. There is a most extraordinary observation of the editor, to which I cannot but agree, that it is a vulgar error that walnut-trees, like Russian wives, thrive the better for being beaten, and that long poles and stones are used by boys and others to get the fruit  
down,

down, the walnut-tree being so very high they could not otherwise reach it, rather out of kindness to themselves, than any regard to the tree that bears it. As for *asparagus* there is an excellent remark, that according to Pliny they were the great care of the antient gardeners, and that at Ravenna three weighed a pound; but that in England it was thought a rarity when 100 of them weighed thirty: That cucumbers are apt to rise in the stomach, unless pated or boiled with oil, vinegar and honey: That the Egyptians would drink hard without any disturbance, because it was a rule for them to have always boiled cabbage for their first dish at supper: That the best way to roast onions is in colewort leaves, for fear of burning them: That beets are good for smiths, because they working at the fire are generally costive: That Petronius has recorded a little old woman who sold the *agreste olus* of the antients, which honour I take to be as much due those who in our days cry nettle-tops, elder-buds, and clover, in spring time very wholesome.

The fourth book contains the universal Art of Cookery. As Mathæus Sylvaticus composed the pandects of physic, and Justinian those of law, so Apicius has done the pandects of his Art in this book, which bears that inscription. The first chapter contains the admirable receipt of a *salacacaby* of Apicius. Bruise in a mortar parsley-seed, dried peneroyal, dried mint, ginger, green coriander, raisins stoned, honey, vinegar, oil and wine, put them into a *cacabulum*, three crusts of Pycentine bread, the flesh of a pullet, goat's stones, vestine cheese, pine kernels, cucumbers, dried onions minced small; pour a soup over it, garnish it with snow, and send it up in the *cacabulum*.

This *cacabulum* being an unusual vessel, my friend went to his dictionary, where finding an odd interpretation of it, he was easily persuaded, from the whimsicalness of the composition, and the fantasticalness of snow for its garniture, that the properest vessel for a physician to prescribe to send to table upon that occasion might be a bed pan. There are some admirable remarks in the annotations to the second chapter concerning the dialogue of Asellius Sabinus, who introduces a combat between mushrooms, *chats* or *beccoficos*, oysters, and red-wings, a work that ought to be published: For the same annotator observes, that this island is not destitute of red-wings, though coming to us only in the hardest weather, and therefore seldom brought fat to our tables: That the *chats* come to us in April and breed, and about Autumn return to Africa: That experience shews us they may be kept in cages fed with beef or wether mutton, figs, grapes and minced filberds, being dainties not unworthy the care of such as would preserve our British hospitality. There is a curious observation concerning the diversity of Roman and British dishes, the first delighting in hodge-podge, gallimaufreys, forced meats, jussels, and salmagundies; the latter in spear-ribs, surloins, chines, and barons; and thence our terms of art, both as to dressing and carving, become very different; for they lying upon a sort of couch, could not have carved those dishes which our ancestors, when they sat upon forms used to do. But since the use of cushions and elbow chairs, and the editions of good books and authors, it may be hoped in time we may come up to them. For indeed hitherto we have been something to blame, and I believe few of us have seen a dish of capon-stones at  
table

table (lamb-stones it is acknowledged by the learned annotator that we have): for the art of making capons has long been buried in oblivion. Varro, the great Roman antiquary, tells us how to do it by burning of their spurs, which occasioning their sterility, makes them capons in effect, though those parts thereby became more large and tender.

The fifth book is of pease porridge, under which are included frumentary, water-gruel, milk porridge, rice milk, flumery, stir-about, and the like. The Latin, or rather Greek name is *aufprios*, but my friend was pleased to intitle it Pantagruel, a name used by Rablais, an eminent physician. There are some very remarkable things in it; as the emperor Julianus had seldom any thing but spoon-meat at supper. That the herb fenigreek, with pickles, oil and wine, was a Roman dainty; upon which the annotator observes, that it is not used in our kitchens, for a certain ungrateful bitterness that it has, and that it is plainly a physical dyet that will give a stool, and that, mixed with oats, it is the best purge for horses.\* An excellent invention for frugality, that nothing might be lost; for what the Lord did not eat he might send to his stable.

The sixth book treats of wild-fowl, how to dress ostriches, the biggest, grossest and most difficult of digestion of any bird, phenicoptrices, parrots, &c.

The seventh book treats of things *sumptuous* and *costly*, and therefore is chiefly concerning *hog-meat*, in which the Romans came to that excess, that the laws forbade the usage of hogs harslet, sweetbreads, cheeks, &c. at their public suppers. And Cato, when Censor, sought to restrain the extravagant use of Brawn by several of his orati-



ons; so much regard was had then to the Art of Cookery, that we see it took place in the thoughts of the wisest men, and bore a part in their most important councils. But alas! the degeneracy of our present age is such, that I believe few besides the annotator know the excellency of a virgin sow, especially of the black kind brought from China; and how to make the most of her liver, lights, brains, and pettitoes; and to vary her into those fifty dishes which Pliny says were usually made of that delicious creature. Besides, Galen tells us more of its excellencies, *that fellow that eats bacon for two or three days before he is to box or wrestle, shall be much stronger than if he should eat the best roast beef or bag-pudding in the parish.*

The eight book treats of such dainties as four-footed beasts afford us; as, 1<sup>st</sup>, The wild boar, which they used to boil with all its bristles on. 2<sup>dly</sup>, The deer, dressed with broth made with pepper, wine, honey, oil, and stewed damsons, &c. 3<sup>dly</sup>, The wild sheep, of which there are innumerable in the mountains of Yorkshire and Westmorland that will let no body handle them; but if they are caught they are to be sent up with an elegant sauce prescribed after a physical manner, in form of an electuary, made of pepper, rue, parsley-seed, juniper, thyme dried, mint, pennyroyal, honey, &c. with which any apothecary in that country can furnish you. 4<sup>thly</sup>, Beef, with onion sauce, and commended by Celsus, but not much approved by Hippocrates, because the Greeks scarce knew how to make oxen, and powdering tubs were in very few families; for physicians have been very peculiar in their diet in all ages; otherwise Galen would scarce have found out that young foxes were in season in autumn.

5<sup>thly</sup>,

5thly, The *sucking pig*, boiled in paper. 6thly, the *hare*, the chief of the Roman *dainties*, its blood being the sweetest of any animal, its natural fear contributing to that excellency. Though the emperors and nobility had parks to fat them in, yet in the time of Didius Julianus, if any one had sent him one, or a pig, he would make it last him three days, whereas Alexander Severus had one every meal, which must have been a great expence, and is very remarkable. But the most exquisite animal was reserved for the last chapter, and that was the *dormouse*, a harmless creature, whose innocence might at least have defended it both from cooks and physicians. But Apicius found out an odd sort of fate for those poor creatures, some to be boned, and others to be put whole, with odd ingredients, into *hogs guts*, and so boiled for sausages. In antient times people made it their business to fatten them: Aristotle rightly observes that sleep fattened them, and Martial, from thence too, poetically tells us that sleep was their only nourishment: but the annotator has cleared that point; he, good man, has tenderly observed one of them for many years, and finds that it does not sleep all the winter, as falsely reported, but wakes at meals, and after its repast then rolls itself up in a ball to sleep. This dormouse, according to the author, did not drink in three years time; but whether other dormice do so I cannot tell, because Bamboufbergius his treatise of fattening dormice is lost. Though very costly, they became a common dish at great entertainments. Petronius delivers us an odd receipt for dressing them, and serving them up with poppies and honey, which must be a very soporiferous dainty, and as good as owl-pye to such as want a nap after dinner. The  
fondness

fondness of the Romans came to be so excessive towards them, that, as Pliny says, *the Censorian laws, and Marcus Scaurus in his consulship, got them prohibited from the public entertainments.* But Nero, Commodus, and Heliogabalus would not deny the liberty, and indeed property of their subjects, in so reasonable an enjoyment; and therefore we find them long after brought to table in the times of Ammianus Marcellinus, who tells us likewise, that *scales were brought to table in those ages to weigh curious fishes, birds and dormice, to see whether they were at the standard of excellency and perfection, and sometimes, I suppose, to vie with other pretenders to magnificence.* The annotator takes hold of this occasion to shew of how great use *scales* would be at the tables of our nobility, especially upon the bringing up of a dish of wild fowl: for if twelve larks (says he) should weigh below twelve ounces, they would be very lean, and scarce tolerable; if twelve, and down-weight, they would be very well; but if thirteen, they would be fat to perfection. We see upon how nice and exact a balance the happiness of eating depends!

I could scarce forbear smiling, not to say worse, at such exactness and such dainties, and told my friend that those *scales* would be of extraordinary use at Dunstable, and that, if the annotator had not prescribed his dormouse, I should upon the first occasion be glad to visit it, if I knew its visiting days and hours, so as not to disturb it.

My friend said there remained but two books more, one of sea, and the other of river fish, in the account of which he would not be long, seeing his memory began to fail him almost as much as my patience.

'Tis

*'Tis true, in a long work soft slumbers creep,  
And gently sink the artist into sleep;  
Especially when treating of dormice.*

The ninth book is concerning sea-fish, where, amongst other learned annotations, is recorded that famous voyage of Apicius, who having spent many millions, and being retired into Campania, heard that there were lobsters of a vast and unusual bigness in Africa, and thereupon impatiently got on shipboard the same day, and having suffered much at sea, came at last to the coast. But the fame of so great a man's coming had landed before him, and all the fishermen sailed out to meet him, and presented him with their fairest lobsters. He asked if they had no larger; they answered, their sea produced nothing more excellent than what they brought. This honest freedom of theirs, with his disappointment, so disgusted him, that he took pet, and bad the master return home again immediately: and so, it seems, Africa lost the breed of one monster more than it had before. There are many receipts in the book to dress cramp-fish that numb the hands of those that touch them; the cuttle-fish, whose blood is like ink; the pourcontrol or many-feet; the sea urchin or hedge-hog; with several others, whose sauces are agreeable to their natures. But, to the comfort of us moderns, the antients often eat their oysters alive, and spread hard eggs minced over their sprats, as we do now over our salt-fish. There is one thing very curious concerning herrings: It seems the antients were very fantastical in making one thing pass for another; so, at Petronius's supper the cook sent up a fat goose, fish, and wild-fowl of all sorts to appearance, but still all were made out of the  
several



several parts of one single porker. The great Nicomedes, king of Bythiua, had a very delightful deception of this nature put upon him by his cook; the king was extremely affected with fresh herrings (as indeed who is not); but being far up in Asia from the sea coast, his whole wealth could not have purchased one, but his cook contrived some sort of meat, which put into a frame, so resembled a herring that it was extremely satisfactory both to his prince's eyes and gusto. My friend told me that, to the honour of the city of London, he had seen a thing of this nature there, that is, a herring, or rather a *salmagundy*, with the head and tail so neatly laid that it surprised him. He says many of the *species* may be found at the Sugar Loaf in Bell-yard, as giving an excellent relish to Burton-ale, and not costing above six pence; an inconsiderable price for so imperial a dainty.

The tenth book, as my friend tells me, is concerning *fish sauces*, which consist of a variety of ingredients, amongst which is generally a kind of frumenty. But it is not to be forgot by any person who would boil fish exactly, that they threw them alive into the water, which at present is said to be a Dutch receipt, but was derived from the Romans. It seems Seneca the philosopher (a man from whose morose temper little good in the Art of Cookery could be expected), in his third book of natural questions, correcting the luxury of the times, says, the Romans were come to that daintiness, that they would not eat a fish unless upon the same day it was taken, that it might taste of the sea, as they expressed it; and therefore had them brought by persons who rode post, and made a great outcry, whereupon all other people were obliged to give them the road.

It

It was an usual expression for a Roman to say, *in other matters I may confide in you, but in a thing of this weight it is not consistent with my gravity and prudence; I will trust nothing but my own eyes; bring the fish hither, let me see him breathe his last.* And when the poor fish was brought to table swimming and gasping, he would cry out, *nothing is more beautiful than a dying mullet!* My friend says, the annotator looks upon these as jests made by the stoicks, and spoken absurdly and beyond nature; though the annotator at the same time tells us, that it was a law at Athens, that the fishermen should not wash their fish, but bring them as they came out of the sea. Happy were the Athenians in good laws, and the Romans in great examples; but I believe our Britons need with their friends no longer life than till they see London served with live herring and gasping mackarel. It is true we are not quite so barbarous, but that we throw our crabs alive into scalding water, and tie our lobsters to the spit to hear them squeek when they are roasted; our eels use the same peristaltic motion upon the gridiron, when their skin is off and their guts are out, as they did before; and our gudgeons taking opportunity of jumping after they are floured, give occasion to the admirable remark of some person's folly, when, to avoid the danger of the frying-pan, they leap into the fire. My friend said, that the mention of eels put him in mind of the concluding remark of the annotator, that they who amongst the Sybarites would fish for eels, or sell them, should be free from all taxes. I was glad to hear of the word *conclude*, and told him nothing could be more acceptable to me than the mention of the Sybarites, of whom I shortly intended a history, shewing how they deservedly

banished cocks for waking them in a morning, and smiths for being useful; how one cried out because one of the rose leaves he lay on was rumpled; how they taught their horses to dance, and so their enemies coming against them with guitars and harpsicords, set them so upon their roundeaus and minuets, that the form of their battle was broken, and three hundred thousand of them slain, as Goldman, Littleton, and several other good authors affirm. I told my friend I had much overstaid my hour, but if at any time he would find Dick Humelbergius, Caspar Barthius, and another friend, with himself, I would invite him to dinner, on a few, but choice dishes, to cover the table at once, which, except they would think of any thing better, should be a *salacacaby*, a dish of fenigreek, a wild sheep's-head and appurtenances, with a suitable electuary, a ragout of capon's stones, and some dormouse sausages.

If, as friends do with one another at a venison-pasty, you should send for a plate, you know you may command it, for what is mine is yours, as being entirely yours, &c.

# THE ART OF COOKERY,

IN IMITATION OF

H O R A C E's

## ART OF POETRY.

To Dr LISTER.

**I**NGENIOUS LISTER, were a picture drawn  
With Cynthia's face, but with a neck like  
brawn;

With wings of turkey, and with feet of calf,  
Tho' drawn by Kneller, it would make you laugh.  
Such is, good sir! the figure of a feast,  
By some rich farmer's wife and sister dress'd,  
Which, were it not for plenty and for steam,  
Might be resembl'd to a sick man's dream,  
Where all ideas huddling run so fast,  
That syllabubs come first, and soups the last.  
Not but that cooks and poets still were free,  
To use their pow'r in nice variety;

Q

Hence



Hence mackrel seem delightful to the eyes,  
 Tho' dress'd with incoherent gooseberries.  
 Crabs, salmon, lobsters are with fennel spread,  
 Who never touch'd that herb till they were dead;  
 Yet no man lards salt pork with orange peel,  
 Or garnishes his lamb with spitchcock't eel.

A cook perhaps has mighty things profess,  
 Then sent up but two dishes nicely dress,  
 What signify scotch-collops to a feast?  
 Or you can make whip'd cream! pray what relief  
 Will that be to a sailor who wants beef?  
 Who, lately ship-wreckt, never can have ease,  
 Till re-establish'd in his pork and pease.  
 When once begun let industry ne'er cease  
 Till it has render'd all things of one piece:  
 At your desert bright pewter comes too late,  
 When your first course was all serv'd up in plate.

Most knowing sir! the greatest part of cooks  
 Searching for truth, are couzen'd by its looks.  
 One wou'd have all things little, hence has try'd  
 Turkey poults fresh from th' egg in batter fry'd:  
 Others, to shew the largeness of their soul,  
 Prepare you muttons swol'd, and oxen whole.  
 To vary the same things some think is art,  
 By larding of hogs-feet and bacon tart.

The taste is now to that perfection brought,  
That care, when wanting skill, creates the fault.

In Covent Garden did a taylor dwell,  
Who might deserve a place in his own hell :  
Give him a single coat to make, he'd do't ;  
A vest, or breeches singly ; but the brute  
Cou'd ne'er contrive all three to make a suit ;  
Rather than frame a supper like such cloaths,  
I'd have fine eyes and teeth without my nose.

You that from plian. paste wou'd fabricks raise,  
Expecting thence to gain immortal praise,  
Your knuckles try, and let your sinews know  
Their power to knead, and give the form to dough ;  
Chuse your materials right, your seas'ning fix,  
And with your fruit resplendent sugar mix :  
From thence of course the figure will arise,  
And elegance adorn the surface of your pyes.

Beauty from order springs ; the judging eye  
Will tell you if one single plate's awry.  
The cook must still regard the present time,  
T'omit what's just in season is a crime.  
Your infant pease to sparrow-grass prefer,  
Which to the supper you may best defer.

Be cautious how you change old bills of fare,  
Such alterations shou'd at least be rare ;

Yet credit to the artist will accrue,  
Who in known things still makes th' appearance  
new.

Fresh dainties are by Britain's traffick known,  
And now by constant use familiar grown ;  
What lord of old wou'd bid his cook prepare  
Mangoes, potargo, champignons, cavare ?  
Or wou'd our thrum-cap'd ancestors find fault  
For want of sugar-tongs, or spoons for salt ?  
New things produce new words, and thus Monteith  
Has by one vessel sav'd his name from death.  
The seasons change us all ; by Autumn's frost  
The shady leaves of trees and fruit are lost :  
But then the spring breaks forth with fresh supplies,  
And from the teeming earth new buds arise.  
So stubble-geese at Michaelmas are seen  
Upon the spit ; next May produces green.  
The fate of things lies always in the dark ;  
What cavalier wou'd know St James's Park ?  
For Locket's stands where gardens once did spring,  
And wild-ducks quack where grasshoppers did sing.  
A princely palace on that space does rise,  
Where Sedley's noble muse found mulberries.  
Since places alter thus, what constant thought  
Of making various dishes can be taught ?  
For he pretends too much, or is a fool,  
Who'd fix those things where fashion is the rule.

King

King Hardicute, midst Danes and Saxons stout,  
Carous'd in nut-brown ale, and din'd on *groat* :  
Which dish its pristine honour still retains,  
And when each prince is crown'd, in splendor reigns.

By northern custom, duty was exprest  
To friends departed by their fun'ral feast.  
Tho' I've consulted Hollingshed and Stow,  
I find it very difficult to know  
Who, to refresh th' attendants to a grave,  
Burnt-claret first, or Naples bisket gave.

Trotter from quince and apples first did frame  
A pye which still retains his proper name ;  
Tho' common grown, yet with white sugar strow'd,  
And butter'd right, its goodness is allow'd.

As wealth flow'd in, and plenty sprang from  
peace,  
Good humour reign'd, and pleasures found increase.  
'Twas usual then the banquet to prolong,  
By musick's charm, and some delightful song :  
Where ev'ry youth in pleasing accents strove,  
To tell the stratagems and cares of love.  
How some successful were, how others crost :  
Then to the sparkling glass wou'd give his toast,  
Whose bloom did most in his opinion shine,  
To relish both the music and the wine.



Why am I stil'd a cook, if I'm so loath  
 To marinate my fish, or season broth ;  
 Or send up what I rost with pleasing froth :  
 If I my master's gusto won't discern,  
 But thro' my bashful folly scorn to learn ?

When, among friends, good humour takes its  
 birth,

'Tis not a tedious feast prolongs the mirth ;  
 But 'tis not reason therefore you shou'd spare,  
 When as their future burghers you prepare,  
 For a fat corporation and their mayor.

All things shou'd find their room in proper place,  
 And what adorns this treat wou'd that disgrace.

Sometimes the vulgar will of mirth partake,  
 And have excessive doings at their wake :

Ev'n taylors at their yearly feasts look great,  
 And all their cucumbers are turn'd to meat.

A prince who in a forest rides astray,

And weary to some cottage finds the way,  
 Talks of no pyramids of fowl or fish,

But hungry sups his cream serv'd up in earthen dish :  
 Quenches his thirst with ale in nut-brown bowls,

And takes the hasty rasher from the coals ;

Pleas'd as king Henry with the miller free,

Who thought himself as good a man as he.

Unless some sweetness at the bottom lye,  
 Who cares for all the crinkling of the pye ?

If

If you wou'd have me merry with your cheer,  
Be so your self, or so at least appear.

The things we eat by various juice controul  
The narrowness or largeness of our soul.

Onions will make ev'n heirs or widows weep,  
The tender lattice brings on softer sleep.

Eat beef or pye-crust if you'd serious be ;  
Your shell-fish raises Venus from the sea :

For nature that inclines to ill or good,  
Still nourishes our passions by our food.

Happy the man that has each fortune try'd,  
To whom she much has giv'n, and much deny'd :

With abstinence all delicates he sees,  
And can regale himself with toast and cheese.

Your betters will despise you, if they see  
Things that are far surpassing your degree ;

Therefore beyond your substance never treat,  
'Tis plenty in small fortune to be neat.

'Tis certain that a steward can't afford  
An entertainment equal with his lord.

Old age is frugal, gay youth will abound  
With heat, and see the flowing cup go round.

A widow has cold pye, nurse gives you cake,  
From gen'rous merchants ham or surgeon take.

The

The farmer has brown bread as fresh as day,  
 And butter fragrant as the dew of May.  
 Cornwall squab-pye, and Devon white pot brings,  
 And Lei'ster beans and bacon, food of kings!

At Christmas-time be careful of your fame,  
 See the old tenant's table be the same;  
 Then if you wou'd send up the brawner's head,  
 Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread:  
 His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,  
 Or midst those thund'ring spears an orange place;  
 Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,  
 The roguish mustard dang'rous to the nose.  
 Sack and the well-spiced Hippocras, the wine,  
 Wassail the bowl with antient ribbands fine,  
 Porridge with plumbs, and turkies with the chine.

If you perhaps wou'd try some dish unknow'n,  
 Which more peculiarly you'd make your own,  
 Like antient sailors still regard the coast,  
 By vent'ring out too far you may be lost.  
 By roasting that which our forefathers boil'd,  
 And boiling what they roasted much is spoil'd.  
 That cook to British palates is complete,  
 Whose sav'ry hand gives turns to common meat.

Tho' cooks are often men of pregnant wit,  
 Through niceness of their subject, few have writ;

In

In what an awkward sound that antient ballad ran,  
Which with this blust'ring paragraph began?

*There was a prince of Lubberland,  
A potentate of high command;  
Ten thousand bakers did attend him,  
Ten thousand brewers did befriend him;  
These brought him kissing crusts, and those  
Brought him small beer before he rose.*

The author raises mountains seeming full,  
But all the cry produces little wool:  
So, if you sue a beggar for a house,  
And have a verdict, what d'ye gain? a louse!  
Homer more modest, if we search his books,  
Will shew us that his heroes all were cooks:  
How lov'd Patroclus with Achilles joins,  
To quarter out the ox, and spit the loins.  
Oh did that poet live! cou'd he rehearse  
Thy journey, Lister, in immortal verse!

*Muse, sing the man that did to Paris go,  
That he might taste their soups, and mushrooms know.*

Oh how would Homer praise their dancing dogs,  
Their stinking cheese, and fricacy of frogs!  
He'd raise no fables, sing no flagrant lye,  
Of boys with custard choak'd at Newberry;

But



But their whole courses you'd entirely see,  
How all their parts from first to last agree.

If you all sorts of persons wou'd engage,  
Suit well your eatables to ev'ry age.

The fav'rite child that just begins to prattle,  
And throws away his silver bells and rattle,  
Is very humorfome, and makes great clutter,  
Till he has windows on his bread and butter:  
He for repeated supper-meat will cry,  
But won't tell mamy what he'd have, or why.

The smooth fac'd youth that has new guardians  
chose,  
From play-house steps to supper at the Rose,  
Where he a main or two at random throws:  
Squan'dring of wealth, impatient of advice,  
His eating must be little, costly, nice.

Maturer age, to this delight grown strange,  
Each night frequents his club behind the Change,  
Expecting there frugality and health,  
And honour rising from a sheriff's wealth:  
Unless he some insurance dinner lacks,  
'Tis very rarely he frequents Pontacks.

But

But then old age, by still intruding years,  
 Torments the feeble heart with anxious fears :  
 Morose, perverse in humour, diffident,  
 The more he still abounds, the less content ;  
 His larder and his kitchen too observes,  
 And now, lest he shou'd want hereafter, starves ;  
 Thinks scorn of all the present age can give,  
 And none these threescore years knew how to live.  
 But now the cook must pass thro' all degrees,  
 And by his art discordant tempers please,  
 And minister to health, and to disease.

Far from the parlour have your kitchen plac'd,  
 Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd.  
 In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,  
 And from your eels their slimy substance wipe.  
 Let cruel offices be done by night,  
 For they who like the thing abhor the sight.

Next let discretion moderate your cost,  
 And when you treat, three courses be the most.  
 Let never fresh machines your pastry try,  
 Unless grandees or magistrates are by,  
 Then you may put a dwarf into a pye.  
 Or if you'd fright an alderman and mayor,  
 Within a pasty lodge a living hare ;  
 Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,  
 And all the guild pursue with joyful cries.

Croud

Croud not your table ; let your number be  
Not more than sev'n, and never less than three.

'Tis the desert that graces all the feast,  
For an ill end disparages the rest :  
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,  
Defaces obligation by that blot.  
Make your transparent sweet-meats truly nice,  
With Indian sugar and Arabian spice :  
And let your various creams incircled be  
With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.  
Let plates and dishes be from China brought,  
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought.  
The feast now done discourses are renew'd,  
And witty arguments with mirth pursu'd :  
The chearful master midst his jovial friends,  
His glass to their best wishes recommends.  
The grace-cup follows to his sovereign's health,  
And to his country plenty, peace and wealth.  
Performing then the piety of grace,  
Each man that pleases reassumes his place :  
While at his gate from such abundant store,  
He shew'rs his god-like blessings on the poor.

In days of old our fathers went to war,  
Expecting sturdy blows, and hardy fare :  
Their beef they often in their murrains stew'd,  
And in their basket-hilts their bev'rage brew'd.

Some

Some officer perhaps might give consent,  
To a large cover'd pipkin in his tent,  
Where ev'ry thing that ev'ry soldier got,  
Fowl, bacon, cabbage, mutton, and what not,  
Was all thrown into bank, and went to pot.

But when our conquests were extensive grown,  
And thro' the world our British worth was known,  
Wealth on commanders then flow'd in apace,  
Their champaign sparkl'd equal with their lace:  
Quails, beccofico's, ortolans were sent  
To grace the levee of a gen'ral's tent.  
In their gilt plate all delicacies were seen,  
And what was earth before became a rich Turrene.

When the young players get to Islington,  
They fondly think that all the world's their own:  
Prentices, parish-clerks, and hectors meet,  
He that is drunk, or bullied, pays the treat.  
Their talk is loose, and, o'er their bouncing ale,  
At constables and justices they rail.  
Not thinking Custard such a serious thing,  
That common council-men 'twill thither bring,  
Where many a man at variance with his wife,  
With soft'ning mead and cheese-cake ends the strife.  
Ev'n squires come there, and with their mean dis-  
course,  
Render the kitchen which they sit in worse.



Midwives demure, and chamber-maids most gay,  
 Foremen that pick the box and come to play,  
 Here find their entertainment at the height,  
 In cream and codlings rev'ling with delight.  
 What these approve the great men will dislike :  
 But here's the art, if you the palate strike,  
 By management of common things so well,  
 That what was thought the meanest shall excel ;  
 While others strive in vain, all persons own  
 Such dishes cou'd be dress'd by you alone.

When straiten'd in your time, and servants few,  
 You'll rightly then compose an *ambigue* ;  
 Where first and second course, and your desert,  
 All on our single table have their part ;  
 From such a vast confusion 'tis delight,  
 To find the jarring elements unite,  
 And raise a structure grateful to the sight.

Be not too far by old example led,  
 With caution now we in their footsteps tread :  
 The French our relish help, and well supply  
 The want of things too gross, by decency.  
 Our fathers most admir'd their sauces sweet,  
 And often ask'd for sugar with their meat ;  
 They butter'd currants on fat veal bestow'd,  
 And rumps of beef with virgin honey strew'd.

Insipid taste, to them who Paris know,  
Where rocombole, shallot, and the rank garlic  
grow.

Tom Bold did first begin the strolling-mart,  
And drove about his turnips in a cart:  
Sometimes his wife the citizens wou'd please,  
And from the same machine fell pecks of pease.  
Then pippins did in wheel-barrows abound,  
And oranges in whimsy-boards went round.  
Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,  
And therefore plac'd her cherries on a stall;  
Her currants there and gooseberries were spread,  
With the enticing gold of ginger-bread:  
But flounders, sprats, and cucumbers were cry'd,  
And ev'ry sound, and ev'ry voice was try'd.  
At last the law this hideous din suppress'd,  
And order'd that the Sunday should have rest,  
And that no nymph her noisy food should sell,  
Except it were new milk or mackarel.

There is no dish but what our cooks have made,  
And merited a charter by their trade.  
Not French kickshaws, or oglio's brought from  
Spain,  
Alone have found improvement from their brain;  
But pudding, brawn, and white-pots own'd to be  
Th' effects of native ingenuity.



For when the market sends in loads of food,  
 They all are tasteless till that makes them good.  
 Besides, 'tis no ignoble piece of care,  
 To know for whom it is you wou'd prepare :  
 You'd please a friend, or reconcile a brother,  
 A testy father, or a haughty mother :  
 Wou'd mollify a judge, wou'd cram a squire,  
 Or else some smiles from court you may desire :  
 Or wou'd perhaps some hasty supper give,  
 To shew the splendid state in which you live,  
 Pursuant to that int'rest you propose,  
 Must all your wines, and all your meat be chose.  
 Let men and manners ev'ry dish adapt,  
 Who'd force his pepper where his guests are clapt ?  
 A cauldron of fat beef, and stoup of ale,  
 On the huzzaing mob shall more prevail,  
 Than if you'd give them, with the nicest art,  
 Ragoos of peacocks brains, or filbert tart.

The French by soups and haut-goos glory raise,  
 And their desires all terminate in praise.  
 The thrifty maxim of the wary Dutch,  
 Is to save all the money they can touch :  
*Hans ! crys the father, see a pin lies there,*  
*A pin a-day will fetch a groat a-year.*  
*To your five farthings join three farthings more,*  
*And they, if added, make your halfpence four.*



Thus may your stock by management increase,  
 Your wars shall gain you more than Britain's peace,  
 Where love of wealth and rusty coin prevail,  
 What hopes of sugar'd cakes or butter'd ale?

Cooks garnish out some tables, some they fill,  
 Or in a prudent mixture shew their skill:  
 Clog not your constant meals; for dishes few  
 Increase the appetite, when choice and new.  
 Ev'n they who will extravagance profess,  
 Have still an inward hatred for excess:  
 Meat forc'd too much untouch'd at table lies,  
 Few care for carving trifles in disguise,  
 Or that fantastic dish some call *surprise*.  
 When pleasures both the eye and palate meet,  
 That cook has render'd his great work complete:  
 His glory far, like sirloins, knighthood flies,  
 Immortal made as *Kit-cat* by his pies.

Good nature must some failings overlook,  
 Not wilfulness, but errors of the cook.  
 A string won't always give the sound design'd  
 By the musician's touch, and heav'nly mind:  
 Nor will an arrow from the Parthian bow  
 Still to the destin'd point directly go.  
 Perhaps no salt is thrown about the dish,  
 Or no fry'd parsley scatter'd on the fish;

Shall

Shall I in passion from my dinner fly,  
And hopes of pardon to my cook deny,  
For things which carelessness might oversee,  
And all mankind commit as well as he?  
I with compassion once may overlook  
A skewer sent to table by my cook:  
But think not therefore tamely I'll permit  
That he shou'd daily the same fault commit,  
For fear the rascal send me up the spit.

Poor Roger Fowler had a gen'rous mind,  
Nor would submit to have his hand confin'd,  
But aim'd at all; yet never cou'd excel  
In any thing but stuffing of his veal:  
But when that dish was in perfection seen,  
And that alone, wou'd it not move your spleen?  
'Tis true, in a long work soft slumbers creep,  
And gently sink the artist into sleep.  
Even Lamb himself, at the most solemn feast,  
Might have some chargers not exactly drest.

Tables shou'd be like pictures to the sight,  
Some dishes cast in shade, some spread in light,  
Some at a distance brighten, some near hand,  
Where ease may all their delicace command:  
Some shou'd be mov'd when broken, others last  
Thro' the whole treat, incentive to the taste.

Locket, by many labours feeble grown,  
 Up from the kitchen call'd his eldest son :  
 " Tho' wife thyself (says he), tho' taught by me,  
 ' Yet fix this sentence in thy memory ;  
 ' There are some certain things that don't excel,  
 ' And yet we say are tolerably well :  
 ' There's many worthy men a lawyer prize,  
 ' Whom they distinguish as of middle size,  
 ' For pleading well at bar, or turning books ;  
 ' But this is not, my son ! the fate of cooks,  
 ' From whose mysterious art true pleasure springs,  
 ' To *fall of garter*, and to *throne of kings* :  
 ' A simple scene, a disobliging song,  
 ' Which no way to the main design belong,  
 ' Or were they absent never wou'd be mis'd,  
 ' Have made a well-wrought comedy be his'd :  
 ' So in a feast, no intermediate fault  
 ' Will be allow'd, but if not best 'tis naught.

He that of feeble nerves and joints complains  
 From nine-pins, coits, and from trap-ball abstains ;  
 Cudgels avoids, and shuns the wrestling place,  
 Lest *Vinegar* resounds his loud disgrace :  
 But ev'ry one to cookery pretends,  
 Nor maid, nor mistress, e'er consult their friends.  
 But, sir, if you wou'd roast a pig, be free :  
 Why not with Brawn, with Locket, or with me ?

We'll

We'll see when 'tis enough, when both eyes out,  
 Or if it wants the nice concluding bout.  
 But if it lies too long, the crackling's pall'd,  
 Not by the drudging-box to be recall'd.

Our Cambrian fathers, sparing in their food,  
 First broil'd their hunted goats on bars of wood.  
 Sharp hunger was their seas'ning, or they took  
 Such salt as issu'd from the native rock.  
 Their sallading was never far to seek,  
 The poignant water-grass or sav'ry leek;  
 Until the British bards adorn'd this isle,  
 And taught them how to roast, and how to boil:  
 Then Thaliessen rose, and sweetly strung  
 His British harp, instructing whilst he sung:  
 Taught them that honesty they still possess,  
 Their truth, their open heart, their modest dress,  
 Duty to kindred, constancy to friends,  
 And inward worth, which always recommends.  
 Contempt of wealth and pleasure, to appear  
 To all mankind with hospitable cheer.  
 In after ages Arthur taught his knights  
 At his round table to record their fights;  
 Cities eras'd, encampments forc'd in field,  
 Monsters subdu'd, and hideous tyrants quell'd,  
 Inspir'd that Cambrian soul which ne'er can yield;  
 Then Guy, the pride of Warwick, truly great,  
 To future heroes due example set;

By



By his capacious cauldron made appear,  
 From whence the spirits rise, and strength of war.  
 The present age, to gallantry inclin'd,  
 Is pleas'd with vast improvements of the mind.  
 He that of honour, wit and mirth partakes,  
 May be a fit companion o'er beef-stakes;  
 His name may be to future times enroll'd  
 In Estcourt's book, whose gridir'n's fram'd of gold.  
 Scorn not these lines, design'd to let you know  
 Profits that from a well-plac'd table flow.

'Tis a sage question, if the art of cooks  
 Is lodg'd by nature, or attain'd by books:  
 That man will never frame a noble treat  
 Whose whole dependence lies on some receipt.  
 Then by pure nature ev'ry thing is spoil'd,  
 She knows no more than stew'd, bak'd, roast and  
     boil'd.  
 When art and nature join, th' effect will be  
 Some nice ragoo, or charming fricafy.

The lad that wou'd his genius so advance,  
 That on the rope he might securely dance,  
 From tender years inures himself to pains,  
 To Summer's parching heat, and winter rains,  
 And from the fire of wine and love abstains.  
 No artist can his hautboy's stops command,  
 Unless some skilful master form his hand;

But

But gent'ry take their cooks, tho' never try'd,  
It seems no more to them than up and ride.  
Preferments granted thus shew him a fool  
That dreads a parent's check, or rod at school.

Ox-check when hot, and wardens bak'd, some cry,  
But 'tis with an intention men shou'd buy.  
Others abound with such a plenteous store,  
That if you'll let them treat they'll ask no more :  
And 'tis the vast ambition of their soul,  
To see their port admir'd, and table full.  
But then amidst that cringing fawning croud,  
Who talk so very much, and laugh so loud,  
Who with such grace his honour's actions praise,  
How well he fences, dances, sings and plays ;  
Tell him his liv'ry's rich, his chariot's fine,  
How choice his meat, and delicate his wine ;  
Surrounded thus, how shou'd the youth descry  
The happiness of friendship from a lye ?  
Friends act with cautious temper when sincere,  
But flatt'ring impudence is void of care :  
So at an Irish funeral appears  
A train of drabs with mercenary tears ;  
Who wringing of their hands with hideous moan,  
Know not his name for whom they seem to groan,  
While real grief with silent steps proceeds,  
And love unfeign'd with inward passion bleeds.

Hard fate of wealth! were lords, as butchers wife,  
 They from their meat wou'd banish all the flies.  
 The Persian kings with wine and massy bowl  
 Search'd to the dark recesses of the soul :  
 That so laid open no one might pretend,  
 Unless a man of worth, to be their friend.  
 But now the guests their patrons undermine,  
 And slander them for giving them their wine.  
 Great men have dearly thus companions bought,  
 Unless by these instructions they'll be taught,  
 They spread the net, and will themselves be caught.

Were Horace, that great master, now alive,  
 A feast with wit and judgment he'd contrive.  
 As thus — Supposing that you wou'd rehearse  
 A labour'd work, and every dish a verse :  
 He'd say, mend this, and t'other line, and this ;  
 If after tryal it were still amiss,  
 He'd bid you give it a new turn of face,  
 Or set some dish more curious in its place.  
 If you persist he wou'd not strive to move  
 A passion so delightful as self-love.

We shou'd submit our treats to critics view,  
 And ev'ry prudent cook shou'd read Bossu.  
 Judgment provides the meat in season fit,  
 Which by the genius drest, its sauce is wit.

Good beef for men, pudding for youth and age,  
Come up to the decorum of the stage.  
The critic strikes out all that is not just,  
And 'tis ev'n so the butler chips his crust.  
Poets and pastry cooks will be the same,  
Since both of them their images must frame.  
Chimeras from the poet's fancy flow,  
The cook contrives his shapes in real dough.

When truth commands there's no man can offend,  
That with a modest love corrects his friend :  
Tho' 'tis in toasting bread, or butt'ring pease ;  
So the reproof has temper, kindness, ease.  
But why shou'd we reprove when faults are small ?  
Because 'tis better to have none at all.  
There's often weight in things that seem the least,  
And our most trifling follies raise the jest.

'Tis by his cleanliness a cook must please,  
A kitchen will admit of no disease.  
The fowler and the huntsman both may run,  
Amidst that dirt which he must nicely shun.  
Empedocles, a sage of old, would raise  
A name immortal by unusual ways ;  
At last his fancies grew so very odd,  
He thought by roasting to be made a god.  
Though fat he leapt with his unwieldy stuff  
In Ætna's flames, so to have fire enough.



Were my cook fat, and I a stander by,  
I'd rather than himself his fish shou'd fry.

There are some persons so excessive rude,  
That on your private table they'll intrude.  
In vain you fly, in vain pretend to fast,  
Turn like a fox they'll catch you at the last.  
You must, since bars and doors are no defence,  
Ev'n quit your house as in a pestilence.  
Be quick, nay very quick, or he'll approach,  
And as you're scamp'ring stop you in your coach.  
Then think of all your sins, and you will see  
How right your guilt and punishment agree :  
Perhaps no tender pity cou'd prevail,  
But you would throw some debtor into jail.  
Now mark th' effect of his prevailing curse,  
You are detain'd by something that is worse.  
Were it in my election I shou'd choose,  
To meet a rav'nous wolf or bear got loose :  
He'll eat and talk, and talking still will eat,  
No quarter from the parasite you'll get ;  
But like a leech well fix'd he'll suck what's good,  
And never part till satisfy'd with blood.

**9 JA 56**

**F I N I S.**

[ 207 ].

T H E

# ART OF DANCING.

A P O E M.

Inscribed to the Right Honourable  
Lady FANNY FIELDING.

Written by S. J. Esq;

*Incessu patuit Dea.* VIRG.

## C A N T O I.

**I**N the smooth dance to move with graceful mien,  
Easy with care, and sprightly tho' serene;  
To mark th' instructions echoing strains convey,  
And with just steps each tuneful note obey,  
I teach ; be present, all ye sacred Choir,  
Blow the soft flute, and strike the sounding lyre ;  
When FIELDING bids, your kind assistance bring,  
And at her feet the lowly tribute fling ;  
Oh may her eyes (to her this verse is due),  
What first themselves inspir'd, vouchsafe to view !

Hail loftiest art ! thou can'st all hearts insnare,  
And make the fairest still appear more fair.  
Beauty can little execution do,  
Unless she borrows half her arms from you !  
Few, like Pygmalion, doat on lifeless charms,  
Or care to clasp a statue in their arms ;  
But breasts of flint must melt with fierce desire,  
When art and motion wake the sleeping fire :  
A Venus, drawn by great Apelles' hand,  
May for a while our wond'ring eyes command,  
But still, tho' form'd with all the pow'rs of art,  
The lifeless piece can never warm the heart ;  
So a fair nymph, perhaps, may please the eye,  
Whilst all her beauteous limbs unactive lie ;  
But when her charms are in the dance display'd,  
Then ev'ry heart adores the lovely maid :  
This sets her beauty in the fairest light,  
And shews each grace in full perfection bright ;  
Then, as she turns around, from every part,  
Like porcupines, she sends a piercing dart ;  
In vain, alas ! the fond spectator tries  
To shun the pleasing dangers of her eyes ;  
For, Parthian-like, she wounds as sure behind,  
With flowing curls, and ivory neck reclin'd :  
Whether her steps the Minuet's mazes trace,  
Or the slow Louvre's more majestic pace ;  
Whether the Rigadoon employs her care,  
Or sprightly Jigg displays the nimble fair,

At

At every step new beauties we explore,  
And worship now what we admir'd before :

So when *Æneas*, in the Tyrian grove,  
Fair *Venus* met, the charming queen of Love,  
The beauteous goddess, whilst unmov'd she stood,  
Seen'd some fair nymph, the guardian of the wood ;  
But when she mov'd, at once her heav'nly mien  
And graceful step confess'd bright Beauty's queen,  
New glories o'er her form each moment rise,  
And all the goddess opens to his eyes.

Now haste, my Muse, pursue thy destin'd way,  
What dresses best become the dancer, say ;  
The rules of dress forget not to impart,  
A lesson previous to the dancing art.

The soldier's scarlet glowing from afar,  
Shews that his bloody occupation's war ;  
Whilst the lawn band, beneath a double chin,  
As plainly speaks divinity within ;  
The milk-maid safe thro' driving rains and snows,  
Wrap'd in her cloak, and prop'd on pattens goes ;  
Whilst the soft belle, immur'd in velvet chair,  
Needs but the sliken shoe, and trusts her bosom bare :  
The woolly drab, and English broad-cloth warm,  
Guard well the horseman from the beating storm,  
But load the dancer with too great a weight,  
And call from ev'ry pore the dewy sweat ;



Rather let him his active limbs display  
 In camblet thin, or glossy paduasoy :  
 Let no unwieldy pride his shoulders press,  
 But airy, light, and easy be his dress ;  
 Thin be his yielding soaf, and low his heel,  
 So shall he nimbly bound, and safely wheel.

But let not precepts known my verse prolong,  
 Precepts which use will better teach than song ;  
 For why should I the gallant spark command,  
 With clean white gloves to fit his ready hand ?  
 Or in his fobb enliv'ning spirits wear,  
 And pungent salts to raise the fainting fair ?  
 Or hint, the sword that dangles at his side,  
 Should from its silken bandage be unt'y'd ?  
 Why should my lays the youthful tribe advise,  
 Least snowy clouds from out their wigs arise ;  
 So shall their partners mourn their laces spoil'd,  
 And shining silks with greasy powder soil'd ?  
 Nor need I, sure, bid prudent youths beware,  
 Lest with erected tongues their buckles stare ;  
 The pointed steel shall oft' their stocking rend,  
 And oft' th' approaching petticoat offend.

And now, ye youthful fair ! I sing to you,  
 With pleasing smiles my useful labours view :  
 For you the silkworms fine-wrought webs display,  
 And lab'ring spin their little lives away ;

For you bright gems with radiant colours glow,  
Fair as the dies that paint the heav'nly bow ;  
For you the sea resigns its pearly store,  
And earth unlocks her mines of treasur'd ore ;  
In vain yet Nature thus her gifts bestows,  
Unless yourselves with art those gifts dispose.

Yet think not, nymphs, that in the glitt'ring ball,  
One form of dress prescrib'd can suit with all ;  
One brightest shines when wealth and art combine  
To make the finish'd piece compleatly fine ;  
When least adorn'd, another steals our hearts,  
And, rich in native beauties, wants not arts :  
In some are such resistless graces found,  
That in all dresses they are sure to wound ;  
Their perfect forms all foreign aids despise,  
And gems but borrow lustre from their eyes.

Let the fair nymph, in whose plump cheeks is seen  
A constant blush, be clad in cheerful green ;  
In such a dress the sportive sea-nymphs go ;  
So in their grassy bed fresh roses blow :  
The lass whose skin is like the hazel brown,  
With brighter yellow should o'er-come her own :  
While maids grown pale with sickness or despair,  
The sable's mournful dye should choose to wear ;

So the pale moon still shines with purest light,  
Cloath'd in the dusky mantle of the night.

But

But far from you be all those treach'rous arts,  
 That wound with painted charms unwary hearts:  
 Dancing's a touchstone that true beauty tries,  
 Nor suffers charms that Nature's hand denies:  
 Tho' for a while we may with wonder view  
 The rosy blush, and skin of lovely hue,  
 Yet soon the dance will cause the cheeks to glow,  
 And melt the waxen lips, and neck of snow:

So shine the fields in icy fetters bound,  
 Whilst frozen gems bespangle all the ground;  
 Thro' the clear crystal of the glitt'ring snow,  
 With scarlet dye the blushing hawthorns glow;  
 O'er all the plains unnumber'd glories rise,  
 And a new bright creation charms our eyes:  
 Till Zephyr breathes, then all at once decay  
 The splendid scenes, their glories fade away;  
 The fields resign the beauties not their own,  
 And all their snowy charms run trickling down.

Dare I in such momentous points advise,  
 I should condemn the hoop's enormous size;  
 Of ills I speak by long experience found,  
 Oft' have I trod th' immeasurable round,  
 And mourn'd my shins bruis'd black with many  
                   a wound.

Nor shou'd the tighten'd stays, too straightly lac'd,  
 In whale-bone bondage gall the slender waist;

Nor

Nor waving lappets shou'd the dancing fair,  
Nor ruffles edg'd with dangling fringes wear;  
Oft' will the cobweb ornaments catch hold  
On the approaching button rough with gold;  
Nor force, nor art can then the bonds divide,  
When once th' intangled gordian knot is ty'd :

So the unhappy pair, by Hymen's pow'r  
Together join'd in some ill-fated hour,  
The more they strive their freedom to regain,  
The faster binds th' indissoluble chain.

Let each fair maid, who fears to be disgrac'd,  
Ever be sure to tye her garter fast,  
Lest the loos'd string, amidst the public ball,  
A wish'd for prize to some proud fop should fall,  
Who the rich treasure shall triumphant shew,  
And with warm blushes cause her cheeks to glow.

But yet, (as Fortune by the self-same ways  
She humbles many, some delights to raise)  
It happen'd once, a fair illustrious dame  
By such neglect acquir'd immortal fame;  
And hence the radiant star and garter blue  
BRITANNIA's nobles grace, if Fame says true :  
Hence still, PLANTAGENET, thy beauties bloom,  
Tho' long since moulder'd in the dusky tomb,  
Still thy lost garter is thy sov'reign's care,  
And what each royal breast is proud to wear.

But



But let me now my lovely charge remind,  
 Lest they forgetful leave their fans behind ;  
 Lay not, ye fair, the pretty toy aside,  
 A toy at once display'd for use and pride ;  
 A wond'rous engine, that by magic charms  
 Cools your own breast, and ev'ry other's warms.  
 What daring bard shall e'er attempt to tell  
 The pow'rs that in this little weapon dwell ?  
 What verse can e'er explain its various parts,  
 Its num'rous uses, motions, charms and arts ?  
 Its painted folds, that oft' extended wide,  
 Th' afflicted fair one's blubber'd beauties hide,  
 When secret sorrows her sad bosom fill,  
 If STREPHON is unkind, or SHOCK is ill :  
 Its sticks, on which her eyes dejected pore,  
 And pointing fingers number o'er and o'er,  
 When the kind virgin burns with secret shame,  
 Dies to consent, yet fears to own her flame :  
 Its shake triumphant, its victorious clap,  
 Its angry flutter, and its wanton tap ?

Forbear, my Muse, th' extensive theme to sing,  
 Nor trust in such a flight thy tender wing ;  
 Rather do you in humble lines proclaim,  
 From whence this engine took its form and name ;  
 Say from what cause it first deriv'd its birth,  
 How form'd in heav'n, how thence deduc'd to earth.

Once

Once in Arcadia, that fam'd seat of love,  
 There liv'd a nymph, the pride of all the grove,  
 A lovely nymph, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,  
 An easy shape, and sweetly-blooming face;  
 FANNY the damsel's name, as chaste as fair,  
 Each virgin's envy, and each swain's despair ;  
 To charm her ear the rival shepherds sing,  
 Blow the soft flute, and wake the trembling string,  
 For her they leave their wand'ring flocks to rove,  
 Whilst FANNY's name resounds thro' ev'ry grove,  
 And spreads on ev'ry tree, inclos'd in knots of  
                   love ;

As FIELDING's now, her eyes all hearts inflame,  
 Like her in beauty, as alike in name.

'Twas when the summer sun, now mounted high,  
 With fiercer beams had scorch'd the glowing sky,  
 Beneath the covert of a cooling shade,  
 To shun the heat, this lovely nymph was laid ;  
 The sultry weather o'er her cheeks had spread  
 A blush, that added to their native red,  
 And her fair breasts, as polish'd marble white,  
 Were half conceal'd and half expos'd to sight ;  
 ÆOLUS, the mighty god whom winds obey,  
 Observ'd the beauteous maid, as thus she lay ;  
 O'er all her charms he gaz'd with fond delight,  
 And suck'd in poison at the dang'rous sight ;

He

He sighs, he burns ; at last declares his pain,  
 But still he sighs, and still he woos in vain ;  
 The cruel nymph, regardless of his moan,  
 Minds not his flame, uneasy with her own ;  
 But still complains, that he who rul'd the air  
 Wou'd not command one Zephyr to repair  
 Around her face, nor gentle breeze to play  
 Thro' the dark glade, to cool the sultry day ;  
 By love incited, and the hopes of joy,  
 Th'ingenious god contriv'd this pretty toy,  
 With gales incessant to relieve her flame ;  
 And call'd it FAN, from lovely FANNY's name.

## C A N T O II.

**N**OW see prepar'd to lead the sprightly dance,  
 The lovely nymphs, and well dress'd youths  
 advance ;

The spacious room receives its jovial guest,  
 And the floor shakes with pleasing weight oppress'd :  
 Thick rang'd on ev'ry side, with various dyes,  
 The fair in glossy silks our sight surprize :

So, in a garden bath'd with genial show'rs,  
 A thousand sorts of variegated flow'rs,  
 Jonquills, carnations, pinks, and tulips rise,  
 And in a gay confusion charm our eyes.

High

High o'er their heads, with num'rous candles bright,  
 Large sconces shed their sparkling beams of light;  
 Their sparkling beams, that still more brightly glow,  
 Reflected back from gems, and eyes below:  
 Unnumber'd fans to cool the crowded fair  
 With breathing zephyrs move the circling air,  
 The sprightly fiddle, and the sounding lyre  
 Each youthful breast with gen'rous warmth inspire;  
 Fraught with all joys the blissful moments fly,  
 While music melts the ear, and beauty charms the  
 eye.

Now let the youth, to whose superior place  
 It first belongs the splendid ball to grace,  
 With humble bow, and ready hand prepare,  
 Forth from the crowd to lead his chosen fair;  
 The fair shall not his kind request deny,  
 But to the pleasing toil with equal ardour fly.

But stay, rash pair, nor yet untaught advance,  
 First hear the muse, ere you attempt to dance:  
 \* By art directed o'er the foaming tide  
 Secure from rocks the painted vessels glide;  
 By art the chariot scours the dusty plain,  
 Springs at the whip, and † hears the strait'ning rein;

\* *Arte citæ veloque rates, remoque, moventur,  
 Arte leves currus;*

OVIU.

† ——— *Nec audit currus habenas.*

VIRG.

T

To



To art our bodies must obedient prove,  
If e'er we hope with graceful ease to move.

Long was the dancing art unfix'd and free,  
Hence lost in error, and uncertainty,  
No precepts did it mind, or rules obey,  
But ev'ry master taught a diff'rent way;  
Hence, 'ere each new-born dance was fully try'd,  
The lovely product ev'n in blooming dy'd,  
Thro' various hands in wild confusion to's'd,  
Its steps were alter'd, and its beauties lost;  
Till † FUILLET, the pride of GALLIA, rose,  
And did the dance in characters compose:  
Each lovely grace by certain marks he taught,  
And ev'ry step in lasting volumes wrote:  
Hence o'er the world this pleasing art shall spread,  
And ev'ry dance in ev'ry clime be read,  
By distant masters shall each step be seen,  
Tho' mountains rise, and oceans roar between;  
Hence, with her sister arts, shall dancing claim  
An equal right to universal fame,  
And ISAAC's rigadoon shall live as long,  
As RAPHAEL's painting, or as VIRGIL's song.

Wise nature ever, with a prudent hand,  
Dispenses various gifts to ev'ry land,

† *Fuillet wrote the Art of Dancing by characters in French, since translated by Weaver.*

To

To ev'ry nation frugally imparts  
 A genius fit for some peculiar arts ;  
 To trade the DUTCH incline, the SWISS to arms,  
 Music and verse are soft ITALIA's charms ;  
 BRITANNIA justly glories to have found  
 Lands unexplor'd, and sail'd the globe around ;  
 But none will sure presume to rival FRANCE,  
 Whether she forms, or executes the dance ;  
 To her exalted genius 'tis we owe  
 The sprightly Rigadoon and Louvre slow,  
 The Boree and Courante, unpractis'd long,  
 Th' immortal Minuet, and the smooth Bretagne,  
 With all those dances of illustrious fame,  
 \* That from their native country take their name :  
 With these let ev'ry ball be first begun,  
 Nor country-dance intrude 'till these are done.

Each cautious bard, 'ere he attempts to sing,  
 First gently flutt'ring tries his tender wing ;  
 And if he finds that with uncommon fire  
 The muses all his raptur'd soul inspire,  
 At once to heav'n he soars in lofty odes,  
 And sings alone of heroes and of gods ;  
 But if he trembling fears a flight so high,  
 He then descends to softer elegy ;  
 And if in elegy he can't succeed,  
 In past'ral he may tune the oaten reed :

\* *French dances.*

So shou'd the dancer, 'ere he tries to move,  
With care his strength, his weight, and genius  
prove ;

Then, if he finds kind nature's gifts impart  
Endowments proper for the dancing art,  
If in himself he feels together join'd,  
An active body and ambitious mind,  
In nimble Rigadoons he may advance,  
Or in the Louvre's slow majestic dance ;  
If these he fears to reach, with easy pace  
Let him the Minuet's circling mazes trace :  
Is this too hard ? this too let him forbear,  
And to the cuntry-dance confine his care.

wou'd you in dancing ev'ry fault avoid,  
To keep true time be your first thoughts employ'd ;  
All other errors they in vain shall mend,  
Who in this one important point offend ;  
For this, when now united hand in hand  
Eager to start the youthful couple stand,  
Let them awhile their nimble feet restrain,  
And with soft taps beat time to ev'ry strain :

So, for the race prepar'd, two coursers stand,  
And with impatient pawings spurn the sand.

In vain a master shall employ his care,  
Where nature once has fix'd a clumsy air ;

Rather

Rather let such, to country sports confin'd,  
Pursue the flying hare, or tim'rous hind :  
Nor yet, while I the rural 'squire despise,  
A mien effeminate wou'd I advise ;  
With equal scorn I wou'd the fop deride,  
Nor let him dance —but on the woman's side.

And you, fair nymphs, avoid with equal care,  
A stupid dulness, and a coquet air ;  
Neither with eyes, that ever love the ground,  
Asleep, like spinning tops, run round and round ;  
Nor yet with giddy looks, and wanton pride,  
Stare all around, and skip from side to side.

True dancing, like true wit, is best express'd  
By nature only to advantage dress'd ;  
'Tis not a nimble bound, or caper high,  
That can pretend to please a curious eye ;  
Good judges no such tumblers tricks regard,  
Or think them beautiful, because they're hard.

'Tis not enough, that ev'ry stander by  
No glaring errors in your steps can spy ;  
The dance and music must so nicely meet,  
Each note shou'd seem an echo to your feet ;  
A nameless grace must in each movement dwell,  
Which words can ne'er express, or precepts tell ;



Not to be taught, but ever to be seen  
 In FLAVIA's air, and CHLOE's easy mien :  
 'Tis such an air that makes her thousands fall,  
 When FIELDING dances at a birth-night ball ;  
 Smooth as CAMILLA she skims o'er the plain,  
 And flies like her thro' crowds of heroes slain.

Now when the minuet oft' repeated o'er,  
 (Like all terrestrial joys) can please no more,  
 And ev'ry nymph, refusing to expand  
 Her charms, declines the circulating hand,  
 Then let the jovial country-dance begin,  
 And the loud fiddles call each straggler in :  
 But, 'ere they come, permit me to disclose  
 How first, as legends tell, this pastime rose.

In ancient times (such times are now no more !)  
 When Albion's crown illustrious ARTHUR wore,  
 In some fair-op'ning glade, each summer's night,  
 Where the pale moon diffus'd her silver light,  
 On the soft carpet of a grassy field,  
 The sporting fairies their assemblies held :  
 Some lightly tripping with their pygmy queen,  
 In circling ringlets mark'd the level green ;  
 Some with soft notes bade mellow pipes resound,  
 And music warble thro' the groves around ;  
 Oft' lonely shepherds by the forest side,  
 Belated peasants oft' their revels spy'd,

And

And home returning, o'er the nut-brown ale,  
Their guests diverted with the wond'rous tale.  
Instructed hence, throughout the British isle,  
And fond to imitate the pleasing toil,  
Round where the trembling may-pole's fix'd on high,  
And bears its flow'ry honours to the sky,  
The ruddy maids, and sun-burnt swains resort,  
And practise ev'ry night the lovely sport :  
On ev'ry side Æolian artists stand,  
Whose active elbows swelling winds command ;  
The swelling winds harmonious pipes inspire,  
And blow in ev'ry breast a gen'rous fire.

Thus taught at first the country-dance began,  
And hence to cities and to courts it ran ;  
Succeeding ages did in time impart  
Various improvements to the lovely art :  
From fields and groves to palaces remov'd,  
Great ones the pleasing exercise approv'd ;  
Hence the loud fiddle, and shrill trumpet's sounds,  
Are made companions of the dancer's bounds ;  
Hence gems, and silks, brocades, and ribbons join,  
To make the ball with perfect lustre shine.

So rude at first the tragic muse appear'd,  
Here voice alone by rustic rabble heard,  
Where twisting trees a cooling arbour made,  
The pleas'd spectators sat beneath the shade,

The homely stage with rushes green was strew'd,  
And in a cart the strolling actors rode ;  
Till time at length improv'd the great design,  
And bade the scenes with painted landksips shine ;  
Then art did all the bright machines dispose,  
And theatres of Parian marble rose ;  
Then mimic thunder shook the canvas sky,  
And gods descended from their tow'rs on high.

With caution now let ev'ry youth prepare  
To choose a partner from the mingled fair ;  
Vain wou'd be here th' instructing muse's voice,  
If she pretended to direct his choice :  
Beauty alone by fancy is express'd,  
And charms in different forms each different breast ;  
A snowy skin this am'rous youth admires,  
Whilst nut brown cheeks another's bosom fires,  
Small waists and slender limbs some hearts insnare,  
While others love the more substantial fair.

But let not outward charms your judgments sway,  
Your reason rather than your eyes obey,  
And in the dance, as in the marriage noose,  
Rather for merit, than for beauty, choose :  
Be her your choice, who knows with perfect skill  
When she shou'd move, and when she shou'd be still ;  
Who uninstructed can perform her share,  
And kindly half the pleasing burden bear.

Unhappy

Unhappy is that hopeless wretch's fate,  
Who fetter'd in the matrimonial state,  
With a poor, simple, unexperienc'd wife,  
Is forc'd to lead the tedious dance of life ;  
And such is his, with such a partner join'd,  
A moving puppet, but without a mind :  
Still must his hand be pointing out the way,  
Yet ne'er can teach so fast as she can stray ;  
Beneath her follies he must ever groan,  
And ever blush for errors not his own.

But now behold united hand in hand,  
Rang'd on each side, the well pair'd couples stand !  
Each youthful bosom beating with delight,  
Waits the brisk signal for the pleasing fight :  
While lovely eyes, that flash unusual rays,  
And snowy bubbles pull'd above the stays,  
Quick busy hands, and bridling heads declare,  
The fond impatience of the starting fair.  
And see, the sprightly dance is now begun !  
Now here, now there, the giddy maze they run ;  
Now with slow steps they pace the circling ring,  
Now all confus'd, too swift for sight, they spring.

So, in a wheel with rapid fury toss'd,  
The undistinguish'd spokes are in the motion lost.

The dancer now no more requires a guide,  
To no strict steps his nimble feet are ty'd,

The



The muse's precepts here wou'd uselefs be,  
 Where all is fancy'd, unconfin'd, and free :  
 Let him but to the music's voice attend,  
 By this instructed, he can ne'er offend :  
 If to his share it falls the dance to lead,  
 In well-known paths he may be sure to tread :  
 If others lead, let him their motions view,  
 And in their steps the winding maze pursue.

In ev'ry country-dance a serious mind,  
 Turn'd for reflection, can a moral find,  
 In hunt-the-squirrel, thus the nymph we view,  
 Seeks when we fly, but flies when we pursue :  
 Thus in round dances, where our partners change,  
 And unconfin'd from fair to fair we range,  
 As soon as one from his own consort flies,  
 Another seizes on the lovely prize :  
 A while the fav'rite youth enjoys her charms,  
 Till the next comer steals her from his arms,  
 New ones succeed, the last is still her care ;  
 How true an emblem of th' inconstant fair !

Where can philosophers, and sages wise,  
 Who read the curious volumes of the skies,  
 A model more exact than dancing name,  
 Of the creation's universal frame ?  
 Where worlds unnumber'd o'er th' ætherial way,  
 In a bright regular confusion stray :

Now

Now here, now there, they whirl along the sky,  
 Now near approach, and now far distant fly,  
 Now meet in the same order they begun,  
 And then the great celestial dance is done.

Where can the mor'lif find a juster plan  
 Of the vain labours, and the life of man?  
 A while thro' juggling crowds we toil and sweat,  
 And eagerly pursue we know not what;  
 Then when our trifling short-liv'd race is run,  
 Quite tir'd sit down, just where we first begun.

Tho' to your arms kind fate's indulgent care  
 Has giv'n a partner exquisitely fair,  
 Let not her charms so much engage your heart,  
 That you neglect the skilful dancer's part.  
 Be not, when you the tuneful notes should hear,  
 Still whisp'ring idle prattle in her ear.  
 When you shou'd be employ'd, be not at play,  
 Nor for your joys all others steps delay:  
 But when the finish'd dance you once have done,  
 And with applause thro' ev'ry couple run,  
 There rest awhile: there snatch the fleeting bliss,  
 The tender whisper, and the balmy kiss.  
 Each secret wish, each softer hope confess,  
 And her moist palm with eager fingers press;  
 With smiles the fair shall hear your warm desires,  
 When music melts her soul, and dancing fires.

Thus

Thus, mix'd with love, the pleasing toil pursue,  
Till the unwelcome morn appears in view.  
Then, when approaching day its beams displays,  
And the dull candles shine with fainter rays ;  
Then when the sun just rises o'er the deep,  
And each bright eye is almost set in sleep,  
With ready hands, obsequious youths, prepare  
Safe to her coach to lead each chosen fair,  
And guard her from the morn's inclement air :  
Let a warm hood enwrap her lovely head,  
And o'er her neck a handkerchief be spread,  
Around her shoulders let this arm be cast,  
Whilst that from cold defends her slender waist.  
With kisses warm her balmy lips shall glow,  
Unchill'd by nightly damps, or wintry snow.  
While gen'rous white-wine, mull'd with ginger  
warm,  
Safely protects her inward frame from harm.

But ever let my lovely pupils fear  
To chill their mantling blood with cold small-beer.  
Ah, thoughtless fair ! the tempting draught refuse,  
When thus fore-warn'd by my experienc'd muse.  
Let the sad consequence your thoughts employ,  
Nor hazard future pains for present joy ;  
Destruction lurks within the poi'ous dose,  
A fatal fever, or a pimpl'd nose.

Thus

Thus, thro' each precept of the dancing art,  
The muse has play'd the kind instructor's part ;  
Thro' ev'ry maze her pupils she has led,  
And pointed out the surest paths to tread :  
No more remains ; no more the goddess sings,  
But drops her pinions, and unfurls her wings ;  
On downy beds the weary dancers lie,  
And sleep's silk cords tie down each drowsy eye ;  
Delightful dreams their pleasing sports restore,  
And ev'n in sleep they seem to dance once more.

And now the work compleatly finish'd lies,  
Which the devouring teeth of time defies ;  
Whilst birds in air, or fish in streams we find,  
Or damsels fret with aged partners join'd ;  
As long as nymphs shall with attentive ear  
A fiddle rather than a sermon hear ;  
So long the brightest eyes shall oft peruse  
The useful lines of my instructive muse ;  
Each belle shall wear them wrote upon her fan,  
And each bright beau shall read them —— if he can.

F I N I S.



9 JA 56

HARLEQUIN-HORACE;

OR THE

# A R T

**O F**

# MODERN POETRY.

[illegible]

*Tempora mutantur, & nos mutamur in illis.*

[illegible]



T O

J—N R—H, Esq; &c. &c. &c.

Worthy Sir,

I DOUBT not most assuredly but great will be your astonishment, to find your name prefixed to this our *epistle dedicatory*, seeing true it is, that we neither previously craved your consent there-to, nor could presume to do it by virtue of any personal acquaintance with you, forasmuch as our remembrance chargeth us not with having seen you at any time, save in the guise of a *hobby-horse, bull, spaniel*, or some other such like *animal*, in which you generally chuse to communicate yourself to the public.

But to what worthy personage could we so meetly apply for protection, as to him who is the great patron of the Art we here treat on? all the delectable representations you have entertained us with, have been put together in absolute conformity to the rules we have laid down? nay verily, but from *those* are the rules themselves extracted, in likeways as Aristotle compiled his *Art of Antient Poetry* from the writings of that then renowned ballad-maker Homer. Moreover it was you, Sir (to your everlasting honour be it recorded), that first introduced among us the present delicate and amazing taste in our diversions; and it is to your laudable zeal and unparalleled *agility* that it owes its success. Indefatigable in *well-doing*, you courageously persevere to surmount all opposition, and risk your very *neck* for its encouragement and support.

We might here aptly take occasion, Sir, to talk



to you about your forefathers, not weening but you have had as many as any peer in the realm, and those too peradventure of as notable memory; but you scorn to build your fame on any *bottom* save your own, and justly resolve to *stand* on your own *legs* for reputation. You are happy, Sir, in yourself, and from yourself. You are blessed with every natural qualification which is requisite to one in your profession, and have, to a great perfection, acquired the art of leading people by the nose. You have wit enough to make your advantage of the follies of others, and chymistry enough to extract gold out of every thing but common sense, and that, both as *wit* and *chymist*, you have nothing to do with; neither in verity should you; for one in your way can no more expect to thrive by common sense, than a Westminster justice by common honesty, or a Covent-garden bawd by common modesty. You prudently look on mankind to be one half knaves, and t'other fools, and concluded justly, that, to entertain both sorts, there must be a joint mixture of trick and buffoonry, every one delighting in the representation of what is most natural to him, or in which he labours to excel. Thus an *up-right citizen* is wonderfully diverted to see the devil over-reach Dr Faustus in a bargain: a *reverend limb* of the law, at seeing Harlequin turned *judge*, take bribes of both sides, without doing justice to either: whilst those shoals of *templars*, *beaux*, and *lawyer's clerks*, the *toupee worthies* of Tom's, Dick's, and White's, that compose the other part of your audience, receive inexpressible satisfaction and transport, at beholding your worship transformed into an *ass* or an *old woman*, and your tables and chairs into wheelbarrows, and coblers stalls.

Then

Then, as to the fair sex, Sir, you are not unknowing in what tends to their recreation. You deem, we conjecture, one moiety of them to be very civil gentlewomen, and no better than they *should be*; the other to be ill-natured prudes, because they are forced to be really better than they *would be*, and consequently that, to hit the tastes of the whole, there must be an equal quantity of smut and scandal.

Nay, unspeakable is the service you have done the public in this respect: for whereas, to the foul discouragement of wit and humour among us, our women were in past days so squeamishly delicate, that a pleasant hint, or waggish jest would have frightened them out of a room; they are now (thanks to your instructions, Sir!) as impenetrably proof against any thing that tends to put them out of countenance, and altogether as incapable of the weakness of a blush, as Heydigger, Henley, or yourself.

They can, with manifest ease, and tranquility, sit out an epilogue, or farce, that describes to them in plain terms, the *way of a man with a maid*; and not shew the least discomposure, or emotion, when the most *significant* gestures are represented in a dance.—Astonishing philosophy! what sufficient retaliation can we fathers and husbands make that worthy person, who has been the happy instrument of so powerfully correcting the vicious inclinations of our wives and daughters, that they are not to be *moved* by any thing that can be said to them. This indeed is the great design, the ultimate end of all dramatic writings; so to mould and temper the passions, as to purge and refine them, by the very means they are excited: and the atchievement of this glorious work, is your laudable aim in all your performances.

performances. You profoundly judge, that one poison is best expelled by another; that incontinency is most effectually cured by more incontinency, like heaping on fuel to put out the fire; and that the representation of lewdness, is the most powerful restraint from the practice of it; agreeable to the maxim of those wise heathens who made their slaves drunk, to shew their sons the deformity of the vice.

In fine, Sir, it may be very emphatically affirmed of you, that you *know the world*. You have a commensurate idea of the length, depth, and breadth of all the *choice spirits* and *fine geniuses* of the age. You are convinced by happy experience, that the pleasures and diversions which the present race of mortals are most fond of, are such as do the most effectually impose both on their senses and understandings; and that the utmost satisfaction they receive, is from being visibly played the fool with. That their judgments have got the *palsy*, and their imaginations the St Vitus's dance. The first, benumbed, insensible, and unactive—the last convulsed, ridiculous, and unnatural; and, like a true *quack*, you continue to apply *anodynes* to those, and *volatiles* to these.

You are a thorough master, Sir, of the great and lucrative Art of Delusion, and every thing is taken for gold that but goes through your hands. You can make profaneness pass for wit, and lewdness for polite conversation; scolding for raillery, and hectoring for courage, a fool's coat for pure humour, and a tweak by the nose, or a box on the ear, for keen repartee. The present set of critics who preside in the theatres, and call themselves the town, are gentlemen, you well know, of such curious constitutions, as can by no means  
undergo

undergo the drudgery of thinking. To their taste therefore do you prudently project to reduce your productions. To apply to their judgment you cannot, for you are convinced they have none; and to accost their senses in a natural way, would be likewise impolitic; for those being a sort of inlets, or *sink holes* to the understanding (which in these gentlemen I look on to be a kind of *common sewer*), it would be only disturbing the *puddle*, to bespatter yourself. Well judged therefore it is of you, Sir, to endeavour to engage them by such diversions, as were never before seen, heard, or conceived; and never can be judged of or understood. In which attempt you have so wonderfully, and meritoriously succeeded, that whilst the *sublime* of a Shakespeare, the *tendernefs* of an Otway, and the *humour* of a Vanburgh, are represented by a Booth, a Wilkes, and a Cibber, to empty benches; you can, by the single wave of a *harlequin's wand*, conjure the whole town every night into *your circle*; where, like a true *cunning man*, you amuse them with a few *puppy's tricks*, while you juggle them out of their pelf, and then cry out with a note of triumph,

*Si Mundus vult decipi, decipiatur.*

And now, Sir, having given you a full and true account of yourself, we come next (consonant to the laudable custom of dedications) to say something of ourselves, with a word upon our performance.

As to the following piece, it is *Horace new dressed, modernized, done into English, adapted to the present taste*, or rather, metaphorically speaking, it is *Horace turned harlequin*, with his head where his heels should be; in which posture we  
ween



ween not but he will be well received by you, Sir,  
and in consequence of that, by the whole town.

——— *Nec Phæbo gratior ulla est,  
Quam sibi quæ Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.*

But here sue we for pardon, in not having considered that you are too much both of a *modern* fine gentleman and poet, to understand quotations from such antiquated authors; howbeit we are warranted hereunto by the daily practice of our brethren, who never fail to interlace, and trim their dedications with scraps from authors at once so very foreign and ænigmatical, that neither their patrons or themselves are travelled enough to unriddle them.

And now for the *critics*,—those malevolent *mungrils*, whose barking we despise; those *hogs*, whose only delight is to feed on ordure and offals; those blundering *oxen*, who tread down the good corn, only to come at the weeds; those *black-birds*, who will be always picking holes in the fairest fruit; those *ruffians*, with dark lanterns, which contain just light enough to shew them the way to murder other people; those *rats*, which tear books to pieces, only to come at the paste they are glued with; those *owls*, *batts*, *vultures*, *drones*, *bears*, *tigers*, *crocodiles*, *dragons*, we dread not, abominate, neglect, and condemn; being thoroughly satisfied with ourselves, and this our performance; well knowing that what we have done, will be of infinite service to mankind in general, and greatly tend to the advantage of our own dear *countrymen* and *brethren*; the comfortable reflection upon which, and the approbation we shall unquestionably receive from the town (and for which we lay hold  
of

of this opportunity to return them our humble and hearty thanks), will support us under all the opposition we may meet with from the above-mentioned *Hottentots*; and will encourage us to go on to the utmost of our power, and publish something more as speedily as possible.

One word more, Sir, and we bid you adieu; we had once purposed to make the following work more acceptable to the *erudite*, by casting at the foot of each page, a competency of notes both critical and explanatory; but upon more mature deliberation, we determined to leave this part to the penetrating, nice gueffing, and laborious *Dr Zoilus*; no way doubting but he will execute it with equal astonishment and satisfaction to the gentle reader, as he has already done with regard to our original author.

And now, Sir, begging pardon both of yourself and the public, for taking up so much of your precious time, which is always employed in their service, and intreating Mercury and Venus to take you into their protection, praying at the same time that you may never grow *fat*, or be *laid by the heels*, but may ever remain *slender, flippant and free*, both for the recreation of this metropolis, and your own private emolument,

*I subscribe myself,*

*With all due submission,*

*Your humble Admirer,*

*And hearty Well-wisher,*

HARLEQUIN-HORACE.



# HARLEQUIN-HORACE;

OR THE

A R T

O F

## MODERN POETRY.

IF some great artist, in whose works conspire  
The grace of Raphael, and a Titian's fire,  
Should toil to draw the *portrait* of a fair  
With Shaftsb'ry's *mien*, and Harvey's pleasing *air*;  
A *shape* that might with lovely Queenb'rough's vic,  
The *smile* of Vanburgh, and a Hertford's *eye*,  
'Till the whole piece should like a Richmond shine,  
One finish'd form in ev'ry *part* divine.  
Tho' thus with all that's *justly* pleasing fraught,  
Our *modern connoisseurs* would scorn the draught.

Such treatment, friend, you must expect to find,  
Whilst art and nature in your works are join'd.  
'Tis not to think with strength, and write with  
ease,

No—'tis the *Ægri Somnia* now must please;

X

Things



Things without head, or tail, or form, or grace,  
 A wild, forc'd, glaring, unconnected mass.  
 Well ! bards, *you say*, like painters, licence claim,  
 To dare do any thing for bread, or—fame.  
 'Tis granted—therefore use your utmost might,  
 To gratify the town in all you write;  
 A thousand jarring things together yoke,  
 The *dog*, the *dome*, the *temple*, and the *joke*;  
 Consult no order, but for ever steer  
 From grave to gay, from florid to severe.

To grand beginnings full of pomp and show,  
 Big things profess, and brags of what you'll do:  
 Still some gay, glitt'ring, foreign *gewgaws* join,  
 Which, like *gilt points* on \* *Peter's coat*, may  
                   shine ;

Descriptions which may make your readers stare,  
 And marvel how such pretty things came there.  
 So old † *Dinarchus* *teffing* on his bed,  
 In dreadful visions that his daughter bled,  
 A friend comes in, and with reflections deep,  
 Descants upon the *sweetness* of his sleep;  
 When up the fire starts trembling from his dream,  
 And straight presents you with a *purling stream*,

Describes

\* *Vide Tale of a Tub.*

† *Vide these Beauties in a modern Play, called Timoleon, a Tragedy.*

Describes the *riv'let* roving thro' the trees,  
The dancing *sun-beams*, and refreshing *breeze*.

Thus ne'er regard connection, time, or place,  
For sweet variety has every grace.

Suppose you're skill'd in the Parnassian art,  
To purge the passions, and correct the heart,  
To paint mankind in ev'ry light, and stage,  
Their various humours, characters, and age,  
To fix each portion in its proper place,  
And give the whole one method, form, and grace ;  
What's that to us ? who pay our pence to see  
The great productions of *profundity*,  
*Shipwrecks*, and *monsters*, *conjurers*, and *gods*,  
Where every part is with the whole at odds.

With truth and likelihood we all are griev'd,  
And take most pleasure when we're most deceiv'd.  
Now write obscure, and let your words move slow,  
Then with full light and rapid ardor glow ;  
In one scene make your *hero* cant and whine,  
Then, roar out *liberty* in every line ;  
Vary one thing a thousand pleasing ways,  
Shew *whales* in *woods*, and *dragons* in the *seas*.

To shun a fault's the ready way to fall,  
Correctness is the greatest fault of all.

What tho' in Pope's harmonious lays combine,  
 All that is lovely, noble, and divine ;  
 Tho' every part with wit and nature glows,  
 And from each line a sweet instruction flows ;  
 Tho' thro' the whole the *loves* and *graces* smile,  
 Polish the manners, and adorn the stile ?  
 Yet still unhappily to sense tied down,  
 He's ignorant of th' art to please the town.  
 Heav'n grant I never write like him I mention,  
 Since to the *bays* I could not make pretension,  
 Nor, *thresher*-like, hope to obtain a pension.

Ne'er wait for subjects equal to your might,  
 For then 'tis ten to one you never write ;  
 When hunger prompts you, take the first you meet,  
 For who'd stand chusing when he wants to eat ?  
 Besides, necessity's the keenest whet ;  
 He writes most natural who's the most in debt.

Take then no pains a method to maintain,  
 Or link your work in a continu'd chain,  
 But cold, dull order gloriously disdain.  
 Now here, now there, launch boldly from your  
 theme,  
 And make surprising novelties your aim ;  
 Bombast, and farce, the sock and buskin blend,  
 Begin with *bluster*, and with *bawdry* end.

In coining words your own discretion use;  
 For coin you must to suit the *modern* muse.  
 New terms adapted to the purpose bring,  
 When *eagles* are to talk or *asses* sing.  
 No matter that from Greece, or Rome, they come,  
 An English poet scoras to go from *home*.  
 Why should to modern Tibbald be denied,  
 What antient Settle would have own'd with pride?  
 Or why should any mock or envy me,  
 For writing a new *Art of Poetry*?  
 Since Welfsted, Philips, Ward, have given us store  
 Of beauties which were never known before.

For, as the stately oaks that late were seen  
 Proudly compacted, eminently green,  
 Robb'd of their leafy honours, straggling bow,  
 Their hoary heads beneath the falling snow;  
 So nature, wit, and sense must *blasted* fall,  
 Whilst *blooming* ignorance prevails o'er all.  
 No *work* so great, but what admits decay,  
 No *art* so glorious, but must fade away.  
 Blenheim's vast pile shall moulder into dust,  
 And George's statues be consum'd by rust;  
*Old* things must yield to *new*, *common* to *strange*,  
 Perpetual motion brings perpetual change.  
 Lo! Shakespeare's head is crush'd by R——h's heels,  
 And a throng'd theatre in Goodman's fields.



Lo ! Smithfield shows a *polish'd* court engage,  
 And Hurlothrumbo charms the *knowing* age.  
 Since manners alter thus the *modish* muse  
 Themes suited to the reigning taste should chuse :  
 What bard for *starving* sense would suffer death,  
 When *fruitful* folly is th' establish'd *faith* ?

The way to write of heroes, and of kings,  
 And sing in *wond'rous* numbers *wond'rous* things ;  
 Of mighty matters done in bloody battle,  
 How arms meet arms, swords clash, and cannons  
                   rattle,  
 How such strange toils, and turmoils to rehearse,  
 Is learnt from Bl———e's everlasting verse.

To sing of shepherds, and of shepherdesses,  
 Their awkward humours, dialogues, and dresses :  
 The manner how they plow, and sow, and reap,  
 \* *How silly they, more silly than their sheep,*  
*In mantles blue, can trip it o'er the green,*  
 In *Namby Pamby's* past'als may be seen.

T——ld in *mail compleat* of *dullness* clad,  
*Half* bard, *half* puppet-man, *half* fool, *half* mad,  
 Rose next to charm the ear, and please the eye,  
 With ev'ry monster bred beneath the sky ;

His

\* *Two Lines in Phillips's Pastorals.*

His great command earth's savages obey,  
 And ev'ry dreadful native of the sea;  
 Amaz'd we view (by his strange pow'r convey'd)  
 Pluto's dark throne, and hell's tremendous shade;  
 Then change the scene, and lo! heaven's bright  
 abodes!

We dance with goddesses, and sing with gods;  
*Encore, encore*, rings thro' the raptur'd round,  
*Encore, encore*, the ecchoing roofs resound.

The *sacred nine* first gave th'uncommon luck  
 To charm the royal ear, to *Stephen Duck*;  
 To sing the *thresher's labours*, and recite  
 Things done by *man of God* for *Shunamite*.  
 Laborious *Duck*! who with prodigions pain,  
 Hast thresh'd from thy coarse, tough, half-yield-  
 ing brain,

A most abundant crop of *golden grain*.

\* But which of these the *Laureat's* wreath shall  
 wear,

From their *like merit* cannot well appear,  
 Till deep discerning G—ton shall declare.

If ignorant then of these *new ways* to fame,  
 You'll ne'er acquire the poet's sacred name.

Your

\* *When these Lines were first wrote, the Place of  
 Poet-Laureat was vacant by the Demise of the Reve-  
 rend Mr Eusden.*

Your readers tastes you must with care discern,  
 And never be *tot ignorant* to learn.  
 Let *comic* wit be wrote in *tragic* verse,  
 And *doleful* tales be shown in *hum'rous* farce.  
 Assign no place to a peculiar part,  
 Nor brook the bondage of laborious art ;  
 But vary oft your method, and your stile,  
 Let one scene make us weep, the other smile,  
 It suits the various tempers of our ille.

'Tis not enough that show and sing-song meet,  
 The ladies look for something *soft* and *sweet* :  
 That ev'ry tender sentiment can move,  
 And fix their fancies on the *part* they love.  
 In *Perseus* this was to perfection done,  
 The *dance* was very *moving* they must own.

But if you must be foolishly severe,  
 And in dull morals madly persevere ;  
 If *sense* and *decency* you still will keep,  
 No wonder if your audience hiss, or sleep.  
 Your words should ne'er be suited to your theme,  
 The sound a *contrast* to the sense should seem.  
 A *merry* grin sets off a *dismal* tale,  
 Weep when you *jest*, and *giggle* while you rail.

For wanton nature forms the human mind,  
 Still fond of *wonders*, and to *change* inclin'd ;

Plain

*Plain sense we fly, strange nonsense to pursue,*  
*And leave old follies but to grasp at new ;*  
*One hour we court what we the next refuse,*  
*And leath to-morrow what to day we chuse :*  
 Now we are grave, then gay—now wing'd with  
     joy,  
 Then sunk in grief—and all we know not why.  
 The things we hunt are pleasure, wealth, and fame,  
 But a wrong scent still cheats us of the game ;  
 For different objects, different aims excite,  
 And still we think the last opinion right :  
 To craft, deceit, and selfishness inclin'd,  
 We never let the face betray the mind ;  
 But then look fairest when we mean most ill,  
 And Syrens like we only smile—to kill :  
 By interest sway'd, each word is full of art,  
 And still the tongue runs counter to the heart.

From all restraint your characters set free,  
 Nor with their fortune make their words agree.  
 We hate a piece where truth and nature meet,  
 Scorn what is real, but enjoy deceit ;  
 And always give the most applause to those,  
 Who on our very senses most impose.

Take then no pains resemblance to pursue,  
 Give us but something very strange and new,  
 'Twill entertain the more—that 'tis not true.

}  
 }  
 }  
 If



If great Sir R——t's character you'd feign,  
 Describe him mean, revengeful, thoughtless, vain;  
 A thousand monstrous accusations bring,  
 False to his *friends*, his *country*, and his *king*.  
 Make *weekly patriots* free from envy seem,  
 And public good their *thought*, as well as *theme*.  
 Call D——r proud, vain-glorious, fond of station,  
 And H——r the honour of the nation;  
 Shew Ch——ld nor witty nor polite,  
 A——le unable or to speak or fight.

But if some untry'd story you would chuse,  
 And in new characters employ your muse;  
 Draw each, be sure, as monstrous as you can,  
 Something betwixt a C——teris and a man.  
 True to itself let no one image be,  
 Nor the beginning with the end agree;  
 From first to last write on without design,  
 And give us some new wonder in each line.

'Tis difficult a well-known tale to tell,  
 It won't admit variety so well;  
 But if you bring a Scots, or Irish story,  
 You'll never fail to please both Whig and Tory:  
 Then other's labours you may make your own,  
 Steal every word, nor fear its being known;  
 For if another should your theft explore,  
 E'en cry *thief* first, like honest J——y M——re.

Let

Let lofty language your beginning grace,  
 And still set out with a gigantic pace;  
 In thund'ring lines your *no design* rehearse.  
 And rant and rumble in a storm of verse.  
 It ne'er can fail to charm a crowded house,  
 To see the lab'ring mountain yield a mouse;  
 We're pleas'd to find the *great, th' important day*,  
 Produce a jig, a wedding, or a fray;  
*As if th' old world modestly withdrew,*  
*And in creation had brought forth a new;*  
 Profoundly judging with the antient fire,  
 That *where there is much smoke, must be some fire.*

'Tis therefore your's to keep the mind in doubt,  
 And never let your meaning quite come out;  
 To shun the least approach of light with care,  
 And turn and double like a hunted hare.  
 To hide your whole design make some pretence,  
 And spare no pains to keep us in suspense;  
 Leave out no nonsense, and you cannot fail  
 To make your work have neither head nor tail.

If anxious to delight the list'ning throng,  
 Their strict attention, and loud claps prolong;  
 If ev'ry rank and sect you would engage,  
 Ne'er suit your manners to the sex or age:  
 To write in character is not requir'd,  
 The more uncommon, 'tis the more admir'd.

A child that just can go alone, and prattle,  
Should mourn at once, for loss of breast—and  
battle;

Like little W——m boast true English spirit,  
And gravely talk of virtue, sense, and merit;  
Converse with patriots and *politicians*,  
And rail at Dunkirk, Hanover, and Hessians.

The beardless youth as wanton as a squirrel,  
Just free'd from discipline of rod and ferrel,  
Should wisely cast his jovial sports away,  
Renounce his wenching, drinking, dogs, and play,  
Copy the *slingy duke*, so young and thrifty,  
And look and talk a very don of fifty.

One of that age at which 'tis made a rule  
That each man's a physician, or a fool;  
Wild as old wanton R——r should appear,  
Void of ambition, innocent of fear;  
Nor fame, nor friendship, nor preferment mind,  
So Jowler prove but staunch, and Phillis kind.

Old age in youthful pleasures should delight,  
And like grim C——s drink, wench, game, and  
bite;  
Have each weak side supported by a whore,  
And ravish *Drury-Virgins* by the score;

For

For 'tis, you know, an uncontested truth,  
 That age is nothing but a second youth.  
 Dejecting thought ! that all the toil and cares  
 Which youth's employ'd in, all your hopes and  
       fears ;

The wealth, fame, knowledge, honour, we obtain,  
 Pass a few years, are useless found, and vain.

Thus truth and nature you must still neglect,  
 For those things please us most we least expect,  
 To see *sixteen* like old Sir G——t scrape,  
 And *sixty* sent to Newgate for a rape.

Next shun with care the rule prescrib'd of old,  
 That things too strange should not be shewn, but  
       told.

The feats of Faustus, and the pranks of Jove  
 Chang'd to a *bull*, to carry off his love ;  
 The *swimming monster* and the *flying steed*,  
 Medusa's cavern, and her serpent breed,  
*Domes* voluntary rising from the ground,  
 And Yahoo Rich transform'd into a *hound* :  
 All acted with a show of truth deceive,  
 Which if related we should ne'er believe ;  
 Glorious free-thinking reigns to that degree,  
 We credit nothing now, but what we *see*.

The number of your acts we never mind ;  
 For modern poets scorn to be confin'd :



Two sometimes suits the genius, sometimes three,  
With hungry bards the fewest best agree.

To serve each purpose, be't ne'er so odd,  
Be sure to introduce a *ghost*, or—God;  
Make *monsters*, *fiends*, *heav'n*, *hell*, at once engage,  
For all are pleas'd to see a *well-fill'd* stage.

The antient *chorus* justly's laid aside,  
And all its office by a *song* supply'd:  
A *song*—when to the purpose something's lack'd,  
Relieves us in the middle of an act:  
A *song* inspires our breasts with am'rous fury,  
And turns our fancies on the *nymphs* of *Drury*:  
Can quell our rage, and pacify our cares,  
Revive old hopes, and banish present fears:  
Lighten like wine the bitter load of life,  
And make each wretch forget his *debts*—and *wife*.

In days of old when Englishmen were *men*,  
Their music like themselves was grave and plain:  
The manly trumpet, and the simple reed,  
Alike with *citizen* and *swain* agreed,  
Whose songs in lofty sense, but humble verse,  
Their loves and wars alternately rehearse:  
Sung by themselves their homely cheer to crown,  
In tunes from fire to son deliver'd down.

But

But now, since Britons are become polite,  
 Since some have learnt to *read*, and some to *write*;  
 Since trav'ling has so much improv'd our *beaux*,  
 That each brings home a foreign *tongue*, or *nose*;  
 And ladies paint with that amazing grace,  
 That their best *vizard* is their natural *face*:  
 Since *South Sea schemes* have so enrich'd the land,  
 That *footmen* 'gainst their *lords* for *boroughs* stand:  
 Since *masquerades* and *operas* made their entry,  
 And Heydegger and Handel rul'd our gentry:  
 A hundred different instruments combine,  
 And foreign *songsters* in the concert join:  
 The Gallic *horn*, whose winding tube in vain  
 Pretends to emulate the *trumpet's* strain:  
 The *shrill-ton'd fiddle*, and the *warbling flute*,  
 The *grave bassoon*, deep *bass*, and *tinkling lute*;  
 The *jingling spinet*, and the *full-mouth'd drum*,  
 A Roman *wedder* and Venetian *strum*,  
 All league melodious nonsense to dispense,  
 And give us *sound* and *show*, instead of *sense*:  
 In unknown tongues mysterious dullness chant,  
 Make love in *tune*, or thro' the *gamut rant*.

Long labour'd Rich, by tragic verse to gain  
 The town's applause—but labour'd long in vain:  
 At length he wisely to his aid call'd in,  
 The *assive Mime* and *checker'd Harlequin*.

Nor

Nor rul'd by reason, nor by law restrain'd,  
 In all his shows smut and profaneness reign'd :  
*Lords, squires, and commons*, all alike they roast,  
 From *knight of garter* down to *knight of post* :  
 Paid no regard to any rank or station,  
 \* Yea, mock'd the solemn rites of *coronation*.  
*Lords, knights, and ladies*, who but late were seen  
 With regal pomp, and eminence of mein :  
*Plumes* on their heads that seem'd to reach the sky,  
*Ribbands* and *stars* that dazzl'd every eye :  
*Trains* that with gold and purple swept the ground,  
 And *music* like the sphere's celestial sound :  
 Here stripp'd of all, in homely guise appear,  
*Knights hempen strings*, and *ladies pattens* wear :  
 The good *lord mayor*, as erst, devouring *custard*,  
 And *music* as when *city-bands* are muster'd.

Thou then, O bard ! who would'st attempt to please,  
 Give us such fine, fantastic things as these ;  
 Make our grave *matrons* as unseemly dance,  
 And talk as lewd as *Mesdemoiselles de France*.

Whoe'er would *comedy* or *satire* write,  
 Must never spare *obscenity* and *spite* :

A

\* Soon after the Coronation of George II. and Q. Caroline there was a pompous Representation of the Solemnity and Procession, exhibited at the Theatre in Drury-lane, which Mr Rich took occasion to burlesque in the manner above described.

A *quantum sufficit* of smut will raise  
 Crouds of applauders to the dullest plays ;  
 Whilst scandal, raillery, and pure ill-nature,  
 Are found the best *ingredients* for a satire.  
 But he that would in *Buskins* tread the stage,  
 With *rant* and *jussian* must divert the age,  
 And *Boschi* like be always in a rage. }  
 In blood and wounds the galleries most delight,  
 Who think all virtue is to storm and fight ;  
 Whilst *plumes*, gilt *truncheons*, bloody *ghosts*, and  
     *thunder*,  
 Engage the *boxes* to behold and—wonder.  
 Confound each character, no difference make  
 If Talbot, or a Gon——n be to speak ;  
 So puzzle well known things, that all may own,  
 Such wonders could be done by you alone :  
 So much surprising novelty prevails,  
 And adds such honours to the meanest tales.

Let country *louts* then, just come up to a town,  
 Well-bred, polite, and elegant, be shewn ;  
 Talk blasphemy and bawdr, with a *port*,  
 As if they had been born and bred at court :  
 To see all nature with such art inverted,  
*Tom* and *my lord* will be alike diverted ;  
 Let critics snarl, they never can redress ;  
 For worthy leave is given you to transgress.



But hold, wise Sir, for that *your leave* we crave,  
 What! shan't we shew the little wit we have?  
 Shall *we*, you cry, learn writing ill by *rule*,  
 And have *we* need to *study* to be *dull*?  
 Yes—when the greatest merit's want of sense,  
 The least faint glimpse of reason gives offence:  
 Besides, who'd read the *Antients* night and day,  
 And toil to follow where they lead the way?  
 Who'd write, and cancel with alternate pain,  
 First sweat to build, then to pull down again?  
 To turn the weigh'd materials o'er and o'er,  
 And every part in ev'ry light explore;  
 From sense and nature never to depart,  
 And labour *artfully* to cover *art*:  
 Who'd seek to run such *rugged* roads as these?  
 When *smooth stupidity's* the way to please;  
 When gentle H——'s sing songs more delight,  
 Than all a Dryden or a Pope can write.

Our antient tragedy was void of art,  
 Shewn by some merry Briton in a cart,  
 Whose naked tribe of Saxons, Scots, and Picts,  
 Sung songs like L——ge, and like R——h play'd  
 tricks.

Then Shakespeare rose in a politer age,  
 And plac'd his well-dress'd actors on a stage,  
 Taught

Taught them to move with grace, and speak with  
art,

To charm the passions, and engage the heart.

Next laughing comedy, with awkward grace,  
Began to shew its ridiculing face,  
But taking too much freedom with the *great*,  
In *Polly's Opera* receiv'd its fate.

Our English bards have left untry'd no ways,  
No stone unturn'd in the pursuit of praise;  
But bravely launching from the *Antient's* road,  
In paths peculiar to themselves have trod;  
Till Britain now 'like famous is become  
For *arms abroad*, and *poetry at home*.

Some fools indeed amongst us yet remain,  
Who think to mend their works by time and pain;  
Much care and reading their productions cost,  
*Much care and reading now is so much lost*:  
Take then no time to think, but work in haste,  
The brightest talent's that of writing fast.

Most readers like romantic flights alone,  
And scorn a poem where design is shown;  
Nor think that any man can be a poet,  
Unless his frantic looks, and actions show it.

If therefore you would gain the sacred name,  
 And with the *mob* immortalize your fame;  
 Be sure that like *mere* men you ne're be seen,  
 Good natur'd, cheerful, mannerly, or clean;  
 But slovenly, and thoughtful walk the street,  
 Talk to yourself, and know no friend you meet.  
 As for myself, I'm far from being nice,  
 And practice often what I here advise;  
 At shop or stall of stationer appear,  
 With tatter'd habit, and abstracted air;  
 Now fiercely gazing, now in thought profound,  
 My eyes or at the stars, or on the ground.  
 Not that I dare to poetry pretend,  
 But boast at most to be the poet's friend;  
 To *whet* them on to write, and like the *hone*  
 Give others edge, tho' I myself have none;  
 To point them out the most successful ways,  
 To purchase *pudding*, and to purchase *praise*.  
 Hear then, ye bards! with close attention hear,  
 (You that are blest'd with a remaining *ear*;)   
 Learn hence what paths to quit, or to pursue,  
 To gain the false, and to avoid the true;  
 Learn hence new ways and wonders to explore,  
 And write as poets never wrote before.

A thorough knowledge of the court and town,  
 Is the grand *nostrum* to acquire renown;

Let

Let *novels*, *memoirs*, and *lampoons* be read,  
 And with the Atalantis fill your head.  
 A bard well skill'd in the affairs of state,  
 And all th' intrigues and knav'ries of the great;  
 That knows the solemn promises they make,  
 They do—for no one purpose but to break;  
 Their talk of public good, and future fame,  
 Means present profit all, and private aim;  
 That all the filial piety they have,  
 They long to bury in their *father's* grave,  
 And all the brotherly regards they bear,  
 Consist in hopes of soon commencing *heir*.  
 Who knows what *members* for their votes are paid,  
 And sell their country with their voice for bread.  
 What judge, who while he hangs the needy knave,  
 For a *plum* hundred will the rich one save?  
 And what fierce *captain* when commanded out,  
 Relinquish his post, or *counterfeits* the gout?  
 A bard, I say, with such acquirements stor'd,  
 Can draw a *jilt*, a *sharper*, or a *lord*;  
 And private scandals better entertain,  
 Than all the sweat and labour of the brain.

The Greeks, dull souls! so greedy were of fame,  
 They starv'd their *body* to preserve their *name*:  
 They scorn'd forsooth to suit the vulgar taste,  
 Their labours to posterity must last,  
 And, for the present, they must—what? why fast.

Thank



Thank heav'n ! we're bless'd with more *substantial*  
*sense*,  
 And take most pleasure when we count the *pence* ;  
 Let wicked *heathens* be so proud and vain,  
 A christian poet's godliness is *gain* ;  
 Take then due care to lengthen out the piece,  
 By which you'll *profit* more, as well as *please* ;  
 Of bulk alone your printer is a judge,  
 Nor a large price for many sheets can grudge ;  
 Your readers too you better can impose on,  
 Whilst the long tedious puzzling *time* they doze on.

Whene'er for sake of sweet variety,  
 You'd draw some wonder or diverting lie,  
 Fly far from *heavy* probability :  
 And show *Tom Thumb*, the more surprize to give,  
 From the *cow's belly* taken out alive.

To please alone employ your thoughts and care,  
 Nor age, nor youth, will admonition bear ;  
 Your preaching moral dunce we always slight,  
 And read not for instruction, but delight.

'Tis then, and then alone the point you gain,  
 If no one precept in your works remain,  
 But *ribaldry* and *scandal* lawless reign.

Thus

Thus shall you gain the profit you pursue,  
 And Curl get money by the copy too ;  
 Thus shall all *Drury* in your praise combine,  
 And distant *Goodfman's fields* their pœms join ;  
 So far Barbadoes shall resound your fame,  
 And ev'n *transported felons* know your name.

Yet if, by *chance*, you here and there impart,  
 Some sparks of wit, or glimmerings of art ;  
 If, by *mistake*, you *blunder* upon sense,  
 Good nature will forgive the first offence ;  
 No *string* will always give the sound requir'd,  
 Nor *shaft* fly faithful to the point desir'd :  
 If that your works are generally fraught,  
 With *pompous* show ; and *shallowness* of thought ;  
 If hum'rous point, smooth verse, and forc'd conceit,  
 With *soothing* sound, and *solid* nonsense meet :  
 We shall not be offended with one fault,  
 Thro' *want* of negligence, or *pain* of thought :  
 But think not that an audience will excuse  
 The *fool* that *purposely* *dull sense* pursues ;  
 Who, Young or Thomson like, will never write,  
 Unless at once to profit and delight.  
 The best may err, 'tis true, and seem to creep,  
 Long labours sink the brightest souls in sleep :  
 I'm griev'd to find even *Cheshire Johnson* nod,  
 And sometimes shew the absence of the god.

Painting

Painting and poetry should still agree,  
 Some pictures best far off, some near, we see :  
 So when the tricks of Faustus are presented,  
 If plac'd too nigh my pleasure is prevented :  
 I see the *strings* by which the feats are done,  
 And quickly find no *conjurer* in Lun.  
 If *ghosts* appear, make *dark* the solemn scene,  
 But in full *light* let *goddeses* be teen :  
 Poor Bayes's opera scarce would bear *one* view,  
 But Gay's repeated *sixty times*, was new.

O Dennis ! eldest of the scribbling throng,  
 Tho' skill'd thyself in ev'ry art of song,  
 Tho' also of thy *mother goddess* full,  
 By inspiration *furiouſly* dull :  
 Yet this one maxim from my pen receive,  
 To *middling* bards the world no quarter give.  
 T———d a *pettyfogger* might have made,  
 And been perhaps a tapſter at his trade ;  
 Th' indifferent lawyer is the moſt in vogue,  
 And ſtill the greater as the greateſt rogue.  
 But middling poets are by all accurſt,  
 We only liſten to the beſt, or—*worſt*.

All arts by time and induſtry are gain'd,  
 And without pains no knowledge is obtain'd.  
 Ladies muſt ſtudy hard to play quadri le,  
 And doctors take *degrees* before they kill.

Young

Young Levites be compleatly read in Greek,  
 Before they school their parish once a week :  
*Courtiers* with patients for preferment wait,  
 And *lawyers* study *equity* to cheat :  
 But yet you say that, without pains or time,  
 All dare to dabble in the arts of rhyme :  
 Why not ? since fancy, poverty, and spite,  
 Demand eternal privilege to write.  
 Without restraint indulge your *sharp* desire,  
 Want—not *Minerva*, kindies up the fire :  
 Trust then alone to arbitrary chance,  
 And let no *critic* o'er your labours glance,  
 But if thro' haste some parts remain too *bright*,  
 The next *edition* you may *cloud* them quite.

Orpheus, I've read, by his harmonious skill,  
 Made *birds* and *beasts* obedient to his will,  
 Amphion, greater yet, made stones advance,  
 And sturdy oaks to mingle in the dance ;  
 But how much greater in our age are those !  
 Whose powerful strains could charm the *belles* and  
*beaux* !

'Tis likewise said, that, in our fathers days,  
 By sense and virtue, poets aim'd at praise,  
 And in their country's service tun'd their lays.  
 Taught men from fraud and rapine to abstain,  
 And public good prefer to private gain :

Z

Shew'd



Shew'd 'em what reverence to the *gods* was due,  
 And what rich fruits from *social virtues* grew :  
 By nuptial ties loose libertines restrain'd,  
 Taught mutual commerce, and wise laws ordain'd ;  
 Whilst others sung in animating strains,  
 The martial hosts embattl'd on the plains ;  
 Or useful secrets labour'd to explore,  
 Which lay conceal'd in nature's womb before .  
 For such dull stuff they justly are despis'd,  
 We knowing *moderns* scorn to be advis'd.  
 How much more entertaining is the *bard*,  
 That of all virtue shews a disregard,  
 Who by no laws, divine or human, aw'd,  
 Rails at his *prince*, and ridicules his *god*;  
 To vice and folly splendid temples rears,  
 And, for our entertainment, *risks his ears*.

Some question whether this diverting vein  
 Be nature's gift, or is acquir'd by pain.  
 In my opinion neither is requir'd,  
 Nor taught by *study*, nor by *genius* fir'd,  
 By *whim* alone, or *penury* inspir'd.

He then that would the wish'd-for prize obtain,  
 Need never dim his eyes, or rack his brain,  
 Nor toil by day, nor meditate by night,  
 But take, for *power*, the *willingness* to write,

And

And ever thoughtless, indolent, and gay,  
 With *wine* and *women* revel life away.  
 Let *pipers* learn their fingers to command,  
 And *fiddlers* drudge seven years to make a hand,  
 You care for nothing but a warm *third-night* :  
 Why then, *pox take the hindmost* ! cry, and write.

'Tis likewise requisite you some should hire,  
 On the first night, your labours to admire ;  
 Some that will stamp and rave at ev'ry line,  
 And swear 'tis charming ! exquisite ! divine !  
 Applaud when *chair* or *coach* is well brought in,  
 And clap the very *drawing* of the *scene* ;  
 And next old Dennis with a supper treat,  
 He'll like your *poem* as he likes your *meat* ;  
 For give that growling Cerberus but a *sop*,  
 He'll close his jaws, and sleep like any top.

But well beware you never trust to those,  
 Who, under friendship's mask, are real foes,  
 And sway'd by envy, ignorance, or spite,  
 Find fault with every thing that you recite ;  
 Who ne'er will pardon an *unmeaning* line,  
 But *rhime* to *reason* slavishly confine :  
 ' Enliven this (they cry), and polish that,  
 ' The *diction's* here too rugged, there too flat.

' That *thought's* too mean, and here you're too  
obscure,

' This *line's* ill-turn'd, and——strike out those be  
sure."

Thus, while they *cancel* what they *call* amiss,  
There scarce remains a *line* of all the *piece*.

As then you would avoid a clam'rous *dun*,  
Scour from a *catchpole*, or the *pill'ry* shun ;  
So fly such *critics*, trust yourself alone,  
Nor to *their* humour sacrifice your *own* :

No—rather seek some *sycophant* at court,  
Some rich, young, lack-wit *lord* for your support :  
Submit your works to his *right-honour'd* note,  
He'll *judge* with the *same spirit* that you *wrote* :

And if a *dupe* that *freely bleeds* you nick,  
Be sure you fasten, and be sure you stick ;  
*Be-rhime, be-prose* him, *dedicate*, and *lie*,  
And never leave him till you've suck'd him dry.

9 JA 56

F I N I S.

T H E  
A R T  
O F  
A N G L I N G;  
E I G H T D I A L O G U E S  
I N V E R S E.

\*\*\*\*\*

*Rura mihi, et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,  
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius.*—

VIRG.

\*\*\*\*\*





T H E  
B O O K S E L L E R  
T O T H E  
R E A D E R.

COURTEOUS READER,

**T**O induce thee to purchase this little book, it behoveth me to remove two or three stumbling blocks, which lie at the very threshold of it. Those stumbling blocks are certain unlucky objections, which the title may possibly suggest to the mind.

The first objection lieth against the subject, which, peradventure, may be thought low and trifling. In apology I have to alledge, that this very thing manifesteth the singular sagacity, prudence, and benevolence of the Author: His sagacity in discovering the ruling taste of the age for trifles, his prudence in accommodating himself to that taste, and therewithal his benevolence in consulting my interest by writing what is likely to sell: for the profit is to be wholly mine, the Author being contented with the sole reward of fame. I might, indeed, add a third reason for his choice of such a subject, no less true perhaps than the foregoing, namely, that he was conscious his genius could rise no higher, whereby he discovereth no small degree of self-knowledge and humility, virtues not ordinarily found in writers of any age, much less in ours.

But

But there is another objection which likewise affecteth the matter or subject of this performance; its being, as some may think, too particular, and what concerneth Anglers only; who, say they, are few in number. This objection, I humbly conceive, proceedeth on a grand mistake. For to a man of any compass of thought and experience in the world, it is well known, that Angling is not a mere recreation, but a business, a business which employeth most orders, professions and occupations among men. This might be fairly proved by an induction of particulars: For instance, we booksellers angle for authors, and authors angle for a dinner or for fame: Again doth not the lawyer angle for clients, the doctor for a fee, the divine for preferment, the statesman for secrets, the courtier for a pension, and the needy for a place? Further, what is he who offered a bribe, but a fisher for another man's conscience? And what is he who taketh a bribe, but the silly fish that is caught with the bait? But it would exceed the bounds of a preface to enter into a longer detail. What is here said may suffice to shew the universality of our Author's subject.

The last objection which I have to mention and refute, concerneth the manner of handling this subject, I mean writing in verse.

I was so thoroughly aware of the great prejudice from this quarter to the sale of the work, that I thought proper to have some talk with the Author on the point. And, I must own, that I found him to shuffle and cut grievously about it. For when I objected to him, that there are but few, very few, readers of verse, he answered, the same objection lies against one of the noblest poems in our language, *Sommerville's Chace*.

Chace. Aye, but, said I, every one hath not Somerville's genius. He knit his brows, and appeared not a little displeased at my suspicion of his poetical abilities.

His next plea was, that he loved jingling himself, and thought other people did so too: for he had observed, that the things which passed well enough with the public, since the death of Alexander Pope, were no better. What, said I again, have you never read, or have you forgotten the monody on Pope's death, and the tragedy of Elfrida? He shook his head, as much as to say, If friend Mason goes on to write such pieces as those, he may starve while the booksellers live.

All that I could get further out of him was this, If any who have a taste for rhimes will look into these dialogues, they will not perhaps be displeased with their entertainment. These expressions seemed to me to savour so strongly of vanity, that I thereupon left him to enjoy his self-sufficiency.

One word more, gentle reader, and I have done. To render this edition as entertaining and edifying as possible, I have spared no expence. To this end I put the manuscript into the hands of sundry learned and ingenious men, whom I retain in constant pay. They have furnished me with a set of notes; some of which are original, and these I hold to be the most curious and recondite. The rest are extracted partly from manuscripts, and partly from very scarce books, to be met with no where but in the libraries of princes and nobles.

D I A.





\* D I A L O G U E I.

A DEFENCE of ANGLING.



CANDIDUS. SEVERUS.

C. **W**ILL virtue frown, Severus, on our way,  
If in these springing meads we fish and  
stray?

S. Virtue, my friend, on no enjoyment smiles  
Which idle hours debase, or vice defiles.

The wise to life's momentuous work attend;       5  
And think and act, still pointing to their end:  
As yon clear streams one constant tenor keep,  
Rolling their liquid homage to the deep.

C. But books or bus'ness, with unpausing care,  
What force of body or of mind can bear?       10  
The steed, unharnes'd from the plow awhile,  
Returns with spirit to his rural toil,  
Sports (like parentheses) may part the line  
Of labour, without breaking the design.

But

\* How artfully has this author screened himself from our attacks, by giving to his compositions the title of dialogues! O that he had called them eclogues! I should then have been furnished with a fair occasion to display my reading and my critical skill, by shewing that neither his characters, nor his sentiments, nor his expression agree with the simplicity so essential to that species of Poem. *Zoilus.*

The Scene of this dialogue is the meadows, the season is the coming in of spring. *Aristarchus.*

But as, in verse, parentheses (if long 15  
 And crowded) mar the beauty of the song;  
 So pastimes which ingross too large a space  
 Disturb life's system, and its work deface.

S. If wisdom give her nod, and sports may claim  
 A safe asylum in her awful name, 20  
 Let wisdom rule the choice; in those engage  
 Which merit sanction from the Coan Sage:  
 Which rouse, not waste the spirits, and are good  
 To push along its tubes the loit'ring blood.  
 Go, with elastic arm impell the bowl 25  
 Erring victorious to its envy'd goal.

C. Some, rather, when autumnal winds shall  
 bring,  
 From climes unknown, the woodcock's vagrant  
 wing,  
 Will seek the stranger, where the gurgling rill,  
 Beneath a sylvan bank, invites his bill. 30  
 They mark his rising, and his crooked flight,  
 But send their thunder when he darts outright.  
 Others, a hardy and intrepid race,  
 Dare the bold pleasures of the boist'rous chace.  
 Such with the beagle rise, at dusky morn, 35  
 Mount the swift courser, meet the winding horn,  
 Untourm

Ver. 22. This same Coan Sage is Hippocrates the  
 father of physick. He was born in Coos, an island in the  
 Egean Sea, now called the Archipelago.

Farnaby the Younger.

Unfourm the hare close squatted in her bush,  
 Strain up the mountains, down the mountains rush,  
 Plunge in the rapid flood, o'erleap the mound,  
 And shout their conquest bleeding on the ground. 40  
 Each, what his genius prompts and nerves attain,  
 Varies his joy, I no man's joy arraign.

Me lonely vales and winding currents please,  
 And arts of fishing entertain my ease.

S. Low is the taste, plebeian the delight, 45  
 Which mire can tempt and sordid toils excite.

C. But mine is not the glory to unfurl  
 The net's umbrello, with Herculean whirl;  
 Nor wading to the neck, in mud absce,ne,  
 Tug the cork-buoyant mesh, whole streams to  
 clean. 50

The decent angle's mine; my pride would slay  
 Her thousands, but in doctor Purgon's way;  
 A lordly luce, then a low gudgeon kill,  
 And all in method and with learned pill.

S. But damp unwholesome from the marsh  
 exhales, 55  
 Dire seeds of gout and age-tormenting ails.

C. Rash Anglers rue late hours; more cautious I  
 From night's dark wing and evening vapours fly:  
 A a Warn'd

Ver. 52. Doctor Purgon's way. A most ingenious allusion to a most humorous character of a Physician in Moliere's *Malade Imaginaire*. Ari. arc. .

53. The Luc is another name for a Pike, from the Latin Lucius. Moses Browne.





Or fancy, flowing with recruited vein,  
 Pours out her pleasures in this rhiming strain. 80  
 Let not my friend despise, with cynic mood,  
 Our pastime, honoured by the wise and good:  
 By blameless Nowell, Wotton's chearful age,  
 Cotton's clear wit, and Walton's rural page.  
 With rapture these beheld the peopl'd flood, 85  
 The chequer'd meadow, and the waving wood.  
 Here found, in solitude, emollient rest  
 From rugged cares and tumults of the breast:  
 Here virtues learn'd (ill learn'd by formal rules)  
 Unknown to courts, unknown to wrangling  
     schools, 90  
 Patience, and peace, and gentleness of mind,  
 Contempt of wealth, and love of human kind.

S. So well, with reason in the song, you plead,  
 Unblushing I might wield the fisher's reed;  
 Which, if I e'er assume, its bark shall shew 95  
 Your own just maxim in memorial view:

A a 2

" All

Ver. 81. Cynic is derived from a Greek word signifying a dog. This term is properly the appellation of an anti-ent sect of philosophers, who distinguished themselves by their surly and snarling temper. It is likewise applicable to a certain species of critics, and in general to all ill-natured censurers whatsoever. Farnaby the younger.

Ver. 83. Nowell, the good old dean of St. Paul's in Queen Elizabeth's days. Wotton, the famous Sir Henry Wotton. Both were great lovers of Angling. Moses Browne.

84. Walton and Cotton, authors of the Compleat Angler, in two parts, published anew by me Moses Browne.

“ All pastimes that ingross too large a space,”

“ Disturb life’s system, and its work deface.”

But from the pail behold the milky herd.

Return to supper on the fav’ry sward.

100

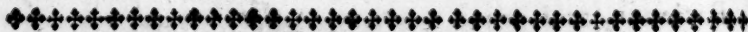
Turn we our steps, ’ere the blue streams arise,

And seek dry shelter from the noisome skies.

For winter’s breath still mingles with our spring,

And the chill eve bears ague on her wing.

97. 98. O the shocking pride of this Author! he hath first the presumption to dignify a dry saying of his own with the title of a maxim or moral axiom; and next, the assurance to hint to the sellers of fishing tackle, that he would have them to get this same saw engraven on the outside of every fishing rod in their shops. Zoilus.



## D I A L O G U E II.

### Some general RULES of the SPORT.



#### TYRO. PISCATOR.

T. **W**E fled, Piscator, to the trees in vain,  
The trees, half naked, of slow spring  
complain.

With

The scene is a shed in the Meadows; the Season is the Spring somewhat further advanced. Aristarchus.

With Ague's trembling hand her bow'rs she weaves,  
Which rugged winter ruffled of their leaves.

P. Here, Tyro, from the rains and blust'ring  
wind, 5

We and the beasts a welcome shelter find,  
Some gentle swain, the harmless Angler's friend,  
Rais'd this low shade for charitable end.

Heaven blest his sylvan cares ! may peace abide  
Under his roof, and slumber at his side ! 10

T. Sweetly the morning smil'd, the sky was fair,  
No rustling gust disturb'd the quiet air.

I hop'd the perch would feel the warming ray,  
Rise from the deeps, and tire our hooks with prey.  
But, cold and rough, rush'd down a sudden storm, 15  
And furious show'rs the troubl'd streams deform.

P. Hope oft deceives us, like the lying gale,  
Which from her port decoys the merchant sail.

T. Ill the raw Angler brooks this peevish day.

P. Shut, shut your engine ; for we must obey. 20

T. But 'ere from hence, with bright'ning skies, we  
part,

Indulge my wishes, and explain your art.

P. Walton could teach, his meek enchanting vein  
The shepherd's mingles with the fisher's strain :

Nature and genius animate his lines, 25  
And our whole science in his precepts shines.

Howe'er, to fill this little void of time,  
And titillate your ear with jingling rhyme,



Receive, in brief epitome, the rules  
 Anglers revere, the doctrine of their schools. 30  
 First, with discerning eyes your engine view,  
 Of yielding hazel, or of strong bamboo.  
 With nice proportion, in their bulk and length,  
 Its limbs be shap'd, for beauty and for strength :  
 Tough, taper, flexible, well form'd to strike 35  
 The pigmy minnow and gigantic pike.  
 Such are the virtues of this peerless wand,  
 A brother's gift, which decorates my hand :  
 His darling once, obligingly resign'd,  
 The lov'd memorial of his loving mind. 40  
 Your line, or by the spinning worm supply'd,  
 Or by the high-born courser's hairy pride,  
 Of gross or subtile texture, must obey  
 The might or weakness of your destin'd prey.  
 Be rich in steel, by dext'rous Vulcan tam'd 45  
 To barbed hooks, for stubborn temper fam'd.  
 Some authors have, with cumbersome parade  
 Dull pages of inveigling baits display'd :  
 But in six words the shrewd temptations ly,  
 Fair paste, bright-worms, and well dissembled fly. 50  
 Thus

Ver. 30. Bamboo is a plant of the reed kind in the West Indies. But I am informed, that the best are those which come from the East Indies. Moses Browne.

Ver. 41. The spinning worm is the silk worm. Farnaby the younger.

45. Vulcan, being the God of the Forge, is here, by a figure of speech, put for a Blacksmith. Farnaby the younger.

Thus arm'd with implements of death, beware  
 Ill omen'd seasons and unfav'ring air.  
 When Sirius drinks, when the defrauded mill  
 Mourns empty springs and all her wheels stand still ;  
 When æther blazes, and the watry scene 55  
 Presents the picture of the blue serene ;  
 Or when fierce rains discolour'd currents swell,  
 At home the fate of vent'rous fools foretell :  
 For then close-shelt'ring weeds, or creeks obscure,  
 Fearful or faint the finny tribes allure. 60  
 But show'ry clouds and southern gales excite  
 The gamesome mood, and edge their appetite.  
 Yet, as the peasant, when his timid eyes  
 Suspect each sign of weather he espies,  
 The seed or sickle from his field detains, 65  
 And fondly of his desert barns complains,  
 So superstitious Anglers watch the wind,  
 Now Boreas chills ; now Eurus breathes unkind.  
 Blow, Boreas, Eurus, but nor loud nor cold ;  
 Angler, go forth ; with high assurance bold. 70  
 Believe a tepid season, and partake  
 Large booty from the river, pond, or lake.

T. Thanks to my gen'rous master, much I owe ;  
 Yet swell the debt, one pleasure more bestow.

Carol.

53. When Sirius drinks. He meaneth the droughts of  
 the dog-days ; for Sirius is the dog-star. Farsaby the  
 younger.

Carol that song, which, touch'd by gentle charms,  
My bosom with the love of angling warms. 76

P. Time calls us hence, but, pliant to your  
choice,

I yield, tho' music never tun'd my voice.

### The ANGLER'S SONG.

Me no pleasure shall enamour,  
Swimming in the drunkard's bowl; 80  
Joy that ends in strife and clamour  
And in sorrow drowns the soul.

Sports of mighty Nimrod's chusing,  
All your mischiefs I will shun;  
Broken bones and grievous bruising, 85  
Glorious scars by hunters won.

Come, thou harmless recreation!  
Holding out the Angler's reed;  
Nurse of pleasing contemplation,  
By the stream my wandrings lead. 90

When I view the waters sliding  
To their goal with restless pace,  
Let me think how time is gliding  
In his more important race.

On the flow'ry border sitting, 95  
 I will dip my filken line :  
 And weak fish alone outwitting,  
 Curse all other fly design.

Milky kine, around me grazing,  
 Woolly flocks, on distant hills, 100  
 Join your notes with mine in praising  
 Him whose hand all creatures fills.

When musk odours, heart-regaling,  
 All the morning mead perfume,  
 From the new-mown hay exhaling, 105  
 I'll the fisher's wand resume.

Yea, when autumn's russet mantle  
 Saddens the decaying year,  
 I will fish, and I will chant, till  
 Feeble age shall change my cheer, 110



## DIALOGUE III.

## ANGLING FOR TROUT.



MUSÆUS, SIMPLICIUS.

M. **T**HE seasons surely, in these northern climes,  
Laugh at their image drawn by modern  
rhimes.

For spring oft shivers in the British isle,  
But warms, in British song, with Baia's smile.  
Ev'n now the hawthorn, on the birth of May, 5  
Witholds her blossom, nor believes the day.

And

The scene is the banks of the River Lea; the season is  
the first day of May. Aristarchus.

Ver. 1. 4. The observation contained in these four  
verses is a notorious piece of plagiarism. But nothing,  
surely, can exceed the folly of our author in imagining to  
conceal his theft. For the book from which he stole this  
remark, is in the hands of all men of taste and literature  
throughout the kingdom; I mean Hurd's *Horace*, vid. vol.  
2. p. 128. 129. However, don't mistake me, reader, as  
tho' I meant to commend that work, by saying it is in the  
hands of all men of taste and literature; for you are to  
understand, that such persons are not the most profound  
critics, nor the best judges of the merit of any composition.  
Zoilus.

4. Baia, anciently called Baiz, a city in Italy, not far  
from Naples, of great note formerly for its baths and the  
delicious temperature of its climate. I suppose our Au-  
thor's meaning is, that many English poets take their de-  
scription of an English Spring from the circumstance of  
that prime of the year in the finest part of Italy. Farna-  
by the younger.

And much I doubt, Simplicius, if the breeze,  
 Crisping the Lea, her spotted nation please :  
 Thin, o'er the wave, the quiv'ring insects skim,  
 And faintly dip their pinions in its brim. 10

S. I heed not songsters, and I hate all lies,  
 Plain words may profit, and plain sense is wise.  
 But there, that answer to your doubt receive ;  
 A gallant trout ! behold him, and believe.

M. What ails this mimic fly ? it springs no  
 game, 15

Like yours its colours, and in form the same.  
 O ! as fam'd Walton, could I wheel the line,  
 Or glory, Cotton, in a hand like thine,  
 And lightly on the dimpling eddy fling  
 The hypocritic fly's unruffled wing, 20  
 Enamell'd spoil shou'd then my conquests grace,  
 While Hampshire meads with wary foot I trace.

S. Peace on the dead ! some living hands I know  
 No shame to Anglers, nor unskill'd to throw.

In Hampshire grindles piddle who delight, 25  
 Whom love of trout and bacon chine excite.

M.

Ver. 8. The Lea is an Hertfordshire river. Its spring-head is in Bedfordshire, its course by Hertford, Ware, Waltham and Bow, parting Middlesex from Essex. It falls into the Thames at Blackwall. Vet. MS. in the Bodleian Library.

17. 18. Walton and Cotton were, in their day, first-rate geniuses at Trout Angling, especially with a fly. Moses Browne.

22. Hampshire abounds in brooks and rivulets plentifully stored with Trout and other river fish. Brooksius, in his art of Angling.

M. Your skill, my worthy partner, I admire,  
 And nobler proving of its pow'r desire.  
 Descend the limestone precipice, and rove  
 Along the banks of silver footed Dove, 30  
 Her headlong current, amid Alpine hills,  
 Wash'd by the crystal of unnumber'd rills,  
 Clear as the spotless mirror, feasts our eyes  
 With pendant mountains and the downward skies.  
 In the clear bosom of the glassy wave 35  
 Trout of the richest stains their beauties lave :  
 While the swift umber, back'd with azure green,  
 Glides like a shadow thro' the lucid scene.

S. Let sounder heads and surer heels than mine  
 Down precipices crawl, to fish and dine : 40  
 Lea always nigh, Lea, universal stream !  
 Boasts no inglorious trout, but scorns the bream ;  
 Huge cheven here, and sturdy barbel, feel  
 Th' unconquer'd temper of my bearded steel :  
 The

Ver. 30. The Dove springs near the three shire stones, divides the two counties of Staffordshire and Derbyshire, and runs into the Trent about two miles below Buxton. It receives its name from the swiftness of its current, and that swiftness occasioned by the declivity of its course, and by being straitened in that course betwixt the rocks. It is famous for the clearness of its stream, and the excellence of its Trout and Grayling. Cotton compl. Angler. 2d part, p. 112.

34. This whole line is manifestly filched from Pope's Windsor forest, ver. 210. Z ilus.

37. UMBER is another name of the Grayling. This fish seldom grows beyond eighteen inches. It is a fish in high esteem, rarely found but in the Derbyshire streams, and is in its perfection in the middle of winter. Brookefius, Gsnerus, Cotton, Moses Browne.

The tench are strangers, and the grayling's kind, 45  
All else rich pasture in these waters find.

M. How bounteous is the charter of our meat !  
Which loud proclaims, " Rise, mortal, slay, and eat ;  
" Of every wing, the savage and the tame,  
" Of every beast of salutary name ; 50  
" Of every finny oar, in fresh or brine,  
" Which health will license ; mortal, all is thine."  
The Pow'r who form'd the palate with degrees  
Of quick discernment, each degree to please  
In varying food a varying gust has plac'd, 55  
The pike's dry flesh, and grayling's flav'rous taste.

S. The grayling yields no fame ; too easy prey,  
He turns his side of gold-bespangled grey.

M. Game for my talents ; unabash'd he'll dare,  
Baulk'd e'er so oft, the disappointing snare ; 60  
Simple and bold, like blockheads of the pen,  
Who write, are hiss'd, and stare, and write agen.  
In the cold month, whose holy feast presides  
O'er time's great æras, and his annals guides,

B b

With

Ver. 62. Agen. I know that Milton spelleth the word thus in his *Lycidas* in blank verse. I know also, that this way of spelling it, is most agreeable to its Saxon Etymology. But is it not ordinarily written again? and doth not our Author so write it in all other places in these dialogues? Why therefore hath he departed from the common Orthography here? Evidently, to make it seem a more exact chime to *pen* in the foregoing line. Zoilus.

63. What enigma is here? after reading these two lines



With you, ye northern anglers, let me ply 65  
 Latkin, pellucid brook ! or Buxton's Wye :  
 With yours my false wing's witch'ry shall excite  
 The grayling's hunger in his season's height.  
 For then a deeper fable veils his head,  
 A deeper fable o'er his back is spread : 70  
 His sound firm flesh, before the knife, will flake,  
 And rival honours with the trout partake.

S. High rhapsody ! but ramble e'er so long,  
 No fish, so silly, will be caught by song.  
 See ! see ! another captive ! bid your Wye, 75  
 Latkin, or Dove, with this vermilion vie.

M. There's magic in your wand, your fly's a spell,  
 Old Merlin form'd and bless'd them in his cell.  
 Patience and hope are fled ; away I fling  
 These luckless weapons, and will sit and sing. 80

The trout, of delicate complexion, creeps,  
 Sickly, deform'd, and squallid, in the deeps,  
 Lean and unwholesome, while descending snows  
 Thicken the floods, and scourging Boreas blows :  
 But

lines ten times over, I discovered at last that our Author means the month of December, in which Christmas falls. But how ridiculous is all this waste of words ! If he had only said in December, or at Christmas, his Readers would have understood him at once. *Zoilus.*

66. Latkin and Wye are two small streams in Derbyshire. The former is of special note for the transparency of its water and plenty of Grayling. Buxton is well known by its hot bath. Cotton, Cambden, Britannicus Topographicus.

But when the vernal energy prevails 85

O'er winter's gelid breath ; when western gales

Curl the pure shallows and his strength restore,

His scales he brightens on the pebbly shore ;

His colours rise, and in the rapid maze

Gay as the spring the lively wanton plays. 90

Ye Naiads, listen to the fisher's strain,

While thus I hymn the glories of your reign :

Nor let me, wand'ring on the mossy shore,

Behold your watry treasures, and deplore,

While, partial, you to other hooks resign 95

The speckled triumphs, but refuse to mine.

S. What frenzy this ? Fly on your heath'nish style !

Up, and alert, diversify the wile :

Suspend a living loach, ground, ground your wand !

Trust him to fish, at distance take your stand. 100

Perish that moor hen ! her untoward flight

Turn'd a large trout just springing to the bite.

M. Bless me ! the plot succeeds, at last I've won,

A lovelier trout ne'er glitter'd in the sun.

Farewel, Simplicius, an affair of weight 105

Demands me now, nor linger you too late.

Swift down the steep of heav'n, the wheels of day

To western waves precipitate the ray.

B b2

D I A-

Ver. 91. The Naiads, in the Heathen System of Divinity, were the Nymphs of the Fountains Farnaby the younger. King of the Heathen Gods. Pomey's Pantheon. Moses Browne.

## DIALOGUE IV.

## ANGLING for PERCH.

\*\*\*\*\*

GARRULUS. LEPIDUS.

G. **O**UR labour, Lepidus, is ill repay'd,  
Nor will the sun befriend us, nor the  
shade:

The open waters and the covert yield  
No game; where sleep the sluggish perch con-  
ceal'd?

That pool was fruitful, and this willow's shore 5  
Ne'er fail'd its promise to my line before.

L. Perchance, in council met, the perch debate  
On high affairs, what weather fits the state.  
Some oracle of med'cine gives his voice,  
"Perch, the north blows, warm shelter be your  
choice;

10  
"Tho'

The scene is a river's side; the season is the decline of  
Spring. Aristarchus.

Ver. 3. Turn, Reader, to the Essay on Man, Ep. I. 10.  
and you will find another proof of our Author's thievish  
disposition. If he had consulted me, I would have ad-  
vised him to have borrowed from writers of a higher  
class than that Alexander Pope, such as Blackmore and  
others: For their works being not commonly read, by  
reason of their sublimity, may be plundered without ha-  
zard of a discovery. Zoilus.

“ Tho’ summer treads upon the spring, beware,

“ Your fasts be frequent, and your diet spare.

G. Let winners laugh, but in my humble tho ught’

The river is absolv’d and ours the fault.

His fav’rite point whoever means to hit, 15

Must fair occasion to his wishes fit.

When the sly miller, to increase his toll,

Mows the stiff weeds, o’er which the choak’d  
streams roll,

The green sedge, by the current born away,

Thick and more thick, within a winding bay, 20

Rests harbour’d underneath the covert fear,

The prickling fins enjoy the falling year.

With tackle strong, there perforate away,

And satiate your rejoicing house with prey.

This season pleases not, nor likes mine eye 25

The surly owner of the stream so nigh.

On yonder hill his haughty mansion see,

And here the sordid thatch of poverty ;

Where liv’d, contented liv’d, a simple swain,

He trimm’d the hedge row, and he turn’d the plain.

Sometimes, by hunger prompted, he would creep 30

Down to the waters, in the hour of sleep.

The booty, by laborious watching gain’d,

His needy household for a day sustain’d.

Stern Harpax heard, the trembling wretch he seiz’d,

Touch’d with no pity, by no suit pleas’d. 35



The pregnant wife her hands distracted wrung,  
 Six weeping babes around the father clung :  
 In vain, the felon to the camp was doom'd,  
 And nakedness and want the race consum'd.  
 But, Lepidus, these sportless hours seem long, 40  
 Come, cheer our dullness with the farmer's song.

L. Ye sov'reigns of manors, in verse  
 (Dull prose will dishonour your name)  
 The muse shall your triumphs rehearse,  
 High sounding the laws of the game. 45

The farmer your sport shall supply,  
 Your beagles his fences shall break :  
 But, "touch not and taste not," you cry,  
 The law will its talons awake.

One hundred a year gives the right 50  
 To challenge all nature your own ;  
 Tell short of the sum but a mite,  
 And your ninety-nine pounds are as none.  
 Hare,

Ver. 41. It appears evidently enough, by Dial. VI. ver. 95. that our Author is by profession a priest : for he there speaks with high commendation of a farmer, because truly he paid his tithes without grumbling. Judge now, candid Reader, whether it became a man of his cloth to spend his time in making ballads. I forbore to censure the Angler's song, because there is some gravity and tolerable moral instruction in that : But this Farmer's song is so vain and frothy, and satirical, that I cannot read it with any patience. Zoilus.

Hare, partridge, or pheasant who eat  
 (There's law too for filching the blood), 55  
 Without a permit for his meat,  
 Five pounds shall be squeez'd from his blood.

Vexations, and suits, and a jail  
 Th'unqualify'd gun shall chastise :  
 Informers but swear to your tale, 60  
 And richly be paid for your lies.

For his majesty's service, we'll press  
 The felon who steals but a hare ;  
 For his brats, the parish assess :  
 All poachers and anglers, beware. 65

G. Hah ! the wind veers to south, auspicious sign !  
 Now watch the dancing cork and jerking line.  
 Down, down it dives, heroic was the bite,  
 He struggles strong, he flounces in my sight,  
 On *terra firma* now he bangs his tail, 70  
 Welcome, thou dusky yellow coat of mail  
 And mountain back, arm'd with a bristly spine,  
 Twelve inches scarce thy measur'd length define.

L. Pshaw ! a meer spawnling, worth no better  
 stile :  
 O had you seen, in Ely's meery isle, 75  
 His

Ver. 75. 83. I have been told that our Author had the  
 truth of this marvellous story vouched to him by a gen-  
 tleman

His bulky brother, which a cyclops strook  
 With hempen cable and rough hammer'd hook !  
 Long tugg'd the brawny blacksmith at his game,  
 At last incumber'd with huge load it came,  
 Half bury'd in a pike's enormous maw, 80  
 Its finny spears fast wedg'd into his jaw.  
 Scarce eight full pounds, if Jove himself had hung  
 His ballance forth, that giant perch had swung.

G. Again, and yet again ! the soften'd gale  
 Bids my glad cork on happy voyage sail. 85  
 Now fleecy clouds and gently warming beams,  
 Alternate, overshade and gild the streams.  
 Rest there, my pipe, tobacco charms no more ;  
 My scrip grows pond'rous with its scaly store.  
 Perch, like the Tartar clans, in troops remove, 90  
 And urg'd by famine, or by pleasure rove.  
 But if one pris'ner, as in war, you seize,  
 You'll prosper, master of the camp, with ease.

L. For, like the wicked, unalarm'd they view  
 Their fellows perish, and their path pursue. 95  
 Fish

tleman of rank and fortune, and therefore of unquestionable veracity, who lived near the spot where this romantic affair is said to have happened : But, for my own particular, I look upon the whole to be a swinging lie.  
 Zoilus.

76, The Cyclops were huge brawny fellows, who had but one eye, and that in their forehead : they were Vulcan's journeymen, and made thunderbolts for Jupiter. A Cyclops, therefore, in the figurative stile, is a Blacksmith. Farnaby the younger.

Fish have their various characters, defin'd  
 Not more by form and colour than by mind.  
 The wary trout but few temptations hit,  
 The perch an ideot, and the carp a wit.

G. That ideot, friend (to argue from your spoils)  
 Laughs at your reason and insults your wiles. 101

L. Hark! how the water breaks with dashing  
 sound.

G. Shock blunder'd in, a water rat is drown'd.

S. The noise (so oddly are ideas join'd)  
 Recals a pleasant incident to mind. 105

'Twas when December, with his spangling snows,  
 Whiten'd the meads and stung the tingling nose,  
 A squaddy tensor, who could fish or trim,  
 Dutchman his paunch, but ah! not born to swim,  
 With waddling gait, officious in his way, 110  
 Lacquey'd my nod, the hireling of the day.

Low, at an alder's outmost branches hung,  
 O'er a deep pool my net coop'd roach were swung,  
 For at the snap I toil'd; a prowling pike  
 Bit furious; with a jerk unblest I strike: 115

A bait!

Ver. 106. Here again our venerable Flamen runs into the ludicrous in a most extravagant degree. But, surely, Priests were not made to laugh, nor is it their business to set other folks a-laughing. I know it has been said, that risibility is one characteristic of human nature, and therefore innocent. But the falsity of that proposition, and consequently of the conclusion grounded upon it, is very glaring. For if laughter be a natural affection, then it is culpable in none to laugh on proper occasions: But it is highly culpable in a clergyman to laugh on any occasion: Ergo, Laughter is not a natural affection. Zoilus.



A bait ! a bait ! obsequious to the twig  
 Kneels my light sancho of the sand-red wig ;  
 But overpoising on the stretch, at once  
 Plump'd like a millstone in, I heard him plounce ;  
 Up, like a river god, I saw him rise, 120  
 With crown all dripping, and with staring eyes :  
 Fast on a bending bough he clench'd his hold,  
 Half in the bath, half shudd'ring in the cold.

G. Ha ! ha ! ha ! well, if prating be a sin,  
 And spleen should e'er to punish mine begin, 125  
 Be thou my hartshorn, Lepidus the gay,  
 Thy mirth shall spirit the foul crone away.  
 I know but few so patient of the cross,  
 And fewer still so merry with their loss.  
 Were I a wretch who hunger'd for a place, 130  
 I would not on a fast-day tease his Grace.  
 But, thank my stars, my conscience is my own,  
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, and a slave to none.  
 I vote, I serve my country, and I fish,  
 Nor foul my fingers in a great man's dish. 135  
 But whither do I rove ? on marsh born wing  
 The swarming gnats now buzz around and sting.  
 Faint are your reptile baits, my store is spent,  
 Where are the minnows good Piscator sent ?

L. Rapine's vile meals the wide-mouth'd perch  
 sustain, 140  
 And blood of infant fish pollutes his vein.

Justice

Justice decrees, th' assassins shall atone  
 For blood he spills, by forfeit of his own.  
 Die, then, ye murd'ers, by your crime ensnar'd,  
 These hands the deadly banquet have prepar'd. 145  
 Where that brown alder shades the watry way,  
 A dappled minnow on my hook shall play.

G. On mine, its mimic in deluding dress  
 (Art's gay creation) with as sure success,  
 Thro' yon deep violent whirlpool whisk'd as  
 long, 150

Solicits to their bane the witless throng.

L. We cheat the finny fools, ourselves as blind,  
 Fools in our turn are cheated by our kind.  
 Th' empiric cheats us with his pills and lies,  
 The fawner cheats us in a friend's disguise: 155  
 The statesman with a patriot's tongue, the saint  
 Oft cheats us with a villain's face in paint.  
 To heighten the strange farce, ourselves we cheat,  
 And our own passions form the fair deceit.

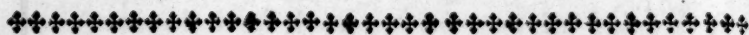
G. Remember one cheat more, the gadding  
 light 160

Swift gliding on the marsh at edge of night:  
 From fen to fen, from field to field it roves,  
 The pilgrim straggles where the meteor moves.  
 Some village lamp he deems th' illusive fire,  
 And stumbles on the glebe, and wades in mire. 165  
 Now

Ver. 148. Its Mimic. An artificial Mianow, commonly  
 sold at the fishing shops. Moses Browne.

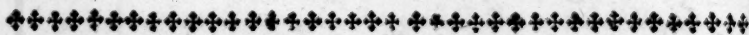
Now we two tedious miles must labour o'er,  
Ere watchful Mopsa ope the sounding door.

Ver. 167. Mopsa] a servant maid. Farnaby the younger.



## DIALOGUE V.

CARP.



LUCIUS, VERUS.

L. **B**Rother, awake; prevent the chiding day,  
Shake off the drowsy god, and haste away.  
Now hunger keen and shade of morning cool  
Fill with assembling carp the marly pool.

V. Lucius? the toil of yesterday was strong, 5  
Sleep's pow'rful spell has bound my soul too long.  
Shame on the sluggard drone, who snores supine  
When dazzling sunbeams through his curtains shine:

L. Scap'd from oblivion's couch, our thought  
and sense  
Are feasted in this walk of innocence. 10

V. Pleasures

The scene is first a country walk, next a river, then it  
shifteth to an oak at some distance, and after a while  
turns to the banks of the river again. The month is  
July; the time, morning, a little before day-break.

Aristarchus.

V. Pleasures like this an honest man may charm,  
But doubly please, with Lucius at my arm.

L. The stars are fainting in th' ethereal plain,  
And the pale moon begins to doubt her reign,  
Night hurries to her western goal, while dawn 15  
Opes her grey eyelids on the wood and lawn.  
Hark! the sweet poets of the field upraise,  
In choral song, the mighty Maker's praise,  
Upbraiding man; among the reas'ning throng  
Virtue and God but rarely tune the tongue. 20

V. Who sings of virtue, in these iron times,  
Sings to the wind; few ears endure the rhimes,  
But fame and wealth reward the glorious toil,  
Scrawl but a novel, or write notes on Hoyle.

L. Lash not the times alone, withal complain 25  
Of bards unequal to the lofty strain.

The heav'nly fire once warm'd an Addison,  
In Pope it sparkled, and in Young it shone;  
C c Inshrin'd

Ver. 21. 24. I am confident our Author here speaketh feelingly. This effusion of his gall upon the times clearly proveth that some former dull work of his own, in verse, and upon a moral subject, had met with its deserved contempt from the public: So that when he came to reckon with his Bookseller, he had a round sum to pay on the balance for paper and press-work, and a bundle, containing most part of his copies, to carry home with him for sundry uses. Zoilus.

24. Hoyle, the author of a most elaborate and celebrated treatise on the game of Whist. He sold the Copy, I am told, to a Bookseller, for six or seven hundred pounds, a price far short of the value of that work.

Zoilus.

27. 30. Our Author is here speaking of sacred Poetry. But wherefore has he omitted Milton? I suppose, because he



Inshrin'd in Watts it burnt with strongest blaze,  
 Extinct, alas! in our unhallow'd days. 30

V. Hold; to the sportful stream our steps decline,  
 Articulate your rod, apply your line.  
 Here, watchful, patient, every spell we'll try,  
 To cheat the subtle carp's suspecting eye.

L. The milky gentle, or vermilion'd paste, 35  
 Or the pea's glossy green with liqu'rish taste  
 His coyness may o'ercome.

V. Delightful wile!

When probity itself allows the guile.  
 But, from my soul, an artful wretch I hate,  
 Whose smiles are snares, whose friendship is a bait:  
 Who hides rank malice in a look serene, 41  
 And cool and sudden vents his hoarded spleen.  
 I hate the fox; that ever skulks and steals,  
 And crams his craving cubs with pilfer'd meals;  
 Him, too, that burrows in his neighbour's ground,  
 And half consumes it 'ere the fraud is found. 46

L. Courage! my float wheels off, ill-natur'd  
 weed!

There from my hook a swinging fish was freed.

V. Not so this tench escapes, a gallant prize,  
 Welland's fam'd stream ne'er fed a bulkier size. 50  
 L. My

he intended to confine himself to the times nearest his  
 own. Aristarchus.

Ver. 50. The Welland is a Northamptonshire river. It  
 rises near Houthorp, runs by Harborough, Stamford, Spal-

L. My trophy be the carp, but lo ! the light  
Colours the mountain's top, avoid his sight :

Let your betraying shade behind you run,  
Turn, like the Persian, to the rising sun.

V. Fortune has smil'd upon your wish, he's  
caught, 55

Keep, keep a bended rod, hold, hold him taught.  
He wheels amain, he plunges to the mud,  
He floats, this net transports him from the flood.

L. Full siz'd, fair plump'd, all goodly to behold,  
How his scales glisten with bedropping gold ! 60  
Thus man's imperial kind exert their reign,  
Over all life which watry worlds sustain :  
Invention the defect of force supplies,  
And art subdues whate'er his nerves defies.]

V. Come, Lucius, leave our trusty hooks to cruise,  
Ourselves beneath yon spreading oak will muse, 66  
Or chat of fish, and of the fisher's trade.

L. Begin, in Greenland let the scene be laid.

C c 2

Musæus

ding, parts this county from Leicestershire and Rutland-  
shire, and falls into the Washe at Wickham.

V. MS. in the Bodleian Library.

50. The Welland breedeth tench of a very large size.

Moses Browne.

54. The antient Persians worshipped the sun, and at  
his rising prostrated themselves towards the East. Our  
Author doth not mean that we should imitate them in  
their idolatry, but only that we should face the sun when  
we angle for carp, the consequence of which position will  
be, that the shadow of your body and your rod will fall  
behind you, and not on the river to frighten that suspi-  
cious inhabitant of the water. Farnaby the Younger.

Musæus sung (your fav'rite fisher swain)

The deep's huge monarch; recollect the strain. 70

V. In winter's realm, beneath the polar bear,  
In frozen seas and blood-congealing air,  
'Mong rocks of ragged ice, horrendous heap!  
Which float and glitter o'er the boundless deep;  
Th' undaunted pinnace cuts her desp'rate way, 75  
In ardent quest of her enormous prey.

The watchful harpooneer, in act to throw  
Death's barbed terror, eyes the wide-stretch'd foe.  
Full on the monster's chine he hurls from far  
His three-fang'd jav'lin with unerring war. 80  
The furious fish, in anguish of his wound,  
Blows thro' his double spout with roaring sound  
High-streaming rivers, loud as tempests roar  
Or angry waves that dash the stony shore.  
Headlong he plunges, thick with foam and blood 85  
Wheels the vast vortex of the closing flood:  
Now, like a mounting isle, which earthquake rears  
From Neptune's shatter'd floor, his bulk appears.  
More near, more fierce, assault his every part  
With lances gores, faint beats his ebbing heart: 90  
The

Ver. 69. If we may judge by some foregoing specimens of this writer's self-conceit, there can be no doubt but that by Musæus he meaneth his worthy self; and that in the following lines he puffeth away some fustian of his own upon the whale fishery, which he here introduceth very preposterously in the middle of summer. Zoilus.

Ver. 88. Neptune's shattered floor. A most elegant circumlocution for the bottom of the sea. Neptune is the God the of Ocean. Farnaby the Younger.

The soul to kindred air disdainful flies,  
 A buoyant mass the monster-carcase lies.  
 Th' insulting mariners his vastness tread,  
 They cleave his loins, they straggle in his head,  
 Of flaking bone his mouth's deep cavern spoil, 95  
 And freight a navy with his wealth of oil.

L. By arts, like these, shall Britain's glory grow,  
 With busy life her crowded havens glow.  
 Her villages shall smile, her towns rejoice,  
 And not a sigh untune the public voice. 100  
 Her poor shall sing, sloth's execrable band  
 Of thefts and murders flee this happy land :  
 And round her coasts, round ocean's utmost shore,  
 The thunder of her sovereign fleets shall roar.

V. Time was, my Lucius, when this pompous stile  
 Swell'd not too high for Britain's dreaded isle. 106  
 But ah ! one shameful day our hopes has cross'd ;  
 Each Briton blushes for Minorca lost :  
 Scorn'd by our friends, derided by our foes ;  
 Heav'ns ! how my heart with rage indignant glows !

C c 3

O for

96. This monstrous Hyperbole exceedeth all bounds. It is a downright Catachresis. In plain words, it is a fib, yea it is an enormous lie. Zoilus.

Ver. 105. &c. When I consider our Author in his true character as a Priest, I cannot but conclude that all his patriot fury is mere spleen ; owing to his disappointment of some plump living, which he had gaped after, and for which, perhaps, he had made most servile application to the prime minister, or some one of his dependants. Zoilus.



O for a race of honest men to rise, 111  
 Whose patriot souls th' enormous bribe despise !  
 Whom party warps not, nor ambition fires,  
 But all their country all their souls inspires.

L. Calm, calm your generous heat, my worthy  
 friend, 115  
 Truce to all cares, our pleasing work attend,  
 I saw your angle dip.

V. He strains my line,  
 A carp ! the laurel of the day is mine.

L. I yield it yours, but now the July beam  
 Mounts to its fervid noon, and boils the stream. 120  
 Enough to pastime ; the remaining hours  
 Demand the vigour of our nobler pow'rs.  
 Think, think, dear brother, in our destin'd span  
 One inch will bound th' activity of man  
 Deduct the blank of sleep, the void between 125  
 Our birth and youth's preparatory scene :  
 From manhood take what sickness takes away,  
 And the new childhood of our last decay,  
 What is the pittance left ? That pittance prize,  
 Crowd, crowd it full with bus'ness good and wise. 130

D I A-

111. These lines, I believe, were written soon after the loss of Minorea. The Public has now the happiness to see this wish fulfilled. Aristarchus.

## D I A L O G U E VI.

## MIXED ANGLING.

IAPIS. MYSTA.

I. **T**HIS lonesome dale, these shaggy hills which  
lean

O'er Chelmer's solemn stream, with shadowing screen,  
 Charm like an opiate's dream, and thought infuse  
 Of fairy haunt and visions of the muse.

M. To these imbow'ring shades, from books and  
care, 5

I oft for salutary ease repair :

And here, Iapis, with the fisher's cane

My leisure dallies, trifle not in vain !

I. I so advise, so write for studious men,  
The wrath of Squill shall never awe my pen.

The Scene is the vale of Ulting, and principally Ulting church-yard by the side of the river Chelmer; the month is August. Aristarchus.

Ver. 2. Chelmer is an Essex river. It rises above Thaxted in that county, and runs by Chelmsford into Blackwater at Maldon. V. MS. in the Bodleian Lib.

Ver. 10. I am positive he means by Squill an apothecary : and I am equally positive that this ugly reflection on the honest Gentlemen of the Gallipot is the offspring of chagrin. Probably he had lately paid off a huge long bill for bolusses, Jesuit's bark and Julip cordials : or more properly he set his brain to work on these dialogues to supply the deficiency of his purse, and escape an arrest for non-payment. Zoilus.

Hard study gen'rates atramental bile  
 And thoughts mishapen as the brood of Nile.  
 These August fervors, which inflame the sky,  
 Conspire to drain the nervous fluid dry.  
 Rest must divide the cure, to rest be join'd 15  
 Some gentle action to amuse the mind.

M. There, doctor, there's a med'cine for the stone,  
 The pebble, in this perch's skull, full grown.

I. This flook, my rev'rend, were he not so lean,  
 Is just as good a nostrum for the spleen. 20

M. An eel? thy fat is sanative for blows,  
 Its virtuous drops th'obstructed ear uncloze.

I. Here, take my carp, demolish him this night,  
 Specific rare! for dimness of the sight.

M. Obscure, methinks, our river steals his way 25  
 By these mean walls, where Ulting's rustics pray.

I. Not

Ver. 17, 24. The medicinal virtues of these and other river fish are set forth with a marvellous profundity of physical knowledge, in a treatise written in Hebrew by that learned Rabbi Solomon Jarchi: a translation whereof into English, under the title of the Complete Fisher, hath passed through six editions, which is an incontestible argument of its vast merit. But it is fit the Reader should be apprized, that the sly Bookseller, the better to palm his translation on the world for an original, hath transposed the initial letters of the true author's name; for the title page saith, by J. S. instead of S. J. Solomon Jarchi, Wolfii Biblioth. Hebr.

26. A small country church, a little way from Maldon westward. The church-yard is washed by the Chelmer, which runs close by. Britannicus Topographicus in his tour through Great Britain.

I. Not long obscure ; by Maldon, ancient town,  
 He flows in bloody story with renown.  
 'Twas there, uplifting from his oozy bed  
 The rushy honours of his sea-green head, 30  
 He saw the British heroine in her car,  
 Cleave like a thunderbolt th' opposing war.  
 He saw the rout, when slaughter drench'd his fields  
 With Roman gore, and heap'd with Roman shields.

M. Our step be light, on charnel ground we tread,  
 Here labour rests, here sleep the vulgar dead. 36

I. Sleep under nameless turf, or rugged stone  
 That coarsely tells the owner of the bone.  
 The lying marble and the flatt'ring bust  
 Are honours sacred to the rich man's dust. 40

M. This alder mark, which o'er the stream de-  
 pends,  
 Deep and more deep the pooly stream descends.  
 Here, on the holy day, at hour of pray'r,  
 The carl profane oft lays his glozing snare.  
 His brothers of the plow confess their sins, 45  
 He, impious wretch ! large finny lucre wins.

More

27. Maldon was the antient Camelodonum, and the first Roman colony planted in Britain, in the days of the Emperor Claudius. Queen Boadicia utterly destroyed that colony : She reigned over the Iceni Britains, that is, the people of Norfolk, Suffolk, Cambridgeshire, and part of Huntingdonshire. Cambden, Hearne, Horsely.

Ver. 43. Now truly our author affecteth to appear in his ecclesiastic robes. It is well if all his brethren are as scrupulous as he, and abhor fishing on a Sunday. Zoilus.



More oft these robbers prowl, like beasts of night,  
 And pillage, by the moon's perverted light,  
 Law-guarded streams; hence righteous anglers pine,  
 And lords of fish at fishless tables dine. 50

But we no interdicted joys partake,  
 No laws we trample, and no sabbath break.  
 Unprick'd by conscience we pursue our toil,  
 Rewarded with a load of honest spoil.

Huge ill the kingdom of the fin await, 55  
 And other foes than man consume their state:  
 The coot, the dab-chick, and the dreaded snake,  
 And fowl of forage, and the household drake,  
 The hern's long beak, the swan's high-favour'd  
 breed,

And bittern's trump hoarse sounding in the reed. 60  
 Fierce discord too, insatiate fury, reigns  
 Amid the carnage of the watry plains.

Trout on the race of loach renew their meal,  
 While teeming spawn gluts the devouring eel.  
 Perch, ever warring, waste the minnowy fry, 65  
 And trembling roach before the pick'rel fly.

On these sweet banks, one vernal morn my foot  
 Struck, near an aged willow's watry root,  
 A pike's drum-rattling hide, his spiked jaw  
 Had ill secur'd him from an otter's paw. 70

I. That water-wolf, of species undefin'd,  
 Or fish, or quadruped, or both conjoin'd; j

The

The honest angler's hate, the huntsman's joy,  
Let spears transfix him, and let dogs destroy.

M. My fortune then enjoy'd that scene of blood,  
Dogs, men and horses rush'd into the flood. 76

There, here he vents ; a lucky jav'lin thrown  
With strenuous arm, infix'd him in the bone.

He dives, he mounts again, one hardy hound  
Tenacious plunges with him to the ground. 80

All disappear, all re ascend from far,  
Redoubl'd clamours urge the watry war :  
Now fainting, panting, close pursu'd by death,  
To the whole worrying pack he yields his breath.

I. Let injur'd nations, with like vengeance, chace  
All tyrants, otters of the human race. 86

I hear a voice, some shepherd's call ; behold  
He leads his bleating people to the fold.

My spirits flag, and aching legs advise  
Rest, and the cate which empty veins supplies. 90

The fibres by excess of toil we strain,  
Brac'd, slowly brac'd to vig'rous tone again.

M. Yon smoaking cot, beat by the mountain wind,  
Harbours a good and hospitable hind.

Unmurmuring

Ver. 75, 84. Another gross plagiarism. This whole description is taken word for word from the Compleat Angler, P. I. ch. II. Not to observe also, how indecent it was for a sacerdotal man to be present at such a scene of profane clamour and bloodshed. But, if I am rightly informed, Nimrod hath many of his posterity in holy orders. Zoilus.

Unmurmuring his annual tithe he pays,  
 His friend he welcomes, and on Sundays prays.  
 There, on sound beef our ev'ning we'll regale,  
 And crown the sober cup with nutbrown ale.

95

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## D I A L O G U E VII.

### TROWLING for PIKE.

+++++

AXYLUS. MUSAEUS. CHIRON.

A. **H**IGH noon invites my friends, come, sit  
 and eat,

Hunger's a seas'ning sauce, tho' coarse the meat.

M. Axylus

The scene is the river and meadows of Witham; the month is October. Aristarchus.

Trowling is a polite mode of fishing for pike, the invention of Anthony and Cleopatra, and used by that illustrious pair, when they angled in the river Nile, as Pliny in his natural history reporteth. A description of the method by that author, I now present to the curious reader. The trowling rod hath several small ringles fixed on every one of its joints. Upon the but joint is fitted occasionally a reel with its winch. On the reel are wound 20, 30 or 40 yards of silk line. The line passeth through the aforesaid ringles on the rod, and is then fastened to the gimp, wherewith the hook is armed. The hook itself is a compound of two small perch hooks placed back to back. Between the hooks hangeth a little chain, and at the end of the chain a little plummet. The plummet is to be sown into the mouth of a dead fish, roach or gudgeon;

M. Axylus, generous friend of human kind,  
 Large as thy ample fortune is thy mind :  
 Sincere thy bidding, bounteous the repast, 5  
 All owe you grateful thanks, nor I the last.  
 The season smiles, this mild October ray  
 Cheers like the setting of a summer's day.  
 We ask no bow'r, sweet is the open sky,  
 The turf our board, and heav'n our canopy. 10  
 The meads of Witham wear a fainter green,  
 Mild autumn here paints no unpleasing scene ;  
 Rest, rest our rods on troubled Froshwell's brink—

A. Boy, pierce the flask, the fisher's health we'll  
 drink.

M. Froshwell, thou Ethiop naiad, slow of pace, 51  
 Chelmer's fair god impatient waits th' embrace.

D d

How

geon; the hooks being left without, exposed to sight.  
 The Bait thus fastened is to be kept in constant motion  
 in the water, sometimes suffered to sink, then gradually  
 raised, now drawn with and now against the stream,  
 the better to counterfeit life. If a Pike is at hand, he  
 mistakes it for a living fish, seizes it, runs off to his lurk-  
 ing place, and in ten or twelve minutes gorges. You then  
 give a sudden jerk, play him till he is tired, draw him  
 towards the bank, and, with a landing hook, bring him  
 out on terra firma. Pancirollus.

Ver. 13. Froshwell, otherwise Pant, is Witham river.  
 It rises near Radwinter, in the north west Angle of Essex,  
 passes by Witham, meets the Chelmer a little above Maldon,  
 and a little below that town falls with the Chelmer  
 into the sea. V. MS. in the Bodl. Libr.

15. This is the downright Pagan bombast. Nothing  
 more is meant than that this river runs into the Chel-  
 mer, which he might have told us, methinks, in plain  
 words. Zoilus.



How num'rous are the nations of the stream !  
 The mud-enamour'd tench, the watchman bream,  
 Yare's luscious ruff, and pike-inticing roach,  
 The grov'ling gudgeon, and the rill-born loach, 20  
 And chevin gros, and shapely barbel's might,  
 And the fierce river-shark's tremendous bite,  
 And painted trout, which, half the rounding year,  
 Springs at the fly in currents sharp and clear.

A. The pike's my joy, of all the scaly shoal; 25  
 And, of all fishing instruments, the trowl.  
 My bounding heart against my bosom beats,  
 Now while my tongue the glorious strife repeats.  
 O when he feels my jerking hook, with pow'r  
 And rage he bounces from his weedy bow'r ! 30  
 He traverses the stream with strong career,  
 With straiten'd string his madding course I steer ;  
 He springs above the wave, at length o'ercome  
 This ev'ning he shall feast my cheerful home.

Grant

18. The watchman bream: one or two of them will lie on the top of the water, rolling and tumbling themselves, while the rest are under him at the bottom: and so you shall perceive him to keep centinel. Walton.

19. Yare is a Norfolk river. Its spring is near Hingham in that county. Having joined Windser, a little below Norwich and Waveney, above Burgh-Castle, it falls into the sea at Yarmouth. V. MS. in the Bodl. Libr.

19. Ruff. This fish differs little from a Perch except in the size, which seldom exceeds six inches: insomuch that it is justly named *Perca fluviatilis minor*. It is second to none for the delicacy of its taste. A very large dish full of them, well fricasseed, is an admirable quieter of the furor ventriculi, or appetitus caninus. Gelsnerus. Brookefius in his art of Angling.

Grant me your presence, each my honour'd guest, 35  
To good Serena we intrust the rest.

M. Serena, knowing in all household art,  
Graces, in ev'ry scene, each changing part.  
Your table she improves ; her curious care  
Bestows the sapor delicate and rare. 40

Yet, unoffending be my tale ; the disti  
By various recipes may please our wish.  
'Twas where the Stour, with his broad humid train,  
Severs your hills from lowly Stratford's plain,  
My fishing æra with a luce began, 45  
Drest by the jolly mistress of the Swan.

With dex'trous knife she stript his silver mail,  
And bath'd the carcase in her cleanly pail.  
Then, like embalmer of the Memphian race,  
With critic eye she mark'd th' incision's place 50  
Just under the late-heaving gills, and drew  
His blood-warm entrails reeking from their stew.

In the disbowell'd void, she next convey'd  
Sweet-breathing marj'ram, and the spicy biade,  
Fragrance of thyme, aquatic Sav'ry's spoil, 55  
And the churn's golden lumps of clodded oil :  
The pickled oyster in due order pass'd,  
All-seas'ning salt, and rich anchovy last.

D d 2

With

Ver. 49. The Memphian race are the old Egyptian  
kings. The city of Memphis was their royal seat. Far-  
naby the younger.

With laths and fillet on his axle bound,  
 By culinary laws he wheels his round. 60  
 His liquor'd sides emit luxuriant steam  
 Of claret, Spanish sprats, and recent cream.  
 Now, smoking in the dish, he swims once more  
 In a hot bath (the pan's unwaisted store),  
 With juice from Seville's piquant orange prest, 65  
 Such supper thee, Apicius, would have blest.

A. Most arts, 'tis said, can boast in story'd fame  
 Their birth, progression, and the founder's name.  
 Ours, by what genius are its honours sung?  
 Growth of what clime? from what invention  
 sprung? 70

Say, man of letters, can thy reading shew  
 Thro' this blind labyrinth a faithful clew?

M. Walton, our great forefather and our pride,  
 The curious search with happy labour try'd :  
 He found our wand in wild Arabia nurst, 75  
 And patient Job great fisherman the first.  
 But brains of scholars are inventive things,  
 Read Monmouth's Geoffry, read Buchanan's kings.

He

Ver. 62. Spanish sprats. Who, in the name of goodness, but such an adept in criticism as myself, could find out that these Spanish sprats are anchovies? Zoilus.

66. Apicius was a famous Roman glutton in the days of the Emperor Tiberius. Farnaby the younger.

Ver. 78. Geoffry of Monmouth's history of the British Kings, and Buchanan's history of the ancient Kings of Scotland, are thought by some to be mere Romance. Farnaby the younger.

Yet, if the muse's wreath bestows renown,  
Is not our name immortalis'd by Browne? 80

C. Nature, my friends, whose certain signs ordain  
The time to scatter and to reap the grain,  
Governs our art: your idle rods suspend  
In love's nice season, till in May it end.

For when the Ram salutes the remeant sun, 85  
And while his mounting wheels thro' Taurus run,  
The pregnant females of the streams expel  
Their oval sperm, in some selected cell:

Th' attending mate, auxiliar of his wife,  
Pours, over all, the principle of life. 90

Faint lassitude succeeds, and hate of food,  
Wait till one moon restore the hung'ring mood.

But Cancer's heat, or Leo's hotter pow'r,  
Brings the tench forward to her painful hour.

And, strange to tell! now, while chill autumn blows,  
The trout prolific feels a mother's throes: 96

Yet, stranger still, if fame our faith obtains,  
The carp six labours in the year sustains.

D d 3

A.

80. Moses Browne, who published nine piscatory e-  
clogues, is the person here intended. But, surely, taste and  
candour would have taught our author to have celebrated  
that Poet in the most round affirmative stile, as thus,

Our Name's immortalis'd by tuneful Browne. Where-  
as, in pure envy, he expresseth himself in the form of in-  
terrogation,

Is not our name immortalis'd by Browne? Zoilus.

85. 86. The sun is in the sign called the Ram in the  
month of March; in Taurus, in the month of April; in  
Cancer, in the month of June. Farnaby the younger.



A. Arise, admonish'd by the scanty day,  
 Our wands upbraid us with this long delay. 100  
 Help! quick, advance the landing hook; he's mine,  
 I feel him, how he pulls the stretching line!

A pike—

M. You've lost him, he has burst the snare,

A. Vexation! shall my hopes this insult bear?

C. Peace, dear Axylus; fret you 'ere so long, 105  
 Fortune but laughs when accident goes wrong.  
 Shorten your hopes, nor yet the shortest trust,  
 But to whate'er befalls your mind adjust.

M. And yet, to action what impels the heart,  
 In suff'ring what upholds, if hope depart? 110

Hope is the lover's balm, the soldier's mail,  
 The courtier's pension, and the merchant's gale.  
 Hope lends her crutches to low-stooping grief,  
 And bids the future rise in our relief:

Again, and yet again she may deceive, 115  
 We love th' illusion, and we still believe.

C. Joy to Musæus! to the bank-ward draw,  
 No statute fish; ah! tremble at the law.

A. Chiron, attend; your whirling axle see, 120  
 Your watch examine.

C. On the stroke of three.

A.

Ver. 118. No statute fish. By the statute, Pike must not be taken under ten inches: The forfeiture is twenty shillings the fish, and the engine they are taken with. Causidicus Philanthrop. abridgment of stat.

A. Spare him some minutes till he gorge his meal.

Now expedite his fate, spin, spin your reel.

C. Hail, scaly terrour, hail ! salute from shore  
Thy liquid realms, ne'er to salute them more. 125

A. Bless me ! a fize for sacerdotal taste,  
The rector's cook his thirsty hide shall baste.

C. Suffic'd with game, my thoughts I'll entertain  
With nature's wonders in her watry reign.

Tell, how the prudent barbel roots below, 130  
Treasures her spawn, and mocks th' insidious foe :

What to the spawnless eel a race supplies,

Why at the thunder's awful voice she flies :

What periods bound the swimming lives, and where  
To fun'ral grots their liveless kin they bear. 135

Raptur'd, I see the soldier crab explore

His change of armour on the tide-wash'd shore.

Enlarg'd in bulk, uneasy in their case,

Down the steep cliff their annual march they trace.

They rove the beach, the shelly sloughs they try, 140

Sagacious this reject, and that apply :

Two rivals now for the fair prize contend,

Fierce is the fray, much martial blood they spend.

The victor all at once leaps out to view

Forth his old mail, and bolts into the new. 145  
That

136 &c. This account of the fish called the Soldier-Crab, is cabbaged from Brookefius; ch. 72. of his art of Angling. Zoilus.

That vegetating fish, whose ruling name  
Is borrow'd from a star, in form the same,  
Confounds the sage: she mocks the wounding steel,  
Her own balsamic juice each wound will heal.

Lop off her limbs, the vital nave will fling 150

New radii forth, and other limbs will spring.

So the ditch-Polype, which the sheers divide

Transverse, oblique, in head or tail, or side,

Lives in each part; each part, instinct with soul,

Repullulates and forms a perfect whole. 155

A. Have fish the hearing organ?

C. 'Tis deny'd,

But Bacon's name adorns th' affirming side.

M.

146. &c. There is a strange tale about the pulling of some of these star-fish to pieces by two Frenchmen, and how they soon grew and became as whole as ever. It is related by Baker on the microscope p. 99. as follows: Mr Guerrard and Mr Jussien broke and cut star-fish into several parts, and had the pleasure to see the several parts continue alive, and their wounds cicatrize and heal. Mr Gerrard de Villars has seen, on the coasts near Rochelle, the star-fish putting forth new radii in the room of those they had been deprived of. I doubt not but all this will pass muster with superficial readers for a wonderful true story: but, for my own part, when I reflect on the incredibility of the thing that two or more grave philosophers, even Frenchmen, should employ themselves in this childish manner, I am ready to conclude that some deep moral mystery is couched here under a very ingenious symbolical fable. For example, a star-fish may be the hieroglyphic of an English bankrupt. He is pulled in pieces, but by some internal resources, which he ever secretes, he grows again, and soon becomes entire and full as before. This repullulation of his fortunes hath been observed after several dilacerations of the same kind. As for the French philosophers, they may be supposed to represent Bum-ba-liffs. Enigmaticus Egyptiacus, in his treatise of Hieroglyphics.

M. Learn, what of late my wond'ring eyes beheld  
 Near the green margin of the war-fam'd Scheld.  
 Not far remov'd from where proud Antwerp bends  
 Her stretching crescent, and to heav'n ascends, 161  
 A palace-abbey stands, commanding round  
 A rich extent of sacerdotal ground.  
 There holy Bernard's white-gown'd sons, retir'd  
 From the lewd world, with Burgundy inspir'd, 165  
 Hymn the bright virgin, or with sacred glee  
 Sing requiems to the dead for ghostly fee.  
 For these with luscious fruits the garden glows,  
 For these the moat round the slop'd terrais flows,  
 Thick with enormous carp; I saw them rowl, 170  
 Call'd by a practis'd brother of the cowl.  
 His well-known whistle they obey'd, they sped  
 In wallowing heaps, and hope the promis'd bread :  
 Carp should'ring carp, th' injected morsel snap,  
 As monks push monks in scuffle for a cap. 175

A. Let idle Chiron talk ; your work pursue,  
 Be brisk, Musæus, the long shadows view.  
 Hah, Dromo ? my Serena's tender care  
 Counsels retreat ; come, other joys we'll share ;  
 We'll

Ver. 170. I grant that the word *rowl* is here spelled in conformity to its pedigree from the French *rouler*. But inasmuch as in every other place where it occurs in these dialogues, it is written *Roll*, it is plain, that our Author altered the orthography here, merely that it might look a better rhyme to *cowl*. Zoilus.



We'll brim the bowl, the blazing hearth we'll  
heap. 180

M. Good cheer will mount me to Apollo's steep;

C. An early supper breeds untroubled sleep.

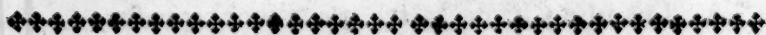
181. Apollo's steep is the summit of mount Parnassus, a hill in Greece sacred to the muses and Apollo the god of verse. Farnaby the younger.

181. Insufferable arrogance! for this Musæus is a poet, and this poet is our author; and this our author speaks of climbing to the very top of Parnassus without any difficulty, yea by the paultry fillip of a good supper and a glass of red port. Whereas that region is inhabited only by the sublimest spirits, and attained by none but Flatman, Tom d'Urfy, Taylor the water poet, the Author of Prince and King Arthur, and by a few others needless to mention. Zoilus.



## D I A L O G U E VIII.

### FISHING for PIKE with LAY-HOOKS.



ICENUS. CAURUS.

I. **T**HE sun, now wheeling thro' the fisher's  
sign,

Favours my vows, his beams well-omen'd shine :

Orwell

The scene is the banks of the river Orwell; the month, February. Aristarchus.

Lay-hooks. This way of taking Pike is an excellent invention of the moderns, whereby their superiority to the antients is so manifest, that, had it been recollected by  
Mr

Orwell imbibes the ray, the frost of night  
Dissolves, and pike with rapid rage will bite.

C. Each river, which your Suffolk springs supply, 5  
Shrinks to a rill before a northern eye :  
Such stately streams our teeming vales o'erspread,  
So wide their channel, and so deep their bed.

I. Yet, from his fertile urn my Orwell yields  
Waters as sweet, and bathes as lovely fields. 10  
His deeps and shoals, his weedy and his clear,  
With game are peopled thro' the changeful year.  
How

Mr Wotton or Dr Bentley, it would fairly have determined the victory on their side in their controversy with Temple and Boyle. This curious method is as follows : At the taper end of an hazel stick, fourteen or fifteen feet long, is fastened by a piece of cord a small crotch or reel. About the crotch you wind fifteen or twenty yards of strong packthread, leaving a yard thereof to hang loose. This loose yard of line is tied to the armed wire of the hook, after having drawn the said armed wire betwixt the skin and ribs of a living roach. The bait being thus put on the hook, and the hook tied to the line, and the line gently inserted in a slit in one of the legs of the crotch, the hazel stick is fixed into the bank of the river, so as that the bait may play at liberty half a yard or more under water. When a pike seizes it, he jerks the string out of the slit, whereupon all the line drops from the reel or crotch, and gives him freedom to make for his den. In about a quarter of an hour he swallows the fish, and is then by proper management easily drawn ashore. New parallels of the antients and moderns in manuscript, shortly to be published.

Ver. 1. The Fisher's sign. The Sun is in the sign called the Fisher, during the month of February. Farnaby the younger.

3. Orwell is a Suffolk river, which rises near Rattlesden below Wulpit in that county. It receives the Gipping soon after it has passed Stow-market. From thence it goes forward to Needham, Bramford, Sproughton, Ipswich, and enters the sea by Harwich. V. MS. in the Bodl. Libr.

How oft, exulting from these banks, I've come,  
Weary and laden, to my humble home!

Ev'n winter pleases here; when winter binds 15  
The clod like iron, with his freezing winds,  
Here, in defiance of the blast, I trowl

For the strong luce deep-harbour'd in his hole.

This dreaded dragon of the streams I bring,  
A gentle thrall, fast in my slender string: 20

My twirling reel's the omen of his fate,  
Whene'er his rav'nous gorge devours the bait.

Else, arm'd with stouter war, my sturdy hand  
Lugs, and high whirls him glitt'ring on the strand.

C. If Orwell be a god, as poets sing, 25  
His godship, sure, has wander'd from his spring.  
Your lay, else, sounding thro' his watry court,  
Instant had rais'd him to assist our sport.

I. His godship hears, mark, mark this empty reel,  
No lying sign, a weighty fish I feel: 30  
Poise, poise him, Caurus.

C. On his flesh, I guess,  
Six sailors stomachs to the full may mess.

I. Another's run, and yet another line,  
This booty might a princely palate dine.  
That hook's abortive, but the deep-gash'd bait 35  
Shews some huge jaw reserv'd to future fate.

C. Hah! whence that flutt'ring sound?

I. A heron's wing;  
Arch felon, art thou caught? hold, stubborn string. C.

C. Our hazle he has launch'd, he mounts in air,  
The wood's too pond'rous for his flight to bear. 40  
He drops.

I. Plunge, Jowler, gripe the weary'd prey,  
This righteous knife the villain thief shall slay.  
Thy skin, for terror to the rav'ning race,  
Expanded wide, the miller's wall shall grace.

C. Mild is your winter, merry is your game, 45  
My tongue no more shall Suffolk streams defame.

I. Full \* in the middle of the bounding line  
Where ours to Norfolk's open pastures join,  
Two neighbour founts with adverse currents run,  
That seeks the western, this the rising sun. 50

Thence Ouse the Lefs his humble stores obtains,  
And † Waveney hence his nobler waters gains.  
Harlstone's fam'd kine by limpid Waveney graze,  
And Bungay from her height his stream surveys.  
Between them Wortwell, near the public way, 55  
Extends her straw-thatch'd huts and walls of clay:  
Yet on her croaking fen still dwells a pair,  
Whom time shall never from my bosom tear.  
His counsel guides, her hands the widow feed,  
Both lov'd, both honour'd by the soul of need. 60

35 Their cottage is my villa, where I reign  
Lord of the stream, which laves their old domain.

E e

Come,

\* Lopham Ford.

† Waveney is the county river, which divides Norfolk from Suffolk.



Come, and with me their bounteous *lakes* bless,  
 Come, and with me fair Waveney's wealth possess.  
 Roach, gudgeon, dace our toying art shall feel, 65  
 Our serious skill huge pike and pondrous eel:  
 Bright carp the drag, tench shall the bow-net fill,  
 And perch by moments teize the diving quill.  
 Along the stream, in the sweet summer eve,  
 Our little gondola her path shall cleave: 70  
 While we, at ease, the sloping hills admire  
 By Ceres dress'd in plenty's rich attire.  
 The cultur'd hills a range of gardens seem,  
 Behind their tops sinks the day's golden beam:  
 And Red'nhall's awful tow'r, just looking o'er, 75  
 The river views and alder-shaded shore.

C. Come, and with me our northern landskips  
 share,

Our mountains climb, and look thro' purer air:  
 Seas, rivers, rocks and vales in prospect ly,  
 In the vast circle of the bounding sky.  
 Come, and with me our angling joys partake,  
 And steer by compass o'er the sea-broad lake:  
 On \* Win'der's banks, a solar journey stray  
 There wallow trout no Suffolk string can weigh:  
 There perch gigantic cut the foaming wave, 85  
 Whose force the pow'r of all your lines will brave.  
 There

\* Winander Mere in Westmoreland, called Win'der by  
 the people there.

There too, desir'd by nations from afar,  
Swims the bright beauty of the luscious char.

I. Your Meres surpass in grandeur ; ours may claim  
No mean memoir in topographic fame. 90

Nor yet despise our ponds, whose waters sleep  
Sweet o'er the golden crufo, and the heap  
Of fat'ning bream, while the carp's radiant scale  
And sleeker tench their oozy nymphs regale.

From Ipswich, tow'ards the rising sun, pursue 95

Double a Sabbath's journey of a Jew ;  
Along the stadium, where for annual gold  
Fleet coursers thunder o'er the dusty mould.

Three reservoirs will then refresh your eye,  
Broad in the Warren's swampy dale they ly. 100

Their tutor'd fowl their fellow fowl betray,  
Wheedled from starving climes by plighted prey.

Sly, from behind his art-wove skreen of reed,

The master casts the grain, the scholars feed,

The foreign guests steal on, and unaware 105

Flutter and perish in his ambush'd snare.

E e 2

Those

Ver. 96. According to the tradition of the Elders, 'tis not lawful to travel more than six furlongs on the Sabbath. MS. Rab. M. Maimon, in the Vatican Library.

97. Stadium is a horse course; here it signifieth Ipswich race ground. Farnaby the younger.

101, 105. When the decoy-ducks fly abroad, it is not known whither they go, but some conjecture they fly quite over into Holland and Germany; where they meet with others of their own kind, and, sorting with them, they, by some art unknown to us, draw together a vast number of fowls, and, in a word, kidnap them from their own country:

Those waters, stor'd from many a secret sluice,  
Plebeian and Patrician fins produce.

The pike, like Aurengzebe, maintains his state,  
Roach die by thousands, for his mouth is fate. 110

If roach you scorn, the nobler bream shall grace  
Your haughty triumph with his captiv'd race.

Or if, perchance, war's every art should fail,  
And, heartless, homeward your tir'd steps you trail,  
Some beauteous landskip may relieve your pain, 115  
The pride of summer in her ev'ning reign.

For the road rises to a gentle hill,  
Where I and Florio paus'd, our eye to fill.

Thence, pleasing Ipswich, on our right we hail  
Thy roofs and temples cluster'd in the vale. 120

Her river, on the left, expands its tide,  
And, moor'd afar, diminish'd vessels ride.

The sun's descending glory we behold,  
Thron'd in his purple chair, all fring'd with gold,  
Full

try: For being once brought out of their knowledge, they follow the decoy-ducks as a dog follows the sportsman; and 'tis frequent to see these subtle creatures return with a vast flight of fowls along with them, after they have been absent several weeks together. *Britann. Topograph. in his tour thro' Great Britain, vol. 3. p. 22.*

Ver. 108. Among the old Romans, the Plebeians were the commonalty, the Patricians the nobility. *Farnaby the younger.*

109. Aurengzebe, a tyrannical emperor of the Moguls. *Ogilby's travels of Dutch ambassadors.*

117. This prospective hill is called, in the language of the place, Bishop's hill. After long and painful search into divers antient manuscripts, I had the felicity to discover, that the hill derived that appellation from one Bishop, who was owner or occupier of the ground some centuries since. *Wormii Antiquit. Suffolc.*

Full in our front; and round their sov'reign  
glow'd

125

Prismatic dies, that up the zenith flow'd:

The colour'd scene all Newton's optics show'd.

C. These are but shews, Icenus, in the scheme

Of angling action, which adorn our theme: 130

Some casual, some as subject parts obey

In the sweet drama of a fisher's day.

Our point is pastime, angling is the means,

Ponds, lakes, and rivers form the shifting scenes.

Captures of fish the sly intrigue employ, 135

And changing place diversifies the joy.

I. Such place, such joy I promise; if our clime

Stay you, till ruddy summer pass her prime.

From Ipswich eastward lies a wond'rous spot;

Two hours will reach it with a Suffolk trot. 140

Nigh to the salt sea brink, the moory land

Sinks in a bason scoop'd by nature's hand,

With many a bay, and many a winding creek,

Whose pools with sweetest exhalation reek:

King's Fleet the name, which neighb'ring clowns im-

pose,

145

The Lake Elysian, what the muse bestows.

When the stanch hound his perplex'd quart'ring

tries,

And whirring pheasants from the stubble rise,

E e 3

Probua



Probus and I there dipp'd our annual quill,  
 While courteous Damon blest the bord'ring hill :  
 Damon, the courteous sylvan ! lies at rest, 151  
 The bord'ring hill no more by Damon blest.  
 There the new Bownet's double concave sweeps  
 The slimy tench, fam'd Celsus of the deeps.  
 There play the wanton roach ; our play begins, 155  
 We throng our floating well with crimson fins.  
 Now Charon plies the flashing oar, and now  
 The level of a long canal we plow :  
 In even row, on either side is seen  
 The tall rush waving in his coat of green. 160  
 To Deben's banks the watry vista tends,  
 And Baudsey's holy tow'r the lengthning vista ends,  
 Our roach we spit, the rolling trimmers cast,  
 Commend them to the breeze, then break our fast.  
 We

Ver. 150. Old Homer has in gratitude preserved in his immortal Iliad the name of a Leather-dresser, by whom he had been hospitably entertained. In like manner, I doubt not our Author here commemorates some worthy country gentleman, or first rate farmer in those parts, by whom his friend and self used to be courteously lodged in their annual expeditions to the Mere of King's Fleet. Aristarchus.

159. Celsus was a celebrated Roman physician in the reign of the emperor Tiberius. Farnaby the younger.

159. A certain unctuous moisture peculiar to the tench, is supposed to be medicinal to other fish. Moses Browne.

161. Deben, Woodbridge river in Suffolk. It rises near Mendlesham, runs by Debenham and Woodbridge, and falls into the sea at Baudsey-haven. V. MS. in the the Bodl. Libr.

163. Trimmers, another sort of fishing for pike, practised by Anthony and Cleopatra in the lake Mæris in the

We raven down our homely wholesome meal 165  
 (No joys like these high-pamper'd gluttons feel)  
 Beneath a lowly roof; our skiffs retreat  
 From wet Orion and the Dogstar's heat.  
 But now, the rising cloud a tempest breeds,  
 The west wind whistles in the rustling reeds, 170  
 And ruffles into foam the dark'ning lake;  
 Full on its face the pond'rous vapours break,  
 Down pours the clatt'ring rain, and far and nigh  
 Smokes the black landscape and the hazy sky.  
 Th' horizon brightens, from the dripping sprays 175  
 Sweet mellow notes salute th' emerging rays.  
 Our moorings we unloose; to sea amain,  
 Like jolly mariners we push for gain.  
 Alert with hope, each eagle eye explores  
 The middle water and the reedy shores, 180  
 Numb'ring our scatter'd buoys; with busy hands,  
 And shouts that echo from the distant lands,  
 We haul our lines, our little smack we freight  
 With many a pike which mates the salmon's weight.  
 I. The

the Lower Egypt. A very old anonymous Greek writer  
 giveth the following account of the method. A trim-  
 mer is a small cylinder of wood. About the middle,  
 which is turned to a less diameter, is wound a quantity of  
 good strong packthread, twelve or fifteen yards, or there-  
 abouts. A yard thereof is let to hang down, and is tied  
 to the armed wire of a jack-hook, after a living roach  
 hath been put on the said hook in the manner above de-  
 scribed in lay-hook fishing. The trimmer, thus finished, is  
 cast upon the water to seek its fortune. If a pike take the  
 bait, he runs the line off the trimmer, and carries both  
 away with him to the reeds near the shore. Pancirollus.

I. The falmon's praises to my verse belong, 185  
 King of the streams, and glory of our song:  
 He claims the rivers, and he claims the seas,  
 Those for his summer joys, his winter these.  
 Now in the storm he stems the mountain waves,  
 And now the thund'ring cataract he braves, 190  
 Tivy or Wear; when remeant from the deep,  
 Renew'd in vigour he essays the leap,  
 Then springing with a bound surmounts the height,  
 Dashes the foam, and glories in his might.  
 Strong falmon tribes, ye know my stronger hand,  
 Ye know subjection to a hair's command: 196  
 Whether in Lone your merry wakes ye hold,  
 Or Deva, haunt of wizard druids old.

Ver. 185. The falmon makes for the rivers end of every autumn, and returns to the sea every spring. Moses Browne.

191. Tivy is a Welch river. It has a considerable fall into the sea about three miles below Cardigan. V. MS. in the Bodl. Libr.

191. Wear is first formed by the confluence of several brooks in the county of Durham; a little above which city it hath a notable cataract. It emptieth itself into the sea at Weremouth. V. MS. as before.

197. The river Lone, or Lune, issueth out of Lune forest in Westmoreland, runs by Lancaster, and falls into the sea about a mile below Middleton. V. MS. as before.

198. Deva, or Dee, is a Cheshire river, though begun in Wales. By its course it parteth Cheshire from Flint. It falleth into the Irish sea below West Chester. V. MS. as before.

198. Milton, in his Lycidas, calleth this river Deva's Wizard stream, on account of its neighbourhood to the isle of Anglesey, the principal seat of the Druids, who were the priests and conjurers of the old Britons. Moses Browne.

O waft me back, kind fortune, to the fide  
 Of the fwift Tees' ungovernable tide; 209  
 And Tweed, begot on Caledonian hills,  
 Whose far-fam'd waves the falmon nation fills.

I. Beckon me, Naiads, to the fouthern vales,  
 Where his long liquid train your mighty Severn  
 trails;

And where the might of more majestic Thames, 205  
 O'er finny nations of unnumber'd names,  
 Rolls his broad wave, and boafts, within his bound,  
 High-flavour'd falmon thro' the world renown'd.

C. Icenus, our poetic rant, I fear,  
 Startles yon staring lout, he fhakes his ear. 210  
 From

200. Tees is the northern boundary of Yorkfhire. Its birth is in Teesdale foreft, near the confines of Durham, Cumberland and Weftmoreland. It is fo rapid a ftream, that no other fifh but falmon can live in it. Brookefius, V. MS. as before.

201. The Tweed riles in Tweedale in Scotland, parteth Scotland from Northumberland, and falleth into the fea at Tweedmouth near Berwick. V. MS. as before.

201. Begot on Caledonian hills: that is, the hills of Scotland, where the river fprings Farnaby the younger.

202. Tweed and all the other above mentioned rivers are famous for falmon. There is plenty of them alfo in the Severn. Thofe in the Thames are but few, but far excell all others in their flavour. Mofes Browne.

204. The Severn is the fecond river in England: It has a prodigious long courfe. It riles near Plinlimmon-hill in Montgomeryfhire, runs fifty miles in that county, and receives above thirty rivers into its channel, from the mountains in Wales, before it enters Shropfhire. It falls into the Severn fea, or Brijtol channel, along with the Avon. Brookefius.



From Pegasus to sober sense descend,  
 And title me in honest prose your friend.  
 Your genius and your sport have won my heart,  
 In happy hour we meet, in sad we part.

I. I love the man who angles and who rhymes,  
 With mine, my friend, your pleasing humour  
 chimes. 216

Honour my roof, my frugal viand share,  
 Till time recal you to your natal air.  
 Come; for the woodman's jaded arm gives o'er  
 His sounding steel and echo mocks no more. 220  
 The sharp clear sky and stiff'ning clod foreshew  
 Another stinging night; dear stream, adieu:  
 E're long our sporting visit we'll renew. }

211. Pegasus is a winged horse, kept by Apollo, on mount Parnassus, and let out by his godship to the poets. He is a steed of mettle, and will carry a skilful rider very safely. But he has a dogged faculty of kicking and plunging when he has got a dunce upon his back, neither will he leave till he has unhorsed my gentleman, and broken his neck, perhaps, into the bargain. Farnaby the younger.

9 JA 56

F I N I S.



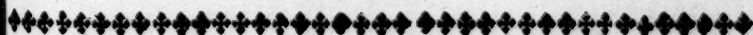
A N  
INTRODUCTION  
TO THE  
A R T  
O F  
L Y I N G.

Laid down by infallible **RULES**, and exemplified in various **INSTANCES**, applicable to **PRACTICE**.

**B E I N G**

A **WORK** universally useful and entertaining to all Persons, in all Degrees and Stations of **LIFE**, of what Denomination soever.

Wrote originally in High-German; and now first translated into English.





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## F A M E.

**M**OST noble, illustrious, and generous Patroness! I do here, in an humble manner, prostrate myself at your feet, as a suppliant, for your favour and protection. To whom else could I more properly apply? for on you alone depends the fate of millions. With a breath you can kill or save whole armies, fleets, nay countries; and upon your smiles, even kings and heroes live here, and after death. In a word, if it be your good pleasure, even the knave and coward shall rise like meteors, and blaze through all opposition of faction and calumny.

Gracious Patroness! be pleased to cast your eye downward on your votary; save me from the fury of *statesmen*, *priests*, and *critics*, but more particularly, if it be thy good pleasure, from *Methodists*, because I have been an imitator of them, as far as is in my power, in order to teach the *Art of Lying* by method. As to other enemies, I shall give myself no concern about them, but use the Italian proverb, *Pray God defend me from my friends*, for I'll take care to defend myself from my enemies.

Be this, O Patroness! thy care, to save me from the censure of my friends, and I shall in duty be ever bound to acknowledge thy goodness and protection; I shall then rise above envy, and the fear of losing you even after death. Gracious Patroness, accept these prayers from,

*Your most devoted Servant,*

ANTIQUÆ.



# P R E F A C E.

*Kind Reader,*

**I**T was with some difficulty I have been prevailed upon by my friends to enter upon the subject before you. I am conscious there are many better capacitated for this task than myself, and from whom, I must own, I have received several useful hints, as they occur in the course of this work, especially from my good friends Mr S. H. Mr T. C. Mr G. W. and several others, to whom I acknowledge myself greatly indebted. It will be needless to say any thing of the merit or usefulness of this little tract, because it is intended only as a preparatory introduction to a very large field of instructive knowledge, to no less than the compiling a dictionary, which will scarce be contained in two volumes in folio: I call it a dictionary, because it will contain the whole circle of the *Art of Lying*; it will be a *Dictionary of Dictionaries*, of which this little epitome before you is no more in comparison to it, for learning and matter, than one drop of water is to the whole ocean. I have introduced it here only as a faint specimen of a part of it, and only as a headpiece to a proposal which you will find annexed to the end of this dissertation. I have undertaken this task on this motive, the good of my country only, without any views of interest or profit to myself; and though I have exemplified the few Rules in this dissertation, I will here, in spite of myself, speak *truth*, and say, I am,

*Kind Reader,*

*Your most humble Servant.*

AN  
INTRODUCTION  
TO THE  
ART  
OF  
LYING.

COURTEOUS READER,

LYING, we find, though not the art of it, has been practised in all ages, and by all degrees of people. All history, sacred and profane, are testimonies of its practice and antiquity: but, however, even in its primitive state, as well as at this hour, though every man has been guilty of it, no one will own himself to be a liar. Every one would have you believe what he asserts to be a truth. It must be owned that truth and falshood in many cases have a very near resemblance; it is the art of disguising falshood, so as to appear like truth or probability, that is the subject before me—a subject too that all mankind are interested in, as all degrees of men, from the prince to the peasant, have, in some measure, and do still daily practise it. It has often been matter of wonder to me, that a science so much in practice has not been reduced to stated rules; for want of which men sometimes run such unaccountable lengths, that they give themselves the lie; whereas, if the rules which I shall here-

after lay down were known by them, I will venture to say they might so disguise falshood by method, that the nicest judge or critic of truth or probability should not distinguish it. I must frankly own, that Shakespeare first endeavoured to reduce this science to rules; but as they are so few and restricted, I have not attempted to introduce them into this work. A work which I foresee, as it is so universally useful, will be universally practised and encouraged; and I think myself happy in living in this age, where rules are so essentially necessary to be understood in the practice of lying.

As there are an infinite number of little branches in this science to be enumerated, I shall proceed methodically, in order for their better explanation; and that they may be more readily understood, I shall make an example to each rule, for the benefit of the reader. But before I enter upon the rules, I think it necessary to shew how advantageously useful they will be to all degrees of men.—*Kings*, in their solemn treaties with each other, will not, in common fame, when they break those treaties, be deemed liars. *Ministers of State*, though they may have misled their master, or the people, by these rules will be acquitted from censure. *Courtiers*, by these rules, may safely promise, and never perform those promises, and yet be deemed honourable and true men. *Generals* may deceive their masters in the reports of brave exploits, or their losses, by these rules, and yet stand fair in the eye of calumny and detraction. The *pious bishop* may swear by his honour and his priesthood, may sow division in his diocese, may rack the people's consciences, or their grounds, for tithes; and

and yet, by these rules, he shall so conduct himself, as to be accounted holy. The *lawyer*, though he should defraud you of an estate by seeming guile, bring false actions or false witness, shall, by these infallible rules, seem immaculate and spotless. The *merchant* and the *mechanic* shall artfully conceal the defects of their goods, nay openly expose them to sale, with all their damages to view, yet, by these rules, no one shall have it in his power to contradict him, or to say it is untrue. *Car men, porters, hackney-men, &c.* shall take of you more than is their lawful due, and yet, by these rules, they shall be acquitted from all censure of imposition. In a word, the very *beggar* who asks an alms; who binds up his sound limb, patches his eye up, and tells you these he lost in the service of his country, shall, by these rules, at night unbind his leg and pull his patch off, and yet be deemed no hypocrite.

It will here be necessary to explain the terms we shall hereafter be obliged to use in the course of this work, for the better understanding the nature and end of our design. And first, I shall observe to you, that falshood, which is vulgarly called lying, is the reverse of truth. Truth is mathematical demonstration; for instance, the 47th book of the 1st proposition of Euclid, That the square of the hypotenuse of a rectangled triangle, is equal to the square of the base and perpendicular added together, is a demonstrated truth: To say the square of one of those sides is equal to the square of the hypotenuse and the other side added together, is false: Upon this basis truth and falshood are distinguished, and the nearer the approach is to each other, the more



difficult it is to comprehend them, without the use of these rules.

Truth may be so disguis'd, that it may appear to be false to a common understanding. For example, the wisdom of our ministry is very conspicuous to every judicious eye; but the vulgar think it otherwise, for want only of a knowledge in these rules.

On the contrary, falshood may be veiled like truth: As for instance, the great exploits of our army in Flanders this summer are well known throughout Europe; and yet the vulgar, for want of these rules, are bold enough to censure their conduct.

It is upon this nice distinction between truth and falshood that these rules are founded. Probable and improbable, possible and impossible, have the same rules, are built upon the same principles, and have the same ratio of tendency to, or separation from each other. From hence we may observe, all approaches to truth, the nearer they seem ally'd to each other, the more safe and methodically perfect will falshood appear by rules; and the wider you extend possible and impossible, the greater will be the skill required to disguise them. For example, it may be asserted that it is impossible for a great rich man to accept a *pension*, or a *bribe*: now, in the eye of the vulgar, this is seemingly so; but on the other hand, if it be possible, it may also be true, and by these rules is so to a demonstration, that they do refuse it.

Probable and improbable are the middle station, and are under the same rules and methods with the former; and in order to give you an example also of this nice connection, I must give you

you their progression as they are generated, from possible to probable, to truth and the contrary; from falshood down to improbable, to impossible, and thence to the vulgar term the lie.

The possible is the next degree to probable, that is, a supposition that it may be: For example, suppose for instance, that you should say a *courtier* may be dishonest, we may rise upward and say it is possible he may be so——It is probable he may——And you may carry it so as far as to say he is dishonest. But our rules will set the *courtier* in another light; I say he is honest, for it is improbable he should be dishonest: and so downward to the lie direct.

This rule I call the rule of *rotation*; it is the principal and most useful in heightening or depreciating characters; and as I proceed I shall show you to whom in particular each rule will be immediately useful.——This will be useful to a *prime-minister* in order to take in, or turn out any person in place. It will be useful to the *clergy*, in order to rise in dignities and preferments. It will be useful in the *army*, in order to sink the hero, or raise a coward. It will be of great use to your junior-counsel at the *Old Bailey*. In short, this is a rule which all the *fair sex* in general should have printed in gold letters, and learn by heart, to be ready at a moment's warning to pull down half a dozen prudes, or demolish a dozen coquets. This rule will be of singular use to *writers* of lives and memoirs; the man that died a damn'd villain or hypocrite may, by this-rule, live on paper a very honest, virtuous, good man. In short, though this is a rule so universally useful, 'tis  
but

but a subservient one to what you will find in the course of this work.

I have dwelt the longer on it, to inculcate the seeds of it more strongly on your imagination; and indeed, it should be learned by heart as a numeration table, or the gamut in music. For by this rule many a *courtier*, and some other persons too, have insensibly rose unto dignity and honour. The nicely throwing a veil of this kind, is like an ingenious painter, that can deceive not only men, but the very animal creation with their art.

I remember a story of a *felon*, who on his trial had an accomplice in his villainy to be an evidence against him: After a long examination, the evidence honestly lays his hand upon his breast, and told the court that he had consulted several learned divines, and eminent lawyers, about the evidence he was to give, and that he found his conscience would not permit him to give any at all. In short, the *court* had the happiness to be acquainted with this rule of *rotation*, and honourably discharged the felon. Now, reader, by this example, you see of what singular use a knowledge of these rules are.

The next rule is the *ambiguous*: But before I explain that rule I shall set an example to fight, as a trial of it—Suppose it was asserted that our *fleets* at sea have received more damage by storms than the enemy this summer, and that *they* have reaped advantage: Now observe; you may prove our fleet has gained a considerable advantage to their country. As to the damages by storms, they are trifling, and it was a common lot to the rest of mankind, and to the enemy as well as themselves; but on the other hand,

hand, they have preserved his majesty's ships and subjects safe from the enemy; they have not wasted their ammunition nor warlike stores; they have frightened the enemy without the loss of men; then they have taught their men navigation, spent a good deal of provisions and money, all for the good of the people. These are plain and obvious to every capacity who understands my rules: Whereas the ignorant and the vulgar are bold enough to say, they had not orders to fight; that they were *bribed*; that the fault was in the people at the helm of state; that we are the *dupes* and *tools* of Europe, and a thousand such idle stories; and all this is owing to a want of knowledge in this *ambiguous* rule.

This golden rule I recommend to all persons who have any post under the government, from the chancellor of the exchequer, down to the sweeper of St James's court; all officers in the excise, custom-house, treasury, victualling, stamp-office, &c. from the commissioners down to the porter at the door; to all honourable generals, down to the inferior officers, even to the drum-head: In short, to all who are, or intend to be dependent on the court—Let them get this rule by heart. This rule I also recommend to all persons any way disaffected to the ministry; to all bawling patriots, and the honourable independents of the city and liberty of Westminster. It is of singular use to party news-writers; to-day they may kill 20,000 men in Flanders, and to-morrow say it wants confirmation. In short, I recommend it as doctor *Ward's* pill, as an universal *nostrum* for every person and thing, even to the curing of a smoaky chimney.

Now



Now the rule is exceeding easy in itself to be retained in the memory; the reader is only to observe the degrees he is to sink down or mount up, in order to accomplish his designs; and here I am to inform him to keep the probable on both sides full in view; except only, if the action lye out of *Europe*, then he may stretch it to the improbable; and here you are to observe one thing, all public transactions are never to go below the improbable; nor above the possible; they are to be an equipoise to each other, like the panniers of a country baker, hanging dangling on each side his horse. But on the other hand, if you are to raise the subject, you may go from impossible up to truth: pray observe that distinction, between the sinking and the rising of the subject. I have known a person made a *lord*, that was as great a *knave* and *patriot* as his country produced, only by being acquainted with the principles of this *ambiguous* rule.

The next rule, courteous reader, I call the *inconceivable*, because it is founded upon a shadowy basis; yet perhaps you have no rule more necessary to be understood. This rule was founded in *Nubibus* (I ask pardon for the expression, it was only to give you a specimen of my learning); it means being in the clouds. Now, reader, this rule is to make matter out of nothing; observe that well. You are to join the probable and possible together. Now, for example, suppose you should say that a certain great man, who was so long in public employment, and robbed and plundered the people of thousands, having seriously weighed and considered his evil deeds, has made a will and bequeathed all his

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ill-got wealth to the poor, to atone for his crimes.—

First, it is possible such a thing may be: If possible, why not probable? And while he is living, no one can disprove it. This is raising the character. On the other side, the vulgar, for want of *conceiving* this *inconceivable* rule, will reason thus: His avariciousness, pride, and vices, reign in him as much as ever: that he has no more charity or honesty in him than *P——r* *W——s*: In short, they may as well say that Chartres was a villain, or Jonathan Wild: And all this is owing to nothing more than the want of a knowledge of this *inconceivable* rule.

And as this rule is more difficult to be comprehended at first view, than some others, I must beg leave to illustrate it by another example: Suppose a person unacquainted with these rules, should report the times are in general very pressing upon the trading part of mankind; that trade and money are very scarce; that public credit and taxes run high; that honour, and honesty, and truth, &c. have forsook us: surely such an one cannot be well acquainted with this rule. It is easy to turn the tables upon such a novice, and say, Sir, I have it from good authority that your surmise is groundless, that for the ensuing year, 1745, the land tax will be entirely taken off; that the public debts of the nation will be greatly diminished by his majesty's voluntary donation of thirty millions sterling, the produce and savings of Hanover, for the good of his loving and faithful subjects of Great Britain; that in order to encourage trade and commerce, a safe and honourable peace is on the tapis, and shortly will be concluded throughout Europe, to  
our

our interest and advantage; and let me add to this, the great plenty of money now circulating in trade, even to a demonstration. These things are facts, which none but the vulgar and such who are unacquainted with our *inconceivable* rule can be ignorant of.

I remember to have heard a story of a fellow, who used to report among his companions, that at Richmond in Surry, at a certain house, he had, by the strength of his voice only in singing, frequently broke the glass of the windows—It happened an acquaintance of his was present once at his asserting the thing, and to whom he appealed for the truth of his assertion: replied he very gravely, No, Sir, I do not remember your breaking the windows; I would not tell a lie upon any account whatever for you nor no one else; but as the truth should be told, without favour or affection to party, I must confess, when the door and windows of that room have been close shut, the strength of your voice has sunk the floor, and raised the ceiling over our heads, above a foot from its place, for want of room to expand. This story I rank in the number of the *inconceivables*, though perhaps critics may place it in the *ambiguous* rule.

I must recommend this inconceivable rule to the lower class of people, to study seriously. The keen fox-hunter would do well to apply this rule to practise, when he tells you that he unkenneled a fox that had a brush six yards long. The grave angler will find it useful to explain the weight of his pike or salmon, which he caught and landed with a single hair, upon a steep bank, fourteen feet higher than the surface of the river; and the simple priest, that

could

could not explain to his audience the miracle of feeding the five thousand with five loaves and two small fishes, but only by saying every loaf was as big as a mountain, might, by this inconceivable rule, have demonstrated it beyond exception. In a word, reader, I heartily recommend it to your serious and deliberate consideration.

My next general rule is the *Recitative*: A rule of singular use to an infertile invention; it requires no great skill to become master of it, and extends only to the marvellous. It is of great use to coffee-house politicians, and news-mongers in general, and chiefly depends upon enumeration: it is indeed a sort of branch to the ambiguous. I have known it practised with success by a friend of mine frequently, who has laughed, and been heartily laughed at, for the fruitfulness of his imagination. If you tell a story which happened in one county, he immediately repeats the same, with a trifling variation, that happened in another. If you carry it to the possible, he extends it to the probable; if you sink it to the improbable, he lowers it to the impossible; in short it is the art of refining epitomised. Example: One said he saw a pike in a small pond in Kent, weighing 40 pounds, and that one of 30 pounds was taken whole out of its belly. My friend immediately replied, That was nothing; he had seen in Wiltshire one of 50 pounds weight, and a pike of 40 pounds taken out of its belly; and not only that, says he, but another entire pike was taken out of the belly of it, which weighed 27 pounds and a half. This was between the probable and possible.



The gentleman, finding himself outdone, replied, It was strange, but yet he had heard something beyond that; he had a friend of his in Northamptonshire, who stopped at a little public-house, and called for a bottle of ale; it was set on the table, and, being ripe, forced out the cork, which went through the ceiling and roof of the house, and hit a small bird that was that instant flying along; the bird dropped perpendicularly down into the bottle, the cork followed plump into the neck again, stopped the bottle, and drowned the bird. My friend very gravely replied, That was nothing; for he had heard his father say, that, by such an accident in Wiltshire, he caught a covey of partridges, consisting of eight brace and a half of birds, and at one blow, with this addition only, that it was a two-quart bottle they fell into. The man finding himself still copied, he says, Pray, Sir, did you hear my Lord Such-a-one was going to turn off his whores, and cohabit with his wife again? Yes, says my friend, and with this remarkable circumstance too, that he intends to pay all his tradesmen's bills, and restore the estate again to Mr Such-a-one, whom he had cheated of it. The gentleman being out of all patience, cries out, *That's a damned lie*, and parted abruptly from him.

This rule of *Recitative* is extremely useful for shallow memories; the path you are to strike in lies straight before you, with this observation, always let another finish his story before you. As this rule is chiefly for the lower class, I shall recommend it, not as a *political*, but an *useful one*.

It would almost be endless to give you examples

ples of the foregoing kind, or to lay down any more general rules in this place, because this is intended only as an Introduction to a *General Dictionary* I am now preparing for the press, containing the whole circle of the art. You will, in my preface, find the use of this dissertation, as to the intended design of the **DICTIONARY OF DICTIONARIES**. It will be here impossible to enumerate the uses and advantages which you will find contained in it ; but as the undertaking will be very great, consisting of two volumes in folio, I have published this Introduction as a specimen of the work, and the manner and nature of the subject treated on.

9 JA 56

ARS PUN-ICA, five FLOS LINGUARUM.

THE  
A R T  
OF  
P U N N I N G;  
OR THE  
Flower of Languages:  
In Thirty-Four RULES.  
FOR THE  
FARTHER IMPROVEMENT  
OF  
CONVERSATION,  
AND  
HELP OF MEMORY.

---

By the Labour and Industry of TOM PUN-SIBI.

---

Ex ambiguo dicta, vel argutissima putantur; sed non semper in joco, sæpe etiam in gravitate versantur—Ingeniosi enim videtur vim verbi, in aliud atque cœteri accipiant, posse ducere. Cicero. de Or. lib. 2. p. 117. fol.



AND PUBLISHED BY THE LONDON MUSEUM.

THE  
PUBLICATION  
OF  
PUBLICATION

OF THE  
FLOWER OF LANGUAGES

IN THE  
LONDON MUSEUM.



CONTRIBUTION  
AND  
HELP OF MEMBERS

THE LONDON MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

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THE LONDON MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

TO THE  
RIGHT HONOURABLE

SIR JOHN SCRUB, Bart. and Merchant,

THIS DEDICATION is humbly presented by  
the Author.

**Y**OUR honour's character is too well known in the world to stand in need of a *dedication*; but I can tell you that my fortune is not so well settled but I stand in need of a *patron*. And therefore, since I am to write a dedication, I must for decency proceed in the usual method.

First then I proclaim to the world your high and illustrious birth: That you are by the father's side descended from the most antient and celebrated family of *Rome the Cascas*; by the mother's from *Earl Piercy*. Some indeed have been so malicious as to say, your grandmother *kill'd-her-kin*; but I think, if the authors of the report were found out, they ought to be *hamper'd*. I will allow that the world exclaims deservedly against your mother, because she is *no friend to the bottle*; otherwise they would deserve a *firkin*, as having no *grounds* for what they say. However I do not think it can sully your *fine* and *bright* reputation: for the *credit* you gained at the battle of *Hogshead*, against the Duke of *Burgundy*, who felt no *Sham-pain*, when you forced him to sink beneath your power, and gave his whole army a *brush*, may in time turn to your *account*; for to my knowledge, it put his highness much upon the *fret*. This indeed was no less *racking* to the king his master,

## DEDICATION.

master, who found himself *groslee* mistaken in catching a *Tartar* : for the whole world allowed that you brought him a *peg* lower, by giving him the *parting* blow, and making all his *rogues* in *buckram* to run. Not to mention your great *a-gillity*, though you are past your *primage*; and may you never *lack* age, with a *sparkling* wit, and *brisk* imagination. May your honour also *wear* long, beyond the common *scan-ting* of human life, and constantly proceed in your musical diversions of *pipe* and *sackbut*, hunting with *tarriers*, &c. And may your good humour, in saying *I amphora bottle*, never be lost, to the joy of all those that drink your *wine* for nothing, and especially of,

Your most humble Servant,

T O M P U N . S I B I .

From

From my much HONOURED FRIEND  
at HELDELVILLE.

**H**AIL to the sage, who from his native store  
Produc'd a science, never known before:  
Science of words, once jargon of the schools,  
The plague of wise men, and the boast of fools,  
Made easy now and useful in your rules. }  
Where wit and humour equally combine  
Our mirth at once to raise and to refine;  
Till now not half the worth of sounds we knew,  
Their virtual value was reserv'd for you.  
To trace their various mazes, and set forth  
Their hidden force, and multiply their worth;  
For if t'express one sense our words we chuse,  
A double meaning is of double use.

Hail sacred art! by what mysterious name  
Shall I adore thee, various, and the same.  
The Muses Proteus, skill'd with grateful change,  
Thro' all the pleasing forms of wit to range  
In quick succession, yet retain thro' all  
Some faint resemblance of th' original.

Hail fairest offspring of prodigious birth!  
At once the parent and the child of mirth.  
With Cloe's charms thy airy form can vie,  
And with thy smiles as many thousands die;  
The pleasing pain thro' all their vitals thrills,  
With subtile force, and tickles as it kills.  
Thee too, like her, the dying swains pursue,  
As gay, as careless, as inconstant too;  
To raise yet more thy merit and thy fame, }  
The Cyprian goddess glories in thy name,  
Pleas'd to be thought the laughter loving dame. }  
Nor less thy praise, nor less thy pow'r to wound,  
'T'hou lovely, fleeting image of a sound.

The



The Original of PUNNING, from Plato's  
Symposiasts, by the AUTHOR.

ONCE on a time, in merry mood,  
Jove made a *pun* of flesh and blood;  
A double two-fac'd living creature,  
Androgynos, of two-fold nature.  
For back to back with single skin,  
He bound the male and female in;  
So much alike, so near the same,  
They stuck as closely as their name.  
Whatever words the male express'd,  
The female turn'd them to a jest;  
Whatever words the female spoke,  
The male converted to a joke:  
So in this form of man and wife,  
They led a merry *punning* life.

The gods from heav'n descend to earth,  
Drawn down by their alluring mirth,  
So well they seem'd to like the sport,  
Jove cou'd not get them back to court.  
Th' infernal gods ascend as well,  
Drawn up by magic *puns* from hell.  
Judges and furies quit their post,  
And not a soul to mind a ghost.

"Hey day," says Jove! says Pluto too,

"I think the dev'l is here to do; [ty,

'Here's hell broke loose, and heav'n's quite emp-

'We scarce have left one god in twenty.

'Pray what has set them all a running?"

"Dear brother, nothing else but *punning*.

'Behold that double creature yonder,

'Delights them with a double entendre."

"Odd's fish," says Pluto, "where's your thunder,

'Let drive, and split this thing asunder."

"That's

"That's right," quoth Jove; with that he threw  
A bolt, and split it into two.

And when the thing was split in twain,  
Why then it *punn'd* as much again.

'Tis thus the diamonds we refine,

The more we *cut* the more they shine :

And ever since your men of wit,

Until they're *cut*, can't *pun* a bit.

So take a starling when 'tis young,

And down the middle *slit* the tongue,

With groat or sixpence, 'tis no matter,

You'll find the bird will doubly chatter.

"Upon the whole, dear Pluto you know,

'Tis well I did not split my Juno!

'For had I done 't, whene'er she'd scold me,

'She'd make the heav'ns too hot to hold me."

The gods upon this application,

Return'd each to his habitation;

Extremely pleas'd with this new joke,

The best they swore he ever spoke.

UPON

## UPON THE AUTHOR.

**H**AD I ten thousand mouths and tongues,  
 Had I ten thousand pair of lungs,  
 Ten thousand sculls with brains to think,  
 Ten thousand standishes of ink,  
 Ten thousand hands and pens to write,  
 Thy praise I'd study day and night.

O may thy work for ever live !

(Dear Tom, a friendly zeal forgive,)

May no vile miscreant sawcy cook

Presume to tear thy learned book,

To singe his fowl for nicer guest,

Or pin it on the turkey's breast.

Keep it from pasty bak'd, or flying,

From broiling stake and fritters frying,

From lighting pipe or making snuff,

Or casing up a feather muff:

From all the several ways the grocer

(Who to the learned world's a foe, Sir)

Has found in twisting, folding, packing,

His brains and ours at once a-racking.

And may it never curl the head

Of either living block or dead.

Thus, when all dangers they have past,

Your leaves like leaves of brass shall last.

No blast shall from a critic's breath,

By vile infection, cause their death,

Till they in flames at last expire,

And help to set the world on fire.

A  
SPECIMEN.

A SPICE I MEAN.

---

THE  
PREFACE.

*Hæc nos, ab imis Pun-icorum annalibus  
Prolata, longo tempore edidimus tibi. Fest.*

I've rak'd the ashes of the dead, to show  
*Puns* were in vogue five thousand years ago.

**T**HE great and singular advantages of punning, and the lustre it gives to conversation, are commonly so little known in the world, that scarce one man of learning in fifty, to their shame be it spoken, appears to have the least tincture of it in his discourse. This I can impute to nothing but that it hath not been reduced to a science; and indeed Cicero seemed long ago to wish for it, as we may gather from his second book, *de Oratore*, page 115. where he has this remarkable passage: *Suavis autem est, et vehementer sæpe utilis jocus et facetia cum ambiguitate, in quibus tu longe aliis mea sententia, Cæsar, excellis, quo magis mihi etiam testis esse potes, aut nullam esse artem salis, aut si qua est, eam nos tu potissimum docebis.* "Punning is extremely  
H h 'delightful,



‘ delightful, and oftentimes very profitable, in  
 ‘ which, as far as I can judge, Cæsar, you excel  
 ‘ all mankind; for which reason you may in-  
 ‘ form me whether there be any *art of punning*;  
 ‘ or if there be, above all things I beseech you  
 ‘ to instruct me in it.” So much was this great  
 man affected with the art, and such a noble idea  
 did he conceive of it, that he gave Cæsar the  
 preference to all mankind, only on account of  
 that accomplishment.

Let critics say what they will, I will venture  
 to affirm, that *punning*, of all arts and sciences,  
 is the most extraordinary; for all others are cir-  
 cumscribed by certain bounds, but this alone is  
 found to have no limits; because to excel there-  
 in requires a most extensive knowledge of all  
 things. A *punner* must be a man of the great-  
 est natural abilities, and of the best accomplish-  
 ments: his wit must be poignant and fruitful,  
 his understanding clear and distinct, his imagi-  
 nation delicate and chearful; he must have an  
 extraordinary elevation of soul, far above all  
 mean and low conceptions; and these must be  
 sustained with a vivacity fit to express his ideas  
 with that grace and beauty, that strength and  
 sweetness, which become sentiments so truly  
 noble and sublime.

And now, lest I should be suspected of impos-  
 sing upon my reader, I must intreat him to  
 consider how high Plato has carried his senti-  
 ments of this art (and Plato is allowed by all  
 men to have seen farther into heaven than any  
 heathen, either before or since); does not he say  
 positively in his *Cratylus*, *Jocos et dii amant*:  
 “The gods themselves love *punning*.” Which  
 I am apt to believe from Homer’s *unextinguish-*  
ed

*ed laughter* ; because there is no other motive could cause such continued merriment among the gods.

As to the antiquity of this art, Buxtorf proves it to be very early among the Chaldæans, which any one may see at large, who will read what he says upon the word *pun*. *Vocula est Chaldæis familiarissima, &c.* “ It is a word that is ‘ most frequently in use among the Chaldeans, ‘ who were first instructed in the methods of ‘ *punning* by their magi, and gained such reputation, that Ptolomæus Philo-pun-neus sent ‘ for six of those learned priests, to propagate ‘ their doctrine of *puns* in six of his principal ‘ cities, which they did with such success, that ‘ his majesty ordered, by public edict, to have a ‘ full collection of all the *puns* made within his ‘ dominions for three years past ; and this collection filled one large apartment of his library, having the following remarkable inscription over the door, *The shop of the soul’s physician.*” *Vide* Joseph. Bengor. Chronic inedit. Georg. Homedidæ. Seriem Godoliæ tradit. Hebraic. Corpus paradoxon titulo Megill. cap. 1. sect. 8. Chronic. Samarit. Abulphetachi. Megillat. Taanit.

Some authors (but upon what grounds is uncertain) will have Pan, who in the Æolick dialect is called Pun, to be the author of *puns*, because, say they, Pan being the god of universal nature, and *punning* free of all languages, it is highly probable that it owes its first origin, as well as name, to this god. Others again attribute it to Janus; and for this reason, *Janus had two faces* ; and, of consequence, they conjectured every word he spoke had a double meaning.

But, however, I give little credit to these opinions, which I am apt to believe were broached in the dark and fabulous ages of the world; for I doubt, before the first Olympiad, there can be no great dependence upon profane history.

I am much more inclined to give credit to Buxtorf; nor is it improbable, that Pythagoras, who spent twenty-eight years at Egypt in his studies, brought this art, together with some arcanas of philosophy, into Greece; the reason for which might be, that philosophy and *punning* were a mutual assistance to each other: "For," says he, "*puns* are like so many torch-lights in the head, that give the soul a very distinct view of those images which she before seemed to grope after, as if she had been imprisoned in a dungeon." From whence he looked upon *puns* to be so sacred, and had such a regard to them, that he left a precept to his disciples, forbidding them to eat beans, because they were called in Greek *punnoi*. "Let not," says he, "one grain of the seed of beans be lost, but preserve and scatter them over all Greece, that both our gardens and our fields may flourish with a vegetable, which, on account of its name, not only brings an honour to our country, but as it disperses its effluvia in the air, it may also, by a secret impulse, prepare the soul for *punning*, which I esteem the first and great felicity of life."

This art being so very well recommended by so great a man, it was not long before it spread through all Greece, and at last was looked upon to be such a necessary accomplishment, that no person was admitted to a feast who was not first examined, and if he were found ignorant  
of

of *punning*, he was dismissed with, *Hence ye profane.*

If any one doubts the truth of what I say, let him consult the apophthegms of Plutarch, who, after he had passed several encomiums upon this art, gives some account of persons eminent in it. Among which, to shorten my preface, I chuse one of the most illustrious examples, and will entertain the courteous reader with the following story.

King Philip had his collar-bone broken in a battle, and his physician expecting money of him every visit, the king reproved him with a *pun*, saying, He had the *key* in his own hands. For the word, in the original, signifies both a *key* and a *collar-bone*. *Vide* Plut. apoph. page 177.

We have also several *puns* recorded in Diogenes Laertius's lives of the philosophers, and those made by the wisest and gravest men among them; even by Diogenes the Cynick, who, although pretending to withstand the irresistible charms of *punning*, was curst with the name of an *abhorrer*. Yet in spight of all his ill-nature and affectation (for he was a tub-preacher) he made so excellent a *pun*, that Scaliger said, He would rather have been author of it than king of Navarre. The story is as follows.

Didymus (not Didymus the commentator upon Homer, but), a famous rake among the ladies at Athens, having taken in hand to cure a virgin's eye that was sore, had this caution given him by Diogenes, "Take care you do not corrupt your *pupil*." The Greek word signifying both the *pupil* of the eye and a *virgin*. *Vide* Laert.

There is a remarkable passage in Petronius  
H h 3 Arbiter,



Arbiter, which plainly proves, by a royal example, that *punning* was a necessary ingredient to make an entertainment agreeable. The words are these, *Ingerebat nihilominus Trimalcio lentissima voce, CARPE. Ego suspicatus ad aliquam urbanitatem, toties iteratam vocem pertinere, non erubui eum qui supra me accumbebat, hoc ipsum interrogare. At ille qui sapius ejusmodi ludos spectaverat, vides, inquit, illum qui obsonium carpit, carpus vocatur. Itaque quotiescunque dicit carpe, eodem verbo et vocat et imperat.* And it is further remarkable, that every day of his life he made the same *pun* at dinner and supper.

It would be endless to produce all the authorities that might be gathered from Diodorus Siculus, Herodotus, Proconosius, Bergæus, Dionysius Halicarnensis, Lycophron, Pindar, Apollonius, Menander, Aristophanes, Cointus Coos, Nonnus, Demosthenes, Euripides, Thucydides, Plato, Aristotle, &c. However, I believe it will not be amiss to bring some few testimonies, to shew in what great esteem the art of *punning* was among the most refined wits at Rome, and that in the most polite ages, as will appear from the following quotations.

Quintil. Institut. Orator. lib. 6. p. 265. *Urbanitas est virtus quædam, in breve dictum, verum sensu duplici, coacta, et apta ad delectandos homines, &c.*

Thus translated.

*Punning* is a virtue, comprised in a short expression, with a double meaning, and fitted to delight the ladies.

Ex

## Ex Lucretio.

*Quo magis æternum da dictis, diva, leporem.*  
 Goddess, eternal puns on me bestow.

## Et alibi.

*Omnia enim lepidi magis admirantur, atantque  
 Germanis quæ sub verbis latitantia cernunt ;  
 Verbaque constituunt simili fucata sonore,  
 Nec simili sensu, sed quæ mentita placerent.*

All men of mirth and sense admire and love  
 Those words which like twin-brothers doubtful  
 prove ;

When the same sounds a different sense disguise,  
 In being deceiv'd the greatest pleasure lies.

## Ex Claudiano.

*Vocibus alternant sensus, fraudisque jocosæ,  
 Vim duplicem rident, lacrymosaque gaudia miscent.*

From word to word th' ambiguous sense is play'd,  
 Laughing succeeds, and joyful tears are shed.

## Ex Martiale.

*Sit mihi, Cinna, comes, salibus dictisque facetus,  
 Qui sapit ambiguos fundere ab ore sonos.*

Cinna, give me the man, when all is done,  
 That wisely knows to crack a jest, and pun.

## Ex Petronio.

*Dicta, sales, risus, urbano crepundia vocum,  
 Ingenii facilis quæ documenta dabunt.*

Jokes, repartees, and laugh, and pun polite,  
 Are the true test to prove a man is right.

Ex Lucano.

*Illi est imperium risus, qui fraude leporis  
Ambigua fallens, humeros quatit usque solutis  
Nexibus, ac tremuli trepidant curvamina dorsi,  
Et jecur, et cordis fibras, et pandit anhelas  
Pulmonis latebras——*

He's king of mirth that lilly cheats our sense,  
With *pun* ambiguous, pleasing in suspense;  
The shoulders lax become, the bending back,  
Upheav'd with laughter, makes our ribs to crack;  
Ev'n to the liver he can joys impart,  
And play upon the fibres of the heart;  
Open the chambers of the lungs, and there  
Give longer life in laughing, than in air.

But to come nearer home, and our own times,  
we know that France, in the late reign, was the  
seat of learning and policy; and what made it  
so, but the great encouragement the king gave  
*punners* above any other men: for it is too noto-  
rious, to quote any author for it, that Lewis le  
Grand gave a hundred pistoles for one single *pun-  
motto*, made upon an abbot, who died in a field,  
having a lilly growing out of his a——

*Habe mortem præ oculis.*

Abbe' mort en prez au culiz.

Nor was his bounty less to Monsieur de Ferry  
de Lageltre the painter, though the *pun* and  
the picture turned against himself; who drew  
his majesty shooting, and, at some distance from  
him, another man aiming at the same fowl, who  
was withheld by a third person, pointing at the  
king with these words from his mouth:

*Ne voyez vous le roy tirant.*

Having now, from the best authorities, plainly proved the antiquity and excellence of the art of *punning*, nothing remains but to give some general directions as to the manner how this science is to be taught.

I. Let the husband teach his wife to read it.

II. Let her be appointed to teach her children.

III. Let the head servant of the family instruct all the rest, and that every morning before the master and mistress are up.

IV. The masters and misses are to repeat a rule every day, with the examples, and every visiting day be brought up to shew the company what fine memories they have.

V. They must go ten times through the book before they be allowed to aim at a *pun*.

VI. They must every day of their lives repeat six synonymous words, or words like in sound, before they be allowed to sit down to dinner.

Such as, Assent, Ascent. Alter, Altar,

A lass, Alas. A peer, Appear.

Bark, Barque. Barbary, Barberry.

They are to be all found in metre, most laboriously compiled by the learned author of the *English Schoolmaster*, printed anno 1641. London edition, page 52.

VII. If any eldest son has not a capacity to attain to this science, let him be disinherited as *non compos*, and the estate given to the next hopeful child.

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,*

*Candidus imperti; si non, his utere mecum.* Hor.

If any man can better rules impart,

I'll give him leave to do't with all my heart.

THE





THE  
ART  
OF  
PUNNING;  
OR THE  
Flower of Languages.

*The Logical Definition of PUNNING.*

**PUNNATA** dicuntur, id ipsum quod sunt,  
aliorum esse dicuntur, aut alio quovis modo,  
ad aliud referuntur.

*Puns*, in their very nature and constitution,  
have a relation to something else, or if they have  
not, any other reason *why* will serve as well.

*The Physical Definition of Punning, according to  
Cardan.*

**PUNNING** is an art of harmonious jingling u-  
pon words, which passing in at the ears, and fall-  
ing upon the diaphragma, excites a titillary mo-  
tion in those parts, and this being conveyed by  
the animal spirits into the muscles of the face,  
raises the cockles of the heart.

*The Moral Definition of Punning.*

PUNNING is a virtue that most effectually promotes the end of good fellowship, which is laughing.

N. B. I design to make the most celebrated Punnors in these kingdoms examples to the following rules.

*Rule 1. The Capital Rule.* He that puns must have a head for it. That is, He must be a man of letters, of a sprightly and fine imagination, whatever men may think of his judgment. Like Dr —, who said, when a lady threw down his *Cremona fiddle* with a frisk of her *mantua*,

*Mantua vae miserae nimium vicina Cremonae!*

Or, if you would have a more obvious reason, St Dennis never made a *pun* after his head was cut off. *Vide Popish Leg. tom. 78. p. 15000.*

*Rule 2. The Rule of Forehead.* He must have good assurance, like my Lord —, who puns in all companies.

*Rule 3. The brazen Rule.* He must have better assurance, like Brigadier —, who said, "That as he was passing through the street, he made up to a country fellow, who had a hare swinging on a stick over his shoulder, and giving it a shake, asked him, Whether it was his own hair or a periwig:" whereas it is a notorious Oxford jest.

*Rule 5. The Rule of Impudence.* He must have the best assurance, like Dr —, who although I had in three fair combats worsted him, yet he had the impudence to challenge me a fourth time.

*Rule*

*Rule 5.* Any person may *pun* another man's *puns* about half an hour after he has made them, as Dr — and Mr — frequently do.

I remember one day I was in company with them, and upon Major —'s saying, "That he 'would leave me the gout for a *legacy*;" I made answer, and told the company, "I should 'be sorry to have such a *leg as he*." They both snapped it up in their turns, and had as much applause for the *pun* as I had.

*Rule 6. The Rule of Pun upon Pun.* All *puns* made upon the word *pun*, are to be esteemed as so much *old gold*. *Ex. Gr.*

Suppose two famous *punsters*, should contend for the superiority, and a man should wittily say, This is a *Carthaginian* war.

Quest. How, Sir?

Ans. Why Sir, it is a *Pun-ick* war.

*Rule 7. The Socratick Rule* is to instruct others by way of question and answer.

Q. Who was the first drawer?

A. *Potifer*.

Q. Which is the seat of the spleen?

A. The *Hipps*.

Q. Who were the first bakers?

A. The *Crustumenians*.

Q. Where did the first Hermophradites come from?

A. *Middle sex*.

Q. What part of England has the most dogs?

A. *Barkshire*.

Q. From whence came the first tumblers?

A. From *Somerset*.

Q. Who were the first mortgagers of land?

A. The people of *Cumberland*.

I i

Q. What



**Q.** What men in the world are the best soldiers?

**A.** Your red hair'd men; because they always carry their *fire-locks* upon their shoulders.

**Q.** Why should a man in debt be called a diver?

**A.** Because he is dipped over head and ears.

**Q.** Why are ladies of late years well qualified for hunting?

**A.** Because they come with a *hoop* and a *hollow*.

**Q.** Why are Presbyterians, Independents, Quakers, &c. said to be vermin?

**A.** Because they are *in-sects*.

**Q.** Where were the first breeches made.

**A.** At *Thiatyra*.

**Q.** Who were the first goldfinders?

**A.** The *Turditani*.

**Q.** What part of the world is best to feed dogs in?

**A.** *Lapland*.

**Q.** What prince in the world should have a boar for his arms?

**A.** The Duke of *Tuscany*.

**Q.** Where do the best corn-cutters live?

**A.** At *Leghorn*.

**Q.** Why are horses with grease in their heels the best racers?

**A.** Because their heels are given to running.

**Q.** What is the reason that rats and mice are so much afraid of bass-violins and fiddles?

**A.** Because they are strung with *cat-gut*.

**Q.** If a lawyer is a *Whig*, and pretends to be a *Tory*, or *vice versa*, why should his gown be stript off?

**A.** Because

A. Because he is guilty of *Sham-party*.

Q. How many animals are concerned in the formation of the English tongue.

A. According to *Buck-anan*, a great number, viz. *cat-egorical*, *dog-matical*, *crow-nological*, *flea-botomy*, *fish-ognomy*, *squirril-ity*, *rat-ification*, *mouse-olæum*, *puf-ilanimity*, *hare-editary*, *astronomy*, *jay-ography*, *stag-yrite*, *duck-tility*.

Q. Where were the first *hams* made?

A. They were made in the temple of *Jupiter Hammon*, by the *Hamadryades*; one of them (if we may depend upon Baker's chronicles) was sent as a present to a gentleman in *Ham shire*, of the family of the *Ham-iltons*, who immediately sent it to *Ham-ton-Court*, where it was hung up by a string in the hall, by way of rarity, whence we have the English phrase *ham-string*.

Thus did great Socrates improve the mind  
By questions, useful since to all mankind;  
For when the purblind soul no farther saw  
Than length of nose into dark nature's law,  
His method clear'd up all, enlarg'd the sight,  
And so he taught his pupils with *day-light*.

*Rule 8. The Rule of Interruption.* Although the company be engaged in a discourse of the most serious consequence, it is, and may be lawful to interrupt them with a *pun*. *Ex. Gr.*

Suppose them poring over a problem of the mathematics, you may, without offence, ask them, How go squares with them? You may say too, That being too intent upon those figures, they are become *cycloeid*, i. e. sickly-eyed; for

I i 2

which

which they are a pack of *Logarithms*, i. e. *loger beads*. Vide rule 34.

*Rule 9. The Rule of Risibility.* A man must be the first that laughs at his own *pun*; as *Martial* advises.

*Qui studet alterius risum captare lepore,  
Imprimis rictum contrahat ipse suum.*

He that would move another man to laughter,  
Must first begin, and t'other soon comes after.

*Rule 10. The Rule of Retaliation*, obliges you, if a man makes fifty *puns*, to return all, or the most of them in the same kind. As for instance: Sir W—— sent me a catalogue of Mrs *Prudence's* scholars, and desired my advice as to the management of them.

*Miss-Chief*, the ringleader.

*Miss-Advice*, that spoils her face with paint.

*Miss-Rule*, that does every thing she is forbidden.

*Miss-Application*, who has not done one letter in her sampler.

*Miss-Belief*, who cannot say the *creed* yet.

*Miss-Call*, a perfect *Billingsgate*.

*Miss-Fortune*, that lost her grandmother's needle.

*Miss-Chance*, that broke her leg a-romping.

*Miss-Guide*, that led the young misses into the dirt.

*Miss-Laid*, who left her porringer of flower and milk where the cat got it.

*Miss-Management*, that let all her stockings run out at the heels for want of darning.

For

For which I sent the following masters:

*Master-Stroke*, to whip them.

*Master-Workman*, to dress them.

*Master-Ship*, to rig them.

*Master-Ly*, to excuse them.

*Master-Wort*, to purge them.

*Master-Piece*, to patch them.

*Master-Key*, to lock them up.

*Master-Pock*, to mortify them.

If these can't keep your ladies quiet,

Pull down their courage with low diet.

Perhaps, dear sir, you'll think it cruel,

To feed 'em on plain *water-gruel*;

But take my word, the best of breeding,

As it is plain, requires plain feeding.

*Vide Roscom.*

*Rule 11. The Rule of Repetition.* You must never let a *pun* be lost, but repeat, and comment upon it, till every one in the company both hears and understands it. *Ex. Gr.*

Sir, I have very good wine to give you; excellent *Pontack*, which I got 'pon tick; but, sir, we must have a little *pun-talk* over it; you take me, Sir, you, and you, and you too, Madam:—There is *pun-talk* upon *Pontack*, and 'pon-tick too, hey.

*Rule 12. The Elementary Rule.* Keep to your elements, whether you have fish, fowl, or flesh for dinner. As for instance:

Is not this fish which Mr *Pool* sent me extremely sweet? I think it is *main* good, what say you? O my *soal*, I never tasted better; and I think it ought to take *place* of any that *swims*?



Though you may *carp* at me for saying so, I can assure you that both *Dr Sprat* and *Dr Whalley* are of my mind.

This is an excellent *fowl*, and a fit dish for *High-fliers*; pray, Sir, what is your *o-pinion* of this *wing*, as for the *leg* the cook ought to be *clapper-claw'd* for not roasting it enough. But, now I think on't, why should this be called the *Bird of Bacchus*?

A. Because it was dressed by your drunken cook. Not at all. You mistake the matter. Pray is it not a *grape-lover*? i. e. *grey plover*.

Are you for any of this *mutton*, sir? If not, I can tell you, that you ought to be *lambasted*; for you must know that I have the best in the country. My *sheep* bear away the *bell*, and I can assure you that in all *weathers* I can treat my friends with as good *mutton* as this: He that cannot make a meal of it, ought to have it *rammed* down his throat.

*Rule 13. The Rule of Retrospection.* By this you may recall a discourse that has been past two hours, and introduce it thus—

Sir, as you were saying two hours ago—You bought those stockings in *Wales*; I believe it, for they seem to be *Well-chose*, i. e. *Welsh-hose*.

Sir, you were saying, if I mistake not, an hour or two ago—*That soldiers have the speediest justice*. I agree with you in that—For they are never without *red-dress*.

*Rule 14. The Rule of Transition:* Which will serve to introduce any thing that has the most remote relation to the subject you are upon.  
*Ex. Gr.*

If a man *puns* upon a *stable*, you may *pun* upon a *corn field*, a *meadow*, a *horse park*, a *smith* or *saddler's shop*. *Ex. Gr.*

One says, his horses are gone to *rack* : Then you answer—I would turn *oat* the rascal that looks after them. *Hay*, Sir ! don't you think I am right ; I would *strike while the iron is hot* ; and *pummel* the dog to some purpose.

*Rule 15. The Rule of Alienation* ; which obliges you when people are disputing hotly upon a subject, to pitch upon that word which gives the greatest disturbance, and to make a *pun* upon it. This has not only occasioned peace in private companies, but has put a stop to hot wranglings in *parliaments* and *convocations*, which otherwise would not so soon come to a *resolution*. For as Horace says, *ridiculum acri*, &c. and very often it is found so.

Sir — once in *parliament* brought in a *bill* which wanted some *amendment* ; which being denied him by the *house*, he frequently repeated that he *thirsted to mend his bill* ; upon which a *worthy member* got up, and said, Mr *Speaker*, I humbly move, since that member *thirsts so very much, that he may be allowed to mend his draught*. This put the *house* into such a good *humour*, that his petition was granted.

*Rule 16. The Rule of Analogy*, is when two persons *pun* upon different subjects, after the same manner ; as, says one, I went to my *shoe-maker's* to-day for a pair of *shoes*, which I *bespoke* a month ago, and when *all* came to *all*, the dog *bristles* up to me with a thousand *excuses*, that I thought there would never be an *end* of his discourse : But upon my calling him a rascal, he began to *wax* warm, and had the impudence.

impudence to bid me *vamp* off, for he had not leisure now to talk to me, because he was going to dinner, which vexed me indeed to the very *soal*; upon this I *jumped* out of his shop in a great rage, and wished that the next bit he eat might be his *last*.

Says another, I went to a *tanner's* that owed me some money, and what do you think, but the *pitiful fellow* was *fleshed* at it, inasmuch that forsooth he could not *hide* his resentment, but told me, that it was enough to set a man *horn* mad to be *dunned* so early in a morning. And as for his part, he would *curry* favour no longer with me, let me do my worst. Thus the unmannerly cur *barked* at me, &c.

Rule 17. *The Sophisticated Rule*, is fixing upon a man a saying which he never spoke, and making a *pun* upon it; as, *Ay, sir, since you say he was born in Bark-shire, I say he is a son of a bitch.*

Rule 17. *The Rule of Train*, is a method of introducing *puns* which we have studied before. *Ex. Gr.*

By talking of *Truelock* the *gun-smith*, his very name will provoke some person in the company to *pun*. Then you proceed—*Sir, I smell powder, but you are plaguy weak in your main spring for punning; I would advise you to get a better stock, before you pretend to let off, though you may think yourself prime in this art, you are much mistaken, for a very young beginner may be a match for you: Ay, sir, you may cock and look big, but u pan my word I take you to be no more than a flash, and Mrs Skin-flint my neighbour shall pun with you for a pistole; if I do not lose my aim, &c.*

*Rule*

*Rule 19. The Rule of Challenge.* As for instance, when you have conned over in your mind a chain of *puns*, you surprize the best *punner* in company, after this manner—Say *tan-pit* if you dare.

*Rule 20. The Sanguine Rule*, allows you to swear a man out of his *pun*, and prove yourself the author of it, as Dr — served Captain — who was told how a *slater* working at his house fell through all the *rafters*, from top to bottom, and that upon this accident he said, *He loved to see a man go cleverly through his work.* That is mine by —, said the doctor.

*Rule 21. The Rule of Concatenation*, is making a string of *puns* as fast as you can, that no body else can put in a word 'till you have exhausted the subject. *Ex. Gr.*

There was one *John Appleby* a gardiner, fell in love with one *Mrs Curran*, for her *cherry cheeks* and her *lily white hand*, and soon after he got her consent to *graft* upon her *stock*; Mr *Link* the parson was sent, who joined the loving pair together; Mr *Rowintree* and Mr *Holy-oak* were brides-men; The company were, my lady *Joan Keel* who came a mile a-foot to compliment them, and her maid *Sally*, remarkable for her *carrots* that rid upon a *chestnut*. There was Dr *Burrage* too, a constant *medlar* in other people's affairs: He was lately *im-peached* for murdering Don *Quick set*. Mrs *Lettice Skernit* and Mrs *Rose-merry* were the bride-maids; the latter sung a song to oblige the company, which an arch wag called a funeral dirge; but, notwithstanding this, our friend *John* began to thrive upon matrimony like a *twig in a bush*: I forgot to tell you that the taylor had so much cabbage

out



out of the wedding-suit, there was none at all for supper.

*Rule 22. The Rule of Inoculating*, is when a person makes an excellent *pun*, and you immediately fix another upon it, as Dean ——— one day said to a gentleman, who had a very little *bob wig* ; Sir, *the dam of your wig is a whisker* ; upon which I came in very *a-propos*, and said, Sir, *that cannot be. for it is but an ear-wig*.

*Rule 23. The Rule of Desertion* allows you to bring a man into a *pun*, and leave him to work it out ; as, suppose you should hear a man say the *incomparable*—Then you proceed, *in—com—in-com—par—par—rabie—rable*——So let the other make his best of it.

*Rule 24. The Salick Rule* is a pretence to a jumping of wits : That is, when a man has made a good *pun*, the other swears with a *pun* he was just coming out with it.

One night I remember Mr ——— served Dr ——— so. The former saying over a bottle, *Will, I am for my mistress here* ; how so, says Tom ? Why, I am for *Wine-if-red*. By this crooked \* *stick*, said Tom, I was coming out with it.

*Rule 25. The Etymological Rule*, is when a man hunts a *pun* through every letter and syllable of a word ; as for example, I am asked *what is the best word to spend an evening with* ? I answer, *potatoes*.—For there is *po—pot—pota—potat—potato*, and the reverse *sotatop*.

*Rule 26. The Rule of Mortification*, is when a man has got the thanks and laugh of a company for a good *pun*, an enemy to the art swears he read it in *Cambridge Jest*s. This is such an in-

\* Can-a-wry—i. e. Canary.

version of it, that I think I may be allowed to make examples of these kind of people in verse.

Thus *puppies* that adore the dark,  
Against bright *Cynthia* howl and bark ;  
Altho' the *regent* of the night,  
Like us is gay with *borrow'd* light.

*Rule 27. The Professionary Rule*, is to frame a story, and swear you were present at an event where every man talked in his own calling. *Ex. Gr.*

*Major* — swears he was present at the seizing of a *pick-pocket* by a great *rabble* in *Smithfield* ; and that he heard a

*Taylor* say, *send the dog to hell* ;  
*The cook*, let me at him, I'll *baste* him ;  
*The joiner*, 'tis plain the dog was caught in the fact, I *saw* him ;  
*The blacksmith*, he's a fine *spark* indeed ;  
*The butcher*, knock down the *shambling* cur ;  
*The glazier*, make the *light* shine through him ;  
*The bookseller*, bind him over ;  
*The saddler*, pummel him ;  
*The farmer*, thrash the dog ;  
*A popish priest* going by, I'll make the devil fly out of him.

*Rule 28. The Brazen-head Rule*, is when a *punster* stands his ground against a whole company, though there is not one to side with him, to the utter destruction of all conversation but his own—As for instance, says one, I hate a  
*pun*—

*pun*—then he—When a *pun* is meant, is it a punishment? *Deux* take your quibbling.—A. Sir, I will not beat you an ace; *cinque* me if I do; and I'll make you know that I am a size above you.—This fellow cannot talk out of his element.—To divert you was all I meant.

Rule 29. *The Hypothetick Rule*, is when you suppose things hardly consistent to be united for the sake of a *pun*: As for instance, suppose a person in the pillory had received a full discharge of eggs upon every part of his face but the handle of it, why would he make the longest verses in the world?

A. *Versus Alexandrinos*, i. e. *All eggs and dry nose*.

Rule 30. *The Rule of Naturalization* is, that punning is free of all languages: As for the Latin *Romanos*, you may say *Roman nose*—*Témerraria*, Tom where are you; *Oxoniæ prospectus*, Pox on you, pray speak to us. For the French, *quelque chose*, you may say in English, kick shoes. When one says of a thief, *I wish he was transported*. A. He is already *fur-enough*.

Dr — made an excellent advantage of this rule one night; when a certain peevish gentleman in his company had lost his spectacles, he bid him have a good heart, for if it continued raining all night, he would find them in the morning. Pray how so? Why sir,

*Nocte pluit tota, redeunt spectacula mane.*

Rule 31. *The Rule of Random*. When a man speaks any thing that comes uppermost, and some good *pun-finder* discovers what he never meant in it, then he is to say, *you have hit it!* As  
major

major — did, complaining that he staid at home by reason of an *issue in his leg*, which was just beginning to run: was answered by Mr —, *I wonder that you should be confined who have such running legs.* — The major replied, You have hit it, for I *meant* that.

**Rule 32. The Rule of Scandal.** Never to speak well of another punster. *Ex Gr.*

*Who he ! Lord sir, he has not sense enough to play at crambo.*

He does not know the meaning of *synonymous* words.

*He never rises so high as a conundrum, or a carrywhitchit.*

**Rule 33 The Rule of Catch,** is when you hear a man conning a *pun* softly to himself, to whip it out of his mouth, and pass it upon the company for your own. As for instance :

*Mustard* happened to be mentioned in a company where I was, and a gentleman, with his eyes fixed upon the cieling, was at *mus—mus, sinapi—snap eye—bite nose*—One in company overhearing him, *bit him and snapped it up* and said, *mustard is the stoutest seed in the world, for it takes the greatest men by the nose.*

**Rule 34. The Golden Rule** allows you to change one syllable for another ; by this you may either lop off, insert, or add to a word. *Ex. Gr.*

For { Church, — Kirk.  
Bangor, — Clangor.  
Presbyter, — Has-biter, &c.

This rule is of such consequence, that a man was once tried for his life by it. The case was thus : A certain man was brought before a judge of assize for murder ; his lordship asked his name,

K k

and



and being answered *Spillman*, the judge said, *Take away Sp and his name is Ill-man, put K to it and it is Kill-man; away with him jailor, his very name has hanged him.*—This 34th rule on this occasion became a *rule of court*, and was so well liked, that a *justice of peace*, who shall be nameless, applied every tittle of it to a man brought to him upon the same account, after this manner: “Come sir, I conjure you, as I am one of his majesty’s justices of the peace, to tell me your name.—A. My name, an’t please you, is *Watson*.—“O ho, sir! *Watson!* mighty well. Take away *Sp* from it, and it is *Ill-man*, and put *K* to it and it is *Kill-man*; away with him constable, his very name will hang him.”

Let us now consider a new case; as for instance, the church of England as by law established. Put a *t* before it and it is *test-ablished*, take away the *test* and put in *o*, and it is *a-bolished*.

How much was the late ingenious author of *Parson Alberoni* obliged to it, in that very natural story which he framed concerning the preacher; where he tells you one of the congregation called the minister an *humbassandar* for an ambassador.

Give me leave, courteous reader, to recommend to your perusal and practice this most excellent rule, which is of such universal use and advantage to the learned world, that the most valuable discoveries, both as to antiquities and etymologies, are made by it; nay farther, I will venture to say, that all words which are introduced to enrich and make a language copious, beautiful, and harmonious, arise chiefly from this rule.—Let any man but consult *Bentley’s Horace*, and he will see what useful discoveries that very learned

learned gentleman has made by the help of this rule; for indeed poor Horace would have lain under the eternal reproach of making a fox eat oats, had not the learned doctor, with great judgment and penetration, found out *nitedula* to be a blunder of the librarians for *vulpecula*; which *nitedula* the doctor says signifies a grass-mouse, and this clears up the whole matter, because it makes the story hang well together:—For all the world knows that weazels have a most tender regard and affection to grass-mice, whereas they hate foxes as they do fire-brands. In short all various lections are to be attributed to this rule, so are all the Greek dialects, else Homer would have wanted the sonorous beauty of his Oio's. But the greatest and best masters of this rule, without dispute, were the Dorians, who made nothing of saying Tin for Soi, Tenos for Ekeinos, Surisdomes for Surizomen, &c.

From this too we have our *Quasi's in Lexicons*. Was it not by the 34th rule that the Samaritan, Chaldee, Æthiopic, Syriack, Arabick, and Persian languages were formed from the original Hebrew; for which I appeal to the Polyglot? And, among our modern languages, are not the Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and French derived and formed from the Latin by the same power? How much poets have been obliged to it we need no further proof than the figures, *prothesis, epenthesis, apocope, paragoge, and elipsis*. Which trimming and fitting of words to make them more agreeable to our ears, Dionysius Halicarnassensis, has taken notice of in his book *De compositione vocum*; where he pleasantly compares your polite reformers of words to masons with hammers, who break off rugged

corners of stones, that they may become more even and firm in their places.

But, after all, give me leave to lament, that I cannot have the honour of being the sole inventor of this incomparable rule: Though I solemnly protest, upon the word of an author (if an author may have credit), that I never had the least hint towards it, any more than the ladies letters and young childrens pronounciation, till a year after I had proposed this rule to Dr — who was an excellent judge of the advantage it might be to the public; when to my great surprise, tumbling over the third tome of *Alstedius*, p. 71. right loath to believe my eyes, I met with the following passage:

“*Ambigua multum faciunt ad hanc rem, cuiusmodi exempla plurima reperiuntur apud Plaudum, qui in ambiguis crebro ludit. Joci captantur ex permutatione syllabarum & vocum, ut pro Decretum, Discretum; pro Mendicus, Mendicus et Merdicus; pro Polycarpus, Polycopros; item ex syllabarum ellipsi, ut ait Althusius, cap. 3. civil. convers. Pro Casimirus, Irus. pro Marcus, Arcus; pro Vinofus, Osus; pro sacerdotium, Otium; sic, additione literæ, pro Urbanus, Turbanus.*”—Which exactly corresponded to every branch and circumstance of my rule. Then indeed I could not avoid breaking out into the following exclamations, and that after a most pathetic manner:

“*Wretched Tom Pun-sibi! wretched indeed! Are all thy nocturnal lucubrations come to this? Must another, for being a hundred years before thee in the world, run away with the glory of thy own invention. 'Tis true he must. Happy Alstedius! that I thought would*  
‘ have

‘ have stood me in *All stead* ; upon consulting  
‘ thy method of joking *All’s tedious* to me  
‘ now, since thou hast robbed me of that honour,  
‘ which would have set me above all writers of  
‘ the present age. And why not happy *Tom*  
‘ *Pun-sibi* ? did we not jump together like true  
‘ wits. But alas ! thou art on the safest side of  
‘ the bush ; my credit being liable to the suspi-  
‘ cion of the world, because you wrote before  
‘ me. Ill-natured critics, in spite of all my pro-  
‘ testations, will condemn me right or wrong for  
‘ a *Plagiary*. Henceforward never write any  
‘ thing of thy own, but pillage and trespass upon  
‘ all that ever wrote before thee ; search among  
‘ dust and moths for things new to the learned.  
‘ Farewell study ; from this moment I abandon  
‘ thee ; for wherever I can get a paragraph  
‘ upon any subject whatsoever, ready done to  
‘ my hand, my head shall have no farther  
‘ trouble than to see it fairly transcribed.”



9 JA 56

THE  
MAN OF TASTE:

OCCASIONED BY AN

EPISTLE

OF MR POPE'S

ON THAT SUBJECT.

---

*By the Author of the ART of POLITICS.*

---

THE

MAN OF TASTE

OCCASIONED BY AN

EPITOME



ON THAT SUBJECT.

---

By the Author of the Art of Politics.

---

THE  
MAN of TASTE.

WHOE'ER he be that to a *Taste* aspires,  
Let him read this, and be what he desires.  
In men and manners vers'd, from life I write  
Not what was once but what is now polite.  
Those who of courtly France have made the tour,  
Can scarce our English awkwardness endure;  
But honest men who never were abroad,  
Like England only, and its *Taste* applaud.  
Strife still subsists, which yields the better *gout*;  
Books or the world, the many or the few.

True *Taste* to me is by this touchstone known,  
That's always best that's nearest to my own.  
To shew that my pretensions are not vain,  
My father was a play'r in Drury-lane.  
Pears and pistachio-nuts my mother sold,  
He a dramatic poet, she a scold.  
His tragic muse could countesses affright,  
Her wit in boxes was my lord's delight.

No



No mercenary priest e'er join'd their hands,  
 Uncramp'd by wedlock's unpoetic bands.  
 Laws my Pindaric parents matter'd not,  
 So I was tragi-comically got.  
 My infant tears a sort of measure kept,  
 I squall'd in distichs, and in triplets wept.  
 No youth did I in education waste,  
 Happy in an hereditary *Taste*.  
 Writing ne'er cramp'd the sinews of my thumb,  
 Nor barb'rous birch e'er brush'd my brawny bum,  
 My guts ne'er suffer'd from a college cook,  
 My name ne'er enter'd in a buttery-book.  
 Grammar in vain the sons of Priscian teach,  
 Good parts are better than eight parts of speech.  
 Since these declin'd, those undeclin'd they call,  
 I thank my stars, that I declin'd 'em all.  
 To Greek or Latin tongues without pretence,  
 I trust to mother wit, and father sense.  
 Nature's my guide, all sciences I scorn,  
 Pains I abhor, I was a poet born.

Yet is my *gout* for criticism such,  
 I've got some French, and know a little Dutch.  
 Huge commentators grace my learned shelves,  
 Notes upon books out-do the books themselves.  
 Critics indeed are valuable men,  
 But hyper-critics are as good again.

Tho'

Tho' Blackmore's works my soul with raptures fill,  
With notes by Bentley they'd be better still.

The boghouse-miscellany's well designed,  
To ease the body, and improve the mind.  
Swift's whims and jokes for my resentment call,  
For he displeases me, that pleases all.

Verse without rhyme I never could endure,  
Uncouth in numbers, and in sense obscure.

To him as nature, when he ceas'd to see,  
Milton's an universal blank to me.

Confirm'd and settled by the nation's voice,  
Rhime is the poet's pride, and people's choice.

Always upheld by national support,  
Of market, university, and court :

Thomson, write blank : but know that for that  
reason,

These lines shall live, when thine are out of season.  
Rhime binds and beautifies the poet's lays,  
As London ladies owe their shape to stays.

Had Cibber's self the Careless Husband wrote,  
He for the Laurel ne'er had had my vote:

But for his epilogues and other plays,  
He thoroughly deserves the modern bays.

It pleases me, that Pope unlaurell'd goes,  
While Cibber wears the bays for playhouse  
prose.

So

So Britain's monarch once uncover'd sat,  
While Bradshaw bully'd in a broad-brimm'd hat,

Long live old Curl! he ne'er to publish fears,  
The speeches, verses, and last wills of peers.  
How oft has he a public spirit shown,  
And pleas'd our ears regardless of his own?  
But to give merit due, though Curl's the fame,  
Are not his brother-booksellers the same?  
Can statutes keep the British press in awe,  
While that sells best, that's most against the law?

Lives of dead play'rs my leisure hours beguile,  
And sessions-papers tragedize my stile.  
'Tis charming reading in Ophelia's life,  
So oft a mother, and not once a wife:  
She could with just propriety behave,  
Alive with peers, with monarchs in her grave:  
Her lot how oft have envious harlots wept,  
By prebends bury'd, and by generals kept?

T' improve in morals Mandeville I read,  
And Tyndal's scruples are my settled creed.  
I travell'd early, and I soon saw through  
Religion all, e'er I was twenty-two.  
Shame, pain, or poverty shall I endure,  
When ropes or opium can my ease procure?

When

When money's gone, and I no debts can pay,  
Self-murder is an honourable way.

As Pasaran directs I'd end my life,  
And kill myself, my daughter, and my wife.  
Burn but that Bible which the parson quotes,  
And men of spirit all shall cut their throats.

But not to writings I confine my pen,  
I have a taste for buildings, music, men.  
Young travell'd coxcombs mighty knowledge  
boast,

With superficial smatterings at most.  
Not so my mind, unsatisfied with hints,  
Knows more than Budgel writes, or Roberts prints.  
I know the town, all houses I have seen,  
From High-park corner down to Bednal-green.  
Sure wretched Wren was taught by bungling

Jones,

To murder mortar, and disfigure stones!  
Who in Whitehall can symmetry discern?

I reckon Covent-garden church a barn.

Nor hate I less thy vile Cathedral, Paul!

The choir's too big, the cupola's too small:

Substantial walls and heavy roofs I like,

'Tis Vanburgh's structures that my fancy strike:

Such noble ruins ev'ry pile would make,

I wish they'd tumble for the prospect's sake.



To lefty Chelsea or to Greenwich dome,  
 Soldiers and failors all are welcom'd home.  
 Her poor to palaces Britannia brings,  
 St James's hospital may serve for kings.  
 Building so happily I understand,  
 That for one house I'd mortgage all my land.  
 Dorick, Ionic, shall not there be found,  
 But it shall cost me threescore thousand pound.  
 From out my honest workmen, I'll select  
 A bricklay'r, and proclaim him architect;  
 First bid him build me a stupendous dome,  
 Which having finish'd, we set out for Rome;  
 Take a week's view of Venice and the Brent,  
 Stare round, see nothing, and come home content.

I'll have my villa too, a sweet abode,  
 Its situation shall be London road:  
 Pots o'er the door I'll place like cit's balconies,  
 Which \* Bentley calls the gardens of Adonis.

I'll have my gardens in the fashion too,  
 For what is beautiful that is not new?  
 Fair four-legg'd temples, theatres that vie  
 With all the angles of a Christmas-pye.

\* Bentley's Milton, Book 9. ver. 439.

Does it not merit the beholder's praise,  
 What's high to sink, and what is low to raise?  
 Slopes shall ascend where once a green-house  
 stood,

And in my horse-pond I will plant a wood.  
 Let misers dread the hoarded gold to waste;  
 Expence and alteration shew a *Taste*.

In curious paintings I'm exceeding nice,  
 And know their several beauties by their price.  
 Auctions and sales I constantly attend,  
 But chuse my pictures by a skilful friend.  
 Originals and copies much the same,  
 The picture's value is the painter's name.

My taste in sculpture from my choice is seen,  
 I buy no statues that are not obscene.  
 In spite of *Arcton* and ancient Rome,  
 Sir Cloudefly Shovel's is my fav'rite tomb.  
 How oft have I with admiration stood,  
 To view some city-magistrate in wood!  
 I gaze with pleasure on a lord may'r's head,  
 Cast with propriety in gilded lead.  
 Oh could I view, through London as I pass,  
 Some broad Sir Balaam in Corinthian brass!  
 High on a pedestal, ye freemen, place  
 His magisterial paunch and griping face;

Letter'd and gilt, let him adorn Cheapside,  
And grant the tradesman what a king's deny'd.

Old coins and medals I collect, 'tis true,  
Sir Andrew has 'em, and I'll have 'em too.  
But among friends, if I the truth might speak,  
I like the modern, and despise th' antique.  
Tho' in the draw'rs of my japan bureau,  
To Lady Gripeall I the Cæsars shew;  
'Tis equal to her ladyship or me,  
A copper Otho, or a Scotch baubee.

Without Italian, or without an ear,  
To Bononcini's music I adhere:  
Music has charms to sooth a savage beast,  
And therefore proper at a sheriff's feast.  
My soul has oft a secret pleasure found,  
In the harmonious bagpipe's loth; sound.  
Bagpipes for men, shrill German-flutes for boys,  
I'm English born, and love a grumbling noise.  
The stage should yield the solemn organ's note,  
And scripture tremble in the eunuch's throat.  
Let Senefino sing what David writ,  
And Hallelujahs charm the pious pit.  
Eager in throngs the town to Hester came,  
And Oratorio was a lucky name.

Thou

Thou, Heideggre! the English taste hast found,  
And rul'st the mob of quality with sound.  
In Lent, if masquerades displease the town,  
Call 'em-ridottoes, and they'll still go down:  
Go on, prince Phyz! to please the British nation,  
Call thy next masquerade a *Convocation*.

Bears, lions, wolves, and elephants I breed;  
And Philosophical Transactions read.  
Next lodge I'll be free-mason; nothing less,  
Unless I happen to be F. R. S.

I have a palate, and (as yet) two ears,  
Fit company for Porters, or for Peers.  
Of ev'ry useful knowledge I've a share,  
But my top talent is a bill of fare.  
Sirloins and rumps of beef offend my eyes,  
Pleas'd with frogs fricassée'd, and coxcomb-pies.  
Dishes I chuse though little, yet genteel,  
Snails the first course, and peepers crown the meal.

Pigs heads with hair on much my fancy please,  
I love young colly-flow'rs if stew'd in cheese,  
And give ten guineas for a pint of peas.  
No tattling servants to my table come,  
My Grace is Silence, and my waiter Dumb.

Queer



Queer country-puts extol Queen Bess's reign,  
And of lost hospitality complain.

Say thou, that do'st thy father's table praise,  
Was there mahogany in former days?

Oh ! could a British Barony be sold ?  
I would bright honour buy with dazling gold.  
Could I the privilege of peer procure,  
The rich I'd bully, and oppress the poor.  
To give is wrong, but it is wronger still,  
On any terms to pay a tradesman's bill.  
I'd make the insolent mechanics stay,  
And keep my ready-money all for play.  
I'd try if any pleasure could be found,  
In tossing up for twenty thousand pound.  
Had I whole counties, I to White's would go,  
And stake lands, woods, and rivers, at a throw.  
But should I meet with an unlucky run,  
And at a throw be gloriously undone ;  
My debts of honour I'd discharge the first,  
Let all my lawful creditors be curst :  
My title would preserve me from arrest,  
And seizing hired horses is a jest.  
I'd walk the mornings with an oaken stick,  
With gloves and hat, like my own footman,  
Dick.

A footman I would be, in outward show,  
 In sense and education, truly so.  
 As for my head, it should ambiguous wear  
 At once a periwig, and its own hair.  
 My hair I'd powder in the women's way,  
 And dress, and talk of dressing, more than they.  
 I'll please the maids of honour, if I can ;  
 Without black-velvet breeches, what is man ?  
 I will my skill in button-holes display,  
 And brag how oft I shift me ev'ry day.  
 Shall I wear cloaths in aukward England made ?  
 Or sweat in cloth, to help the woollen trade ?  
 In French embroid'ry and in Flanders lace  
 I'll spend the income of a treasurer's place.  
 Deard's bill for baubles shall to thousands mount,  
 And I'd out-di'mond ev'n the Di'mond Count:  
 I would convince the world by taudry cloaths,  
 That belles are less effeminate than beaux, }  
 And Dr Lamb should pare my lordship's toes.

To boon companions I my time would give,  
 With players, pimps, and parasites I'd live.  
 I would with jockeys from Newmarket dine,  
 And to rough-riders give my choicest wine.  
 I would carefs some stableman of note,  
 And imitate his language, and his coat:

My

My ev'nings all I would with sharpers spend,  
 And make the thief-catcher my bosom friend.  
 In Fig the prize-fighter by day delight,  
 And sup with Colly Cibber ev'ry night.

Should I perchance be fashionably ill,  
 I'd send for Misaubin, and take his pill.  
 I should abhor, though in the utmost need,  
 Arbuthnot, Hollins, Wigan, Lee, or Mead :  
 But if I found that I grew worse and worse,  
 I'd turn off Misaubin, and take a nurse.  
 How oft, when eminent physicians fail,  
 Do good old women's remedies prevail?  
 When beauty's gone, and Chloe's struck with  
                   years,  
 Eyes she can couch, or she can syringe ears.  
 Of graduates I dislike the learned rout,  
 And chuse a female doctor for the gout.

Thus would I live, with no dull pedants curs'd,  
 Sure, of all blockheads, scholars are the worst.  
 Back to your universities, ye fools!  
 And dangle arguments on strings in schools:  
 Those schools which universities they call,  
 'Twere well for England were there none at all.  
 With ease that loss the nation might sustain,  
 Supply'd by Goodman's Fields and Drurylane.

Oxford

Oxford and Cambridge are not worth one farthing,

Compar'd to Haymarket, and Covent-garden:  
Quit those, ye British youth, and follow these,  
Turn players all, and take your 'squires degrees.  
Boast not your incomes now, as heretofore,  
Ye book-learn'd seats ! the theatres have more :  
Ye stiff-rump'd heads of colleges be dumb,  
A singing eunuch gets a larger sum.

Have some of you three hundred by the year,  
Booth, Rich, and Cibber, twice three thousand  
clear.

Should Oxford to her sister Cambridge join,  
A year's rack-rent, and arbitrary fine :  
Thence not one winter's charge would be de-  
fray'd,

For playhouse, opera, ball, and masquerade.  
Glad I congratulate the judging age,  
The players are the world, the world the  
stage.

I am a politician too, and hate  
Of any party, ministers of state :  
I'm for an act, that he, who sev'n whole years  
Has serv'd his king and country, lose his ears.

Thus



406 THE POET'S PRAYER.

Thus from my birth I'm qualified, you find,  
To give the laws of *Taste* to human kind.  
Mine are the gallant schemes of politesse,  
For books, and buildings, politics, and dress.  
This is true *Taste*, and who so likes it not,  
Is blockhead, coxcomb, puppy, fool, and sot.

THE POET'S PRAYER.

**I**F e'er in thy sight I found favour, Apollo,  
Defend me from all the disasters which fol-  
low :

From the knaves and the fools, and the fops of  
the time,

From the drudges in prose, and the triflers in  
rhyme :

From the patch-work and toils of the royal sack-  
bibber,

Those dead birth-day odes, and the farces of  
CIBBER :

From servile attendance on men in high places,  
Their worships, and honours, and lordships, and  
graces :

From long dedications to patrons unworthy,  
Who hear and receive, but will do nothing for  
thee ;

From

From busy back-biters, and tatlers and carpers,  
And scurvy acquaintance of fiddlers and sharpeners;  
From old politicians, and coffee-house lectures:  
The dreams of a chymist, and schemes of projec-  
tors :

From the fears of a jail, and the hopes of a pen-  
sion,

The tricks of a gamester, and oaths of an ensign:  
From shallow free-thinkers in taverns disputing,  
Nor ever confuted, nor ever confuting:

From the constant good fare of another man's  
board,

My lady's broad hints, and the jests of my lord:  
From hearing old chymists prelecting *de oleo*,

And reading of Dutch commentators in folio :

From waiting, like GAY, whole years at White-  
hall :

From the pride of gay wits, and the envy of  
small :

From being caress'd to be left in the lurch :

The tool of a party, in state or in church :

From dull thinking blockheads, as sober as Turks,

And petulant bards who repeat their own works :

From all the gay things of a drawing-room show,

The sight of a belle, and the smell of a beau :

From

408 THE POET'S PRAYER.

From very fine ladies with very fine incomes,  
Which they finely lay out on fine toys and fine  
trincums:

From the pranks of ridottoes and court-masque-  
rades,

The snares of young jilts, and the spite of old  
maids:

From a saucy dull stage, and submitting to share  
In an empty third night with a beggarly play'r:  
From CURL and such printers as wou'd ha' me  
curs'd

To write second parts, let who will write the  
first:

From all pious patriots, who would to their best  
Put on a new tax, and take off an old test:

From the faith of informers, the fangs of the  
law,

And the great rogues, who keep all the lesser in  
awe:

From a poor country cure, that living interment,  
With a wife and no prospect of any preferment:  
From scribbling for hire, when my credit is  
sunk,

To buy a new coat, and to line an old trunk:

From

THE POET'S PRAYER. 409

From 'squires, who divert us with jokes at their  
tables

Of hounds in their kennels, and nags in their  
stables:

From the nobles and commons, who bound in  
strict league are

To subscribe for no book, yet subscribe to Hei-  
degger:

From the cant of fanatics, the jargon of schools,  
The censures of wise men, and praises of fools:

From critics who never read Latin or Greek,  
And pedants, who boast they read both all the  
week:

From borrowing wit, to repay it like BUDGEL,  
Or lending, like POPE, to be paid by a cudgel:  
If ever thou didst, or wilt ever befriend me,  
From these, and such evils, APOLLO, defend me,  
And let me be rather but honest with no-wit,  
Than a noisy nonsensical half-witted poet.

M m

GENIUS,



GENIUS, VIRTUE, AND  
REPUTATION.

A FABLE.

From Mons. DE LA MOTTE, Book 5. Fable 6.

AS GENIUS, VIRTUE, REPUTATION,  
Three worthy friends, o'er all the nation  
Agreed to roam; then pass the seas,  
And visit Italy and Greece:  
By travel to improve their parts,  
And learn the languages and arts;  
Not like our modern fops and beaux,  
T' improve the pattern of their cloaths:

Thus Genius said:—" Companions dear!  
" To what I speak incline an ear.  
" Some chance, perhaps, may us divide;  
" Let us against the worst provide,  
" And give some sign, by which to find  
" A friend thus lost, or left behind.  
" For me, if cruel fate should ever  
" Me and my dear companions sever,  
" Go, seek me 'midst the walls of Rome,  
" At Angelo's or Raphael's tomb;

" Or

" Or else at Virgil's sacred shrine,  
" Lamenting with the mournful Nine."

Next Virtue, pausing—(for she knew  
The places were but very few,  
Where she could fairly hope to stay  
Till her companions came that way);  
" Pass by (she cry'd) the court, the ball,  
" The masquerade and carnival,  
" Where all in false disguise appear;  
" But vice, whose face is ever bare,  
" 'Tis ten to one I am not there.  
" Celia, the loveliest maid on earth!  
" I've been her friend e'er since her birth;  
" Perfection in her person charms,  
" And virtue all her bosom warms;  
" A matchless pattern for the fair:  
" Her dwelling seek, you'll find me there."

Cry'd Reputation; " I, like you,  
" Had once a soft companion too;  
" As fair her person, and her fame,  
" And Coquettissa was her name.  
" Ten thousand lovers swell'd her train;  
" Ten thousand lovers sigh'd in vain:  
" Where

" Where-e'er she went, the dangles came ;  
 " Yet still I was her favourite flame.  
 " Till once—('twas at the public show)  
 " The play being done, we rose to go ;  
 " A thing, who long had ey'd the fair,  
 " His neck stiff yok'd in solitaire,  
 " With clean white gloves, first made approach,  
 " Then begg'd to lead her to her coach.  
 " She smil'd, and gave her lilly hand ;  
 " Away they trip it to the Strand :  
 " A hackney-coach receiv'd the pair,  
 " They went to ——— I won't tell where.  
 " Then lost she reputation quite :  
 " Friends take example from that night,  
 " And never leave me from your sight. }  
 " For oh! if cruel fate intends  
 " Ever to part me from my friends,  
 " Think that I'm dead ; my death deplore,  
 " But never hope to see me more !  
 " In vain you'll search the world around ;  
 " Lost reputation's never to be found.

9 JA 56

F I N I S.

